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Hone, William,

SIXTY CURIOUS

AND

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES

AND

ANECDOTES

RESPECTING

Extraordinary Characters:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TENDENCY OF

CREDULITY, AND FANATICISM;

EXEMPLIFYING THE IMPERFECTIONS OF

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE;

AND RECORDING SINGULAR INSTANCES OF

VOLUNTARY HUMAN SUFFERING,

AND

INTERESTING OCCURRENCES.

By **JOHN CECIL, Esq.**

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Preface.

It will readily be admitted, that scarcely any but the professedly literary have access to original sources of knowledge; and what is more to the purpose, when cursory readers enjoy such access, they are commonly destitute of leisure and inclination to avail themselves of the advantage. It moreover happens, that in the perusal of weighty productions, the mind retains more of general impression than of particular fact; and hence the great utility of presenting the latter, disengaged from the matter with which it is not necessarily connected. Literary pride, indeed, may be averse to acknowledge obligations to the lightsome *tomes* of the parlour window and the hanging-shelf, which are thereby multiplied; but to the great mass of the community, the benefit is undeniable. If called upon to task their recollection, and to speak

David Levi - January 15, 1946

PREFACE.

frankly, there are few well-informed persons who would not acknowledge their obligations to compilations resembling the present little Volume. Dr. Johnson would sometimes observe, that a material part of every person's knowledge is acquired in the intervals of regular occupation; and rather by a promiscuous attention to subjects as they arise, than by a severe application to them in order. A similar remark occurs in the Letters of Lord Chesterfield; and a little kindred discrimination will convince us, that we owe much of our information, in matters of fact, to books which present them with ease and familiarity, and which may be taken up and laid down again at pleasure, without any material injury to the connexion of our ideas.

In the spirit of the foregoing remarks, the principal object of the present Collection, is to supply a pleasing variety of that kind of incident, which, by exhibiting the marvellous in circumstance, and the extraordinary in character, displays the occasional waywardness of event, and its frequent curious operation upon the human mind. It would be easy to prove that, independently of mere entertainment, a knowledge of remarkable facts is necessary to correct the judgment, even upon everyday transactions; and that in the science of life,

as well as in every other, it is necessary to become acquainted with the exception to the general rule. To estimate properly what is, we must possess some knowledge of what *may* be, and the information is only to be acquired by an attention to the memorable and peculiar, which *have been*.

With respect to the Heads, under which the subject-matter of these sheets has been compiled, little need be observed. The first of them, EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTERS, allowed of the amusing variety, which is essential to this order of compilation. Under the second, CREDULITY AND FANATICISM, are arranged some instructive details, which exhibit the tendency of the human mind to create to itself chimeras, and of the contagious nature of the insanity which is the consequence. Of the third head, INTERESTING OCCURRENCES, the title is sufficiently indicative; it is distinguished from the first, by exhibiting singular and impressive incident, rather than character, although necessarily descriptive of both.

The succeeding division, headed CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, in the important particular of instruction, may possibly possess a greater claim to attention than any of the rest. Whatever tends

generally to assist the judgment to discriminate between guilt and innocence, cannot be unnecessary any where; but in a country in which so large a part of the inhabitants is called into the direct exercise of that most important of the judicial functions, Trial by Jury, it may be supposed to bear a paramount interest. To shew the occasional fallibility of human tribunals, neither conveys, nor, in the present work, is intended to convey, any general censure on the conduct of those who preside over them. To be human, is to be liable to err; but in detailing remarkable instances of erroneous conviction upon the evidence of circumstances, much is done to prevent its frequent recurrence. If it be asserted, that there is no possibility of being invariably right, whilst any thing short of demonstration is allowed to convict at all, the position may be admitted, without in the slightest degree affecting the propriety of recording the unfortunate cases. Every such detail serves to ascertain more clearly the proper *indicia* of guilt, of innocence, or of that suspense of judgment, which leads to acquittal in fact, if not in opinion. But the benefit may not end there. On the subject of Circumstantial Evidence, the lawyers themselves vary, as a nice attention to many eloquent charges in trials for murder will sufficiently prove; and it

will be seen that most of the instances produced here favour the side of acquittal where *doubt* must necessarily intrude. Not to be partial, however, on the other hand, is given the very celebrated affair of Captain Donellan, which is not fully stated in any one publication now extant; and a competent account of which it has been found difficult to get together from various sources. As a case, in which the doctrine of inferential guilt has been carried to an extreme seldom witnessed in the settled days of England, it is here narrated. Whether it substantiates or impeaches such a latitude of conclusion, it is for the intelligent reader to decide.

The remaining head, VOLUNTARY HUMAN SUFFERING, was adopted to display a few examples of a species of misery arising out of the perversity of human nature. It would be difficult to invent greater torments than mankind inflict upon themselves, when impelled by baleful and superstitious ideas of the benevolent Creator of all things. The word *voluntary*, however, as here applied, is not strictly to be confined to the individuals who suffer, but is to be interpreted as significant of misery, originating from institutions to which Sects and Nations *voluntarily* and conscientiously submit. It is further to be observed, that the details under

this head, are not intended to launch into the general subject, but rather to convey a few well-authenticated narratives of extraordinary outrages upon nature and feeling, at the impulse of superstition, and those, too, of a description to be brought directly home to the mind's eye.

To conclude ; the present unpresuming volume is given to the public, with a perfect conviction that it cannot offend, as also with a hope that it will be received with a complacency that may encourage to kindred exertions, more general and comprehensive.

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SIXTY CURIOUS
AND AUTHENTIC
NARRATIVES & ANECDOTES.

Extraordinary Characters.

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ARNAUD DU TILH.

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MA RTIN GUERRE was born in Biscay, in the year 1548. At the early age of eleven years, he married Bertrand de Rols, of Artigues, in the Diocese of Rieux, a girl about the same age, and equally distinguished for her beauty as for her good sense. As to fortune, the parties were somewhat comfortable, being a degree above the class of peasants. They loved each other tenderly, yet during the first eight or nine years of their marriage they had no offspring; several of his wife's friends wished her to leave him, but she constantly answered that her affection was unabated, and that she would not forsake her husband.

At length in the tenth year after their marriage, Bertrand had a son named Sanxi. Not long after this, Martin having a dispute with his father, respecting a quantity of corn, thought fit to withdraw to avoid the effects of his anger. At first, in all probability, he did

not intend to absent himself long, but being either charmed with the liberty which he enjoyed, or having conceived upon some account or other a dislike to his wife, which neither her beauty nor wit could obviate, he, for eight years together, neglected to give the least notice to his family of his condition, or where he was. Such a behaviour as this might well have exasperated a young woman, and inclined her to act in such a manner as might have done no honor to her husband; but such was her unexceptionable conduct, that she neither did any thing which deserved blame, nor provoked the tongues of those who are ready to blame people without reason.

At the end of eight years came one Arnaud du Tilh, of Sagias, commonly called Pansette; and, as he had exactly the features, stature, and complexion of Martin Guerre, he was acknowledged for the true husband of Bertrand de Rols, by her spouses' four sisters, his uncle, her own relations, and herself. This man was very perfect in his tale, having known Martin Guerre abroad, and having learned from him all the little secrets which were between him and his wife, in the tender conversations they had had, he was so well informed in all respects, that Martin himself could not have given a better account of his own adventures. As for the poor woman, she sincerely loved her husband, had sighed deeply for his absence, and ardently wished his return; so that being persuaded that he who now appeared was the true Martin Guerre, she was overjoyed and happy at the event, and in the space of three years had two children by him, one of which, however, died as soon as it was born.

The Impostor all this while lived in full possession of all that the true Martin Guerre had, not only in the neighbourhood of Artigues, but also in Biscay, where he sold some lands to which Martin was heir. Some people fancied that all this could never have been done if Bertrand had not assisted him, because, however other persons may be deceived, wives are generally too well acquainted with their husbands to be imposed on in such a manner. However, by some means or other, Peter,

Guerre, the uncle of Martin, and some other persons in the town, got a little light into the cheat, which by degrees they improved so far, that at last they opened not only their own eyes, but also those of Bertrand de Rols. She thereupon applied to the magistrate, and caused him to be apprehended, presenting a bill of complaint against him before the criminal Judge of Rieux.

In his answer to the complaint, Arnaud du Tilh exclaimed against the wicked conspiracy which his relations and his wife had formed against him. He said that Peter Guerre had trumped up this business merely out of covetousness, and with a view to possess himself of his effects; that he had drawn in his wife, through the weakness of her understanding, to be a party in this black affair, and that a more execrable villainy was never heard of. He also gave an account of the reasons which induced him to leave his habitation, and of his adventures from the time that he quitted it. He asserted that he served the king in his wars between seven and eight years; that afterwards he enlisted into the army of the king of Spain; but, that burning with an earnest desire to return to his dear wife and family, he quitted that service in a few months, and made the best of his way to Artigues. That on his arrival he had the satisfaction of being received, notwithstanding the alteration which time and the cutting off his hair might have made, with the utmost joy by all his relations and acquaintance, not excepting this very Peter Guerre, who had stirred up the present prosecution. That this man had frequently differed with him since his coming home, their quarrels sometimes having produced blows, and that once he would have killed him with a bar of iron, had not his wife interposed. He submitted to a long examination before the criminal judge, who interrogated him as to matters which happened in Biscay, the place of Martin Guerre's birth, his father, his mother, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as to the year, the month, and the day of his (Martin Guerre's) marriage, his father-in-law, mother-in-law, the persons who were present at the nuptials, those who dined with them, their different dresses, the priest who performed the ceremony, all the little circumstances that happened that day and the next, even to naming the people who were present when they

were put to bed. His answers were clear and distinct to each of these points; and, as if he had not been satisfied with performing what the judge required of him, he spoke of his own accord of his son Sanxi, of the day he was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met with on the road, of the towns he had passed through in France and Spain, of the individuals he had seen in both kingdoms; and, that nothing might be wanting to confirm his innocence, he named many persons who were able to testify the truth of what he had declared.

The court ordered Bertrand de Rols, and several other persons whom the accused had cited, to answer upon interrogatories. Bertrand answered in a manner which agreed exactly with all that the Impostor had advanced, except that she related the story of his being bewitched for eight or nine years, which he had omitted. The accused was then questioned as to that point, and his replies were such as tallied exactly with what Bertrand had said: he repeated all that had been done to free them from that enchantment, and never once varied in the slightest circumstance. He was next confronted with Bertrand, and with all the witnesses, upon which he demanded that she might be kept safely and apart from his enemies, which was granted. He offered certain objections to the credit of the witnesses, and required that a monitory should be published, exhorting all persons to come in and give what information they could as to the subornation of Bertrand de Rols, and the characters of the witnesses he had impeached. This too was allowed him. But, at the same time, it was directed, that an inquisition should be taken at the several places following, viz. at Pin, at Sagias, and at Artigues, of all the facts which might concern Martin Guerre and the accused, Bertrand de Rols, and the reputation of the witnesses. All the discoveries consequent on these proceedings were perfectly favourable to Bertrand de Rols; confirmed the opinion which had been entertained of her virtue, and proved that she had not lost her senses during the absence of her husband, as the Impostor had suggested.

As to the accused, of near one hundred and fifty witnesses that were examined, between thirty and forty deposed, that he was the true Martin Guerre; that they had known him, and conversed with him from his infancy;

that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, manners, and tone of voice; and that they moreover were convinced of the truth of what they asserted, by the observation of certain scars and secret marks, which it was impossible for time to efface.

On the other hand, a great number of witnesses deposed positively, that he was Arnaud du Tilh, called Pansette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, manners, and voice. The rest of the witnesses, to the number of sixty and upwards, declared that there was so strong a resemblance between the two persons concerned in this matter, that it was impossible for them to determine whether the accused was Martin Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

The criminal judge of Rieux ordered two reports to be made; one of the likeness or unlikeness of Sanxi Guerre to the accused; the other as to the likeness of the same child to the sisters of Martin Guerre. By the first it appeared, that Sanxi did not resemble the accused at all, and by the second, that he was very like his father's sisters. In fine, this judge thought proper to pronounce his definitive sentence, which was as follows: "*That Arnaud du Tilh is guilty, and convicted of being an impostor, and for that crime is condemned to lose his head, and further, that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters.*"

From this sentence Arnaud du Tilh appealed to the parliament of Thoulouse. This assembly, as a preliminary step, ordered the parties to be confronted in open court. On this occasion, the accused maintained so steady a countenance, spoke with such an air of assurance and truth, and answered every question with such quickness and perspicuity, that the members of this tribunal were induced to think that he was the true Martin Guerre; while, on the other hand, the terror and confusion of Peter Guerre and Bertrand de Rols was so great, that they created strong suspicions of their being perjured persons and false accusers. But, as these circumstances could not be held as full evidence, an inquisition was ordered as to the principal facts in dispute, with this limitation, that none but new witnesses should be examined. This ordinance of the parliament of Thoulouse was so far from procuring any new lights, that it served only to render the intricate

affair still more obscure than it was before. Thirty new witnesses were examined; nine or ten of these were positive that he was the true Martin Guerre; seven or eight were as positive that he was Arnaud du Tilh; the rest having weighed all circumstances, and being afraid of injuring their consciences, declared plainly that they were not able to say who he was. The parliament were now more in doubt than ever; they could not concur with the criminal judge of Rieux, and yet they were afraid of discharging the criminal. In order to put an end to so odd a cause, they summed up the proofs on both sides.

On one hand it appeared, that forty-five witnesses had affirmed in terms the most express, that he was not Martin Guerre, but Arnaud du Tilh, which they said they were the better enabled to do, because they had known both persons intimately, ate and drank with them, and conversed constantly with them from their very childhood; nay, some of them went still farther:---Carbon Barreau, uncle, by the mother's side, of Arnaud du Tilh, acknowledged that he was his nephew, and observing the irons that were upon his legs, cried bitterly, and bewailed his misfortune in having a relation in such a condition. He said also, that he had in his life-time been concerned in several contracts with his nephew, and he actually produced those writings signed by Arnaud du Tilh. Most of these witnesses agreed, that Martin Guerre was taller, and of a darker complexion; that he was slender, his legs a little crooked, stooping in the shoulders, his chin forked and turning up, his lower lip hanging, his nose large and flat, the mark of an ulcer in his face, and a scar in his right eye-brow; whereas Arnaud du Tilh was a dapper well-set man, his legs large and full, and he had neither a flat nose, nor was his chin crooked; but in his face, indeed, he had the same marks with Martin Guerre. The shoemaker who used to make shoes for Martin Guerre, deposed that Martin's foot reached to the twelfth mark, whereas the foot of the accused reached no farther than the ninth mark upon his rule. Another witness swore, that Martin Guerre was dexterous in wrestling, whereas this man knew nothing of the matter. John Espagnol, who kept a public-house, declared that the accused acknowledged to him that he was not Martin

Guerre. Valentine Rougie deposed, that the person accused, perceiving that he knew him to be Arnaud du Tilh, made a sign to him with his finger, that he should say nothing. John de Liberos deposed to the same effect, and added, that the accused gave him two handkerchiefs, with a strict charge to give one of them to John du Tilh, his brother. There were also some hearsay evidences produced. Two persons swore that a soldier of the regiment of Rochfort, passing through Artigues, was surprised at seeing the accused assume the name of Martin Guerre, declaring aloud, and without ceremony, that he was a notorious impostor, for that Martin Guerre was actually in Flanders, and had a wooden leg, in the place of one he lost before St. Quintin, in the battle of St. Laurence. It was also remarked, that Martin Guerre, being a Biscayner, had the tone of his country, the Bask being a language very different not only from French, but from the Gascon, whereas the accused could not speak the Bask, but took pains to mingle a few words which he had learned of it with his French, repeating them with a visible affectation. There was likewise a cloud of witnesses who deposed, that Arnaud du Tilh was from his infancy very wickedly given, and that his impudence was from his youth surprising; that he was always light-fingered, a great swearer, one that had no fear of God, and a flagrant blasphemer; in a word, that he was every way capable of the crime laid to his charge, and that an obstinate persistence in falsehood and mischief was exactly suitable to his character.

But, on the other hand, there were thirty or forty witnesses who swore roundly, that he was the true Martin Guerre; that they knew him intimately, and remembered him from his childhood. Among these were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, who were all brought up with him, and who had all the reputation of being women of good sense; two of their husbands, brothers-in-law to Martin Guerre, were likewise of the number. Such as were present at the nuptials of Martin Guerre and Bertrand de Rols, deposed in favour of the accused. Catherine Boeré, in particular, said, that when she carried the posset after they were in bed, she saw Bertrand's spouse, and that the person now accused was the same. All, or at least the greatest part of these witnesses agreed, that Martin Guerre

had two strokes under his eye-brow, that his left eye was blood-shot, the nail of his first finger crooked, that he had three warts on his right hand, and another on his little finger; all of which were plainly to be seen on the accused. It was alleged also in his favour, that Bertrand de Rols never had it in her own mind to accuse him; but was persuaded and even frightened to it by others. Peter Guerre had married her mother, and these two having conceived a spleen against the accused, did all they could to set him and Bertrand at variance; that by the contrivance of these persons, the accused was once taken up before for a crime of which he was not guilty, and that upon his being discharged and coming home, his wife received him with all possible kindness, gave him a new shirt, washed his feet, and went to bed to him, where all things passed between them which is usual among married persons; and yet the next morning he was hurried to prison by Peter Guerre, by virtue of a paper signed by Bertrand de Rols the night before, that is the night in which she had expressed all this fondness for him; nay, that she had discovered her tenderness since his being in prison, by sending him money and clothes.

The parliament still continued in doubt, and considering the nicety of the case, and the consequences which might attend it, in respect to annulling a marriage, and illegitimizing a child, they began to incline to the part of the accused, and had thoughts of reversing the judgment of the inferior judge, when, of a sudden, as if he had dropped out of the clouds, Martin Guerre himself appeared, having a wooden leg as the soldier had said. He asserted, that he came from Spain; gave a distinct account of the Impostor who had taken his name, and presenting a petition to the parliament, demanded that he might be heard. Upon this the court gave directions that he should be kept in safe custody, submit to an interrogatory in form, and be confronted with the accused, with Bertrand de Rols, with his sisters, and with the principal witnesses, who had deposed in favour of the accused. He was interrogated as to the same facts on which the accused had been questioned, and his answers were true; but they were neither so clear, so positive, nor so exact, as those given by the accused. When he came to be confronted

with Arnaud du Tilh, he treated Martin Guerre as an impostor, as a fellow picked out by Peter Guerre to support this character and take away his life; he even proceeded so far as to say, in a high tone, that he would be content to be hanged, if he did not unravel the whole mystery, and prove all his enemies cheats. He then asked Martin Guerre abundance of questions, as to several of his transactions, to which Martin answered but faintly, and with some confusion; but the commissioners, having directed Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, put several questions to Martin Guerre that were new, and had never been asked before, and his answers were very full and satisfactory; then they called for Arnaud du Tilh, and questioned him as to the same points, to the number of ten or twelve; but all his replies were so clear, and so correspondent to what Martin Guerre had said, that some began to think there was witchcraft in this business, which still grew darker and darker.

The court, resolving to clear up this unaccountable obscurity, directed that now, both the persons being present, the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the husbands of two of them, Peter Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the chief of those witnesses who were obstinate in owning the accused for Martin Guerre, should be called in, and obliged to point out him that they should now judge to be the true Martin. Accordingly, all these persons appeared, except the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh. The first who drew near the two persons claiming the name of Martin Guerre, was the eldest of the sisters, who, after she had looked upon them a moment, ran to Martin Guerre, embraced him, and having let fall a shower of tears, addressed herself to the commissioners in these words, "See, Gentlemen," said she, "my brother, Martin Guerre; I acknowledge the error into which this wicked man (pointing to Arnaud du Tilh) drew me, and many other of the inhabitants of Artigues, and in which, by a multitude of artifices, he has made us persist so long." Martin all this time mingled his tears with those of his sister, and received her embraces with the utmost affection. All the rest knew him as soon as they saw him, and there was not one of all the witnesses who did not acknowledge that the matter was now plain, and that Arnaud du Tilh was an impostor.

Last of all, Bertrand de Rols was called in. She no sooner cast her eyes on her husband, than she turned pale, burst into tears, and fell a trembling like leaves in a high wind; she approached him slowly, fell at his knees, and taking hold of his hand, after some moments, she addressed herself to him in words the most eloquent imaginable, because they seemed clearly to flow from a spirit of innocence and truth. She said it was the error of his sisters that was the original cause of her misfortune; that the strong passion she had for him, and her earnest desire to see him again, helped on the cheat; she affirmed that the many particularities which the Impostor repeated, and the exact knowledge he had of all that had passed between them, for a while quite closed her eyes; that as soon as she discovered her mistake, she would have instantly put him to death with her own hands, if the fear of God had not withheld her; that, however, she put him into the hands of justice, and demanded by her bill of complaint, that he should be most severely punished; that in consequence of her vigorous prosecution, he was condemned to be beheaded, and to have his body cut into four quarters; which sentence was not prevented by any tenderness on her part, but by his own appeal to the parliament.

But Martin Guerre, who had been so sensible of the testimonies of the love, friendship, and tenderness given him by his sisters, remained wholly unmoved by these excuses of his wife. He heard her indeed without interruption; but, then, with an air of contempt, and putting on a severe brow, "You may cease crying," said he, in a surly tone; "my heart can never be touched by your tears; it signifies not your pretending to justify yourself from the conduct of my sisters and my uncle; a wife has more ways of knowing a husband than a father, a mother, and all his relations put together; nor is it possible she should be imposed on, unless she has a mind to be deceived; you are the sole cause of the misfortunes of my family, and I shall never impute my disgrace to any body but you." In vain the commissioners endeavoured to enforce what the unfortunate Bertrand de Rols had said, in order to make her husband comprehend her innocence; he persisted in a sullen air of indifference, and shewed

plainly enough that his anger was such as time only could efface.

No doubt now remaining as to the guilt of Arnaud du Tilh, the court condemned him "*to make amende honorable in the market place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet being bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; to demand pardon of God, the king, and the justice of the nation; of the said Martin Guerre, and de Rols his wife; and this being done, the said du Tilh shall be delivered into the hands of the capital executioner, who after making him pass through the streets, and other public places in the said town of Artigues, with a rope about his neck, at last shall bring him before the house of the said Martin Guerre, where, on a gallows set up for that purpose, he shall be hanged and strangled, and afterwards his body shall be burnt.*"

In order to the execution of the sentence, Arnaud du Tilh was carried back to Artigues; he was there examined in prison, by the criminal judge of Rieux, who first condemned him, on the 16th of September, 1560, and made a very long and exact confession. He stated, that he was determined to commit this crime by the following accident: coming from the camp in Picardy, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by some of Martin's friends; from them he learned abundance of circumstances concerning Martin's father, wife, sister, and other relations, and of every thing he had done before he left that country. These new lights, added to the materials he had obtained from Martin Guerre himself, in a multitude of conversations, put it fully in his power to carry on the cheat he had projected, in the artful manner he did. He owned other crimes which he had committed, and persisted in every point of his confession, when it was read over to him. At the foot of the gallows, erected opposite the house of Martin Guerre, he in the most humble manner asked pardon of him and of his wife; appeared a hearty and sincere penitent; testified the most lively grief for the offences he had committed; and was executed.

—*Causes Celebres.*

THE DEMETRIUSES.

HISTORY hardly furnishes a more extraordinary event, than that of the pretender Demetrius, who raised such disturbances in Russia, after the death of John Basilides. In 1584, this czar left two sons ; one named Fedor, or Theodore, the other Demetri, or Demetrius. Fedor succeeded his father ; and Demetrius was confined to a village called Uglis, with the czarina his mother. As yet the rude manners of that court had not, like the Turkish sultans and the ancient Greek emperors, adopted the policy of sacrificing the princes of the blood to the security of the throne. A prime minister, named Boris Gudenou, whose sister had been married to the czar Fedor, persuaded his master, that he would never reign quietly unless he imitated the Turks, and assassinated his brother. An officer was therefore sent to the village, where young Demetrius was brought up, with orders to kill him. The officer, at his return, said he had executed his commission, and demanded the reward that had been promised him. All the reward Boris gave the murderer was to kill him also, in order to suppress every proof of the guilt. It is said that Boris poisoned the czar Fedor some time after ; and, though he was suspected of the crime, yet this did not prevent his ascending the throne.

There appeared at that time (1597) in Lithuania a young man who pretended to be prince Demetrius, that had escaped out of the hands of the assassin. Several, who had seen him at his mother's, knew him again by particular marks. He bore a perfect resemblance to the prince ; he shewed the golden cross, enriched with precious stones, that had been tied about Demetrius's neck. The palatine of Sandomir immediately acknowledged him for the son of John Basilides, and for the lawful czar. The diet of Poland made a solemn inquiry into the proof of his royal extraction, and, finding them past all doubt, he lent him an army to drive out the usurper Boris, and to recover the throne of his ancestors.

In the meanwhile Demetrius was treated in Russia as an impostor, and even as a magician. The Russians could not believe that a Demetrius, who was supported by the Poles, a catholic nation, and who had two Jesuits for his council, could be their real king. So little did the boyars question his being an impostor, that, upon the decease of the czar Boris, they made no difficulty to place his son, then only fifteen years of age, on the throne.

During these transactions (1605), Demetrius was upon his march into Russia with a Polish army. They who were dissatisfied with the Muscovite government, declared in his favour. A general of that nation, advancing within sight of Demetrius's army, cried out, "he is the only lawful heir of the empire," and immediately went over to him with the troops under his command. The revolution was sudden and complete, and Demetrius ceased to be a magician. The inhabitants of Moscow ran to the palace, and dragged the young Boris and his mother to prison. Demetrius was proclaimed czar without opposition. It was given out that young Boris and his mother had killed themselves in prison; but it is more likely that Demetrius put them to death.

The widow of John Basilides, mother of the real or pretended Demetrius, had been banished long since to the north of Russia; the new czar sent a kind of coach, as magnificent as any that could be had at that time, to bring her to Moscow. He went himself part of the way to meet her; they embraced each other with transports and tears of joy in the presence of a prodigious multitude, so that nobody doubted but Demetrius was the lawful emperor. He married the daughter of the palatine of Sandomir, his first protector, and this was what ruined him. The people were shocked to see a catholic empress, a court composed of foreigners, and, above all, a church built for the Jesuits; so that Demetrius was no longer looked upon as a Russian.

In the midst of the entertainments at the marriage of the czar, a boyar, whose name was Zuski, put himself at the head of a number of conspirators, who, entering the palace, with the sword in one hand, and a cross in the other, cut the Polish guard in pieces. Demetrius was loaded with chains. The conspirators confronted him

with the czarina, widow of John Basilides, who had so solemnly acknowledged him for her son. The clergy obliged her to declare upon oath the real truth in regard to Demetrius. Whether it was that the apprehension of death forced this princess to take a false oath, and to get the better of nature, or whether she did it out of regard to the real truth, she confessed, with tears in her eyes, that the czar was not her son, that the real Demetrius had been murdered in his infancy, that she had only followed the example of the whole nation in acknowledging the new czar, and to be revenged for the blood of her son upon a family of assassins. Demetrius was now said to be a low fellow, named Grisba Utropoya, who had been for some time a monk in a Russian convent. Before, they used to reproach him with not following the Greek religion, and with differing entirely from the customs and manners of Russia; but now, they called him a Russian peasant, and a Greek monk. Let him be what he would, Zuski, the chief of the conspirators, killed him with his own hand, and succeeded to the empire (1606).

This new czar, having suddenly mounted the throne, sent back the few Poles that had escaped the massacre, to their own country. As he had no other right to the crown, than that of having assassinated Demetrius, the rest of the boyars, dissatisfied with being subject to a person so lately their equal, soon pretended that the deceased czar was not an impostor, but the real Demetrius, and that the murderer was unworthy of the throne. The name of Demetrius became dear to the Russians. The chancellor of the late czar declared, that he was not dead, but would quickly recover of his wounds, and appear again at the head of his loyal subjects.

This chancellor made a progress through Muscovy, with a young man in a litter, whom he called Demetrius, and treated as his sovereign. At the very sound of Demetrius's name the people rose up; they fought some battles in behalf of his cause, without so much as seeing him; but the chancellor's party having been defeated, this second Demetrius soon disappeared. However, the people were so mad after the name, that a third Demetrius presented himself in Poland. This man was more fortunate than the rest: being supported by Sigismond king of Po-

land, he laid siege to Moscow, where Zuski resided. The tyrant was shut up in this capital; but he had still in his power the widow of the first Demetrius, and the palatine of Sandomir, that widow's father. The third Demetrius demanded the princess as his wife. Zuski delivered up both the father and the daughter, hoping perhaps to soften the king of Poland, or flattering himself that the palatine's daughter would not acknowledge the impostor. But this impostor was victorious; the widow of the first declared this third Demetrius to be her real husband; so as the first of that name found out his mother, the third as easily found out his wife. The palatine swore that this was his son-in-law; and the people made no longer any doubt of it. The boyars, divided betwixt the usurper Zuski and the impostor, would acknowledge neither. They deposed Zuski, and shut him up in a convent. This was still a superstition of the Russians, as it had been of the ancient Greek church, that a prince who had been once a monk, was incapable of ever reigning again: and this same opinion had been insensibly introduced into the Latin church. Zuski appeared no more; and Demetrius was assassinated at a public entertainment by a party of Tartars.

The boyars then offered their crown to prince Ladislaus, son of Sigismond, king of Poland. Ladislaus was preparing to take possession, when behold a fourth Demetrius started up, and entered the lists with him. This man gave out, that God had constantly preserved him, though he had been in all appearance assassinated at Uglis by the tyrant Boris, at Moscow, by the usurper Zuski, and afterwards by the Tartars. He found partisans that believed in those three miracles. The town of Pleskou acknowledged him as czar; here he fixed his residence a few years; during which time the Russians repenting they had called in the Poles, drove them back again; and Sigismond renounced all hopes of seeing his son Ladislaus seated on the throne of Russia. In the midst of these disturbances, the son of the patriarch Fedor Romanow was made czar. This patriarch was related by the females to the czar John Basilides. His son, Michael Federowitz, that is, son of Fedor, was chosen to this dignity at the age of seventeen, by his father's influence. All Russia acknow-

ledged this Federowitz, and the city of Pleskou delivered up the fourth Demetrius, who was hanged.

There remained still a fifth, the son of the first, who had been really czar, and married the daughter of the palatine of Sandomir. His mother removed him from Moscow, when she went to meet the third Demetrius, and pretended to acknowledge him for her real husband. She retired afterwards (1613) among the Cossacks along with this child, who was looked upon, and might be really the grandson of John Basilides ; but as soon as Michael Federowitz was seated on the throne, he obliged the Cossacks to deliver up the mother and the child, who were both drowned.

One would not have expected a sixth Demetrius. Yet, during the reign of Michael Federowitz in Russia, and of Ladislaus in Poland, another pretender of this name appeared in the czar's dominions. As some young people were bathing one day with a Cossack of their own age, they took notice of Russian characters on his back, which were pricked with a needle ; and they found them to be, " Demetrius son of the czar Demetrius." He was supposed to be the same son of the first Demetrius, by the palatine of Sandomir's daughter, whom the czar Federowitz had ordered to be drowned. God had operated a miracle to save him ; he was treated as the czar's son at the court of Ladislaus ; and they intended to make use of him in order to excite fresh disturbances in Russia. The death of his protector Ladislaus blasted all his hopes. He retired first to Sweden, and from thence to Holstein ; but, unfortunately for this adventurer, the duke of Holstein having sent an embassy into Russia, in order to open a communication for a silk trade with Persia, and the ambassador having had no other success but to contract debts at Moscow, the duke of Holstein discharged the debts by delivering up this last Demetrius, who was quartered alive.---*Spirit of Nations.*

MADAM TIQUET.

THIS lady was the daughter of Monsieur Carlier, a bookseller at Metz, who was so fortunate in trade, that he left behind him a million of French livres, or 50,000*l*. She was born in the year 1657, and lost her father when she was but fifteen years old, having none to share with her this great fortune, except a younger brother. Her person was in every respect lovely: she had a fine face, attractive eyes, a majestic look, fine air, tall in stature, and exactly shaped. Her natural qualifications were shining, and they had received all the embellishments which could be derived from education. Thus accomplished, her only fault seemed to be a haughtiness in behaviour, and an arrogance in words, which did not become her birth.

Among her numerous admirers was M. Tiquet, counsellor of parliament. He might in all probability have sighed with a train of hopeless lovers, if he had not made use of art in love, as well as in law: he practised on an aunt, who had a great ascendancy over his fair mistress; and, by a present of 4000 livres, so effectually persuaded her of his passion, that she was continually speaking to her niece in his praise. Having observed in the young lady herself an extravagant fondness for magnificence and expence, he one day took an opportunity of presenting her with a fine nosegay of flowers, intermixed with diamonds, to the value of 15,000 livres. These dazzled her eyes and wounded her heart; that is to say, they induced her to prefer M. Tiquet to the rest of her lovers, because she looked on him to be the most rich and generous of them all.

The aunt improved the kind sentiments she entertained for this gentleman; while he, on the other hand, never examined the temper or qualities of his mistress, but believing all things about her were as fair as her person, resolved at all events to marry her, if he could gain her consent. Assiduities like his are seldom continued long,

without producing their effect: the lady was not more inexorable than the rest of her sex; her aunt's lectures, and M. Tiquet's presents, at length subdued her heart, or, to speak more properly, procured her hand, which, with great seeming tenderness, she gave to M. Tiquet.

The first months of their marriage were full of smiles, and overflowed with joys; the lady was delighted with her new husband; M. Tiquet spoke in raptures of his wife, and to crown all, she brought him at one birth a son and a daughter, to be the pledges of their love.

But this marriage, concluded without consideration, little answered the expectations of either of the parties. Madam Tiquet thought of nothing but her husband's riches, and how she might waste them in subserviency to her pleasures. The counsellor was so taken up with the beauty and fortune of his wife, that he made no question of her virtue, which, to his cost, he found afterwards was a point he ought to have considered. The lover thought his mistress rich; thus far he was right. His mistress thought the same of him; in this she was wrong. Here lay the source of their misfortunes.

The happy days over, the excessive expences of Madam Tiquet obliged her husband to endeavour to set some bounds to them, though against his will. The Sieur Mongeorge, captain in the guards, a person who had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, so dazzled the eyes of Madam, that her husband appeared odious; and she and this officer quickly indulged themselves in the criminal passion they had for each other. The jealousy of the husband, excited by these proceedings, increased in Madam Tiquet the aversion she had conceived for her spouse. A husband who crosses a wife's inclination, and a lover who endeavours only to gratify, must each of them make a great progress in the heart of a woman; the first in improving her aversion, the other in increasing her affection, and each contributes to the others purpose, without intending any thing more than to go on in his own road. In the midst of all these disorders, Madam knew how to preserve appearances, and to behave herself in such a manner, that she was well received in the best companies, where she expressed herself in conversation in so lively, and at the same time in

so elevated a manner, that no one had the least idea of her foibles.

M. Tiquet was over head and ears in debt, and his debts were increased by the expences he had incurred by his marriage. He was now exposed to the pursuit of his creditors, who, as is usual in such cases, were for being paid all at once. This circumstance, added to his constantly watching his wife's steps, in order to interrupt her pleasures, raised her hatred to such a pitch, that it turned at last to fury, and she resolved to have him assassinated. She had some knowledge of a vile character, one Augustus Cattelain, who used to attend strangers while they stopped at Paris. To this man she gave a considerable sum of money, and promised him more, in case he would take upon him to be the minister of her vengeance. She gained her husband's porter by the same means. They took their measures wrong, and missed striking the blow aimed at M. Tiquet, as he came home one evening, notwithstanding they had drawn in several persons to way-lay him.

Madam Tiquet still persisted; she gave the porter and Cattelain a further sum of money, to bury in oblivion the past; giving them to understand in the mean time, that it might cost them their lives if they spoke of it. M. Tiquet, who suspected that his porter favoured his wife's commerce with the Sieur de Mongeorge, discharged him, and took care of the key himself. He kept his door always shut till night, and no one could get in without speaking to him. When he went out in the evening, he carried it in his pocket, and when he went to bed, he put it under his pillow. Monsieur and Madam Tiquet had by this time separate beds and separate apartments, so that they never saw each other but at table.

For three years together they lived in this manner, preserving constantly a sullen silence; their behaviour, however, being of such a nature, that these mute senses sometimes conveyed as strong ideas as if there had been a great deal of noise between them. In this space she gave directions to a valet-de-chambre of her husband's, to carry him a porringer of broth, which was poisoned. The fellow suspecting something, made a false step, and threw it down; he afterwards desired leave to quit his service, and as soon as he left the house, he made no secret of the

iniquitous affair he had discovered. This irritated the lady so much, that she determined with herself to find out a short remedy, by recurring to her first project. She opened her scheme on this head to her porter, and directed him to find persons who could execute it.

It happened that M. Tiquet went to pay a visit to a neighbour of his, one Madam de Villemur, and staid there pretty late. His servants sitting up for him, heard several pistol-shots in the street before the door; upon which, running out in a hurry, they found their master assassinated, and weltring in his blood. When they came to his assistance, he desired that they would carry him back to Madam de Villemur's, which was done; his domestics then went to acquaint their lady. She, pretending great surprise, went immediately to the house where he was, to enquire how he did, but that was all she could do; for he having earnestly desired that she might not enter the room where he was, she was constrained to go back without seeing him, at which she affected some concern. He had received three wounds, but none of them were mortal.

The commissary of that quarter of the town came to see and to examine M. Tiquet, as soon as his wounds were dressed. The first question he asked him was, "What enemies have you?" The poor gentleman answered, "I know of none except my wife." This answer confirmed the suspicions of the world, which, as soon as the affair was known, fell immediately upon her. She did not, however, betray the least signs of guilt; but manifested a constancy scarce to be accounted for. She went next day to the Countess D'Aunoy, where, though all the company observed her, she not only appeared serene, but exercised her wit as much as usual. The Countess, wishing to put her to the test, asked her at last if M. Tiquet had not some suspicion of the person who caused him to be assassinated? Madam Tiquet answered, "Alas! he is so unjust as to lay it upon me!" The Countess Aunoy replied, that the best thing which could be done would be to secure the porter whom he had lately turned away. The conversation lasted on this subject for half an hour, and though all eyes were upon this unhappy woman, she neither by looks nor by words betrayed any confusion,

but rather seemed inspired by that resolution which is the effect of innocence. She went home, and appeared there as composed as ever, notwithstanding that she was every day advised to retire, and seek out some place of safety.

These hints were repeated to her from time to time, to the 8th day, when a Theatine came hastily into her chamber, and addressed her thus:—"Madam, there is no time to be lost; in a few moments you will be apprehended: I have brought you one of the habits of my order; slip it on; get down stairs; there is a sedan waits, which will carry you to a place where there is a post-chaise, in which you may go immediately to Calais, and from thence to England, till we see what turn things will take." "Such measures," replied Madam Tiquet, "are proper for the guilty; innocence is every where secure; these reports are spread by my husband, to prejudice me in the eyes of the world, and to intimidate me so far as to leave my country, that he may get my fortune into his hands; but his skill shall fail him; I am not frightened; I will fall into the hands of the law, for I doubt not but the law will do me justice." She then thanked the Theatine for his civility and kindness, and waited with much seeming tranquillity the issue of the business. She flattered herself she had taken such precautions, that no proof could possibly appear of her having procured the assassination of her husband; and, full of these hopes, she supported her spirits, and acted the heroine to the highest degree of perfection.

The next day Madam de Senonville came to see her, and when she would have gone away, Madam Tiquet detained her, "for," said she, "I shall presently be arrested by the officers of justice, and I would not have them find me alone." The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the Sieur Deffita, lieutenant-criminel, entered the room. Madam Tiquet arose, and paid him her compliments with great gravity, "You needed not, Sir," said she, "have brought this mighty escort. I never had any intention to fly, and if you had come alone, I should have gone with you wherever you were pleased to carry me." She then desired him to put his seal upon her effects, that her fortune might suffer as little as possible. She next

took pains to quiet her son, a boy of eight or nine years old, of whom she was very fond. She gave him money to divert himself with, and to silence his fears, put on a pleasantness in her looks which surprised all that were near her.

After taking her leave of Madam de Sinonville, she went down stairs with the lieutenant-criminel, and leaped with much alacrity into the coach. As they passed through the street, she saw a lady of her acquaintance, whom she saluted with her usual politeness and affability. She looked sometimes on the guards who accompanied her, but without emotion, and seemed as easy as if she had been going to pay a visit. On coming, however, to the Chatelet, she changed colour; but she presently recovered it, and appeared as serene as ever. Augustus Cattelain put himself into the hands of justice, making an open confession, that three years before Madam Tiquet had engaged him in a conspiracy to murder her husband, in which also her porter was concerned: it was upon this that she was apprehended; for as to the last assassination, there was no proof against her. Her crime, therefore, was not the actual causing her husband to be assassinated, but for having been concerned in a conspiracy for that purpose, which had not, however, taken effect. For this offence she incurred a capital punishment, and the judges of the Chatelet, on the 3d of June, 1699, passed sentence upon her and upon the porter, by which she was adjudged to have her head cut off, and he to be hanged. This was afterwards confirmed by an arret of Parliament. Augustus Cattelain, notwithstanding his being an evidence, was condemned to the gallies for life, a just sentence on so notorious a villain, who questionless made this discovery, not from any principle of justice, but with hopes of saving himself from that violent death which his crimes had long before deserved.

M. Tiquet, being cured of his wounds, went to Versailles, accompanied by his two children, and threw himself at the feet of the king. "Sire," said he, "I implore your mercy for Madam Tiquet; be not more severe than God himself, who doubtless has pardoned her on her repentance. Has your Justice been more offended than I? Yet I freely forgive her; and my children lift for their

mother their pure and innocent hands to your majesty. The crime she intended has been expiated by the terrors and afflictions she has felt in the deplorable condition she is now in, ready to fall a sacrifice to justice; as her crime, then, is done away, do not, Sire, inflict death for repentance." The king, however, was inexorable; nevertheless he granted to M. Tiquet all the effects of his wife, which would otherwise have fallen to the crown, that his own and his children's circumstances might be made more easy. The brother of this unhappy woman, who was a captain in the guards, as well as the *Sieur Mongeorge*, used all their interest to save her. At last his majesty yielded: but the archbishop of Paris, the famous cardinal de Noailles, interposed, and told him, that if such a crime escaped with impunity, it would become frequent; that the security of married men's lives depended on the death of *Madam Tiquet*; since the grand penitentiary's ears were already stunned with the confessions of women, who charged themselves with having attempted their husband's lives. This remonstrance determined the king, who declared that *Madam Tiquet* should be made an example.

When she was brought before the lieutenant-criminel, he ordered her sentence to be read, looking all the while steadfastly upon her, that he might perceive what effects it produced. *Madam Tiquet* heard it without the least emotion or change of colour. The lieutenant-criminel exhorted her to confess her crime, and name her accomplices, that she might escape the torture. She refused at first; but, after they had given her the first pot of water, she reflected that her constancy would be of no use, and therefore she acknowledged all. They asked her if the *Sieur de Mongeorge* had any knowledge of this affair? upon which she cried out, "Alas! If I had communicated the least tittle of it to him, I should have lost his esteem beyond retrieving." The parson of *St. Sulpice* was then admitted to her. She heard with great docility all his instructions. She over and over entreated him to beg pardon of her husband, and assure him, that in death she had for him all that tenderness which had made the first year of their marriage so delightful. There was perhaps never seen in Paris so great a crowd, as in the streets through which *Madam Tiquet* passed to *Le Greve*. She

went in a coach, and the curate of St. Sulpice with her; the porter was there before her, and had with him a confessor. At the sight of this amazing multitude, her spirits began to sink; the clergyman who was with her endeavoured to console her. Revived and encouraged by his words, she lifted up her hood, and looked upon the spectators with an air at once modest and resolved. She then had an affecting conversation with her porter, who humbly besought her pardon for any share he might have in her death. She told him that he had no reason to ask her pardon, since it was she only that was culpable towards him.

When Madam Tiquet was brought to the place where she was to suffer, there fell so great a rain that they were obliged to defer the execution till it was over. She had, during this space, all the apparatus of her punishment in view, and at the same time a mourning coach with six horses, covered with black cloth, which was to carry away her body. When she saw the porter executed, she lamented his destiny so much that she seemed to forget her own. When she was directed to mount the scaffold, she gave her hand to the executioner, that he might help her. When she was on the scaffold, she kissed all the instruments of death, and did every thing with an air as if she had studied her part. She accommodated her hair and her head-dress in a moment, and was instantly on her knees in a posture ready to suffer; but the executioner was so agitated, that he could hardly perform his office: he missed his blow thrice, and when her head fell from her body, all the spectators set up a loud cry. Though Madam Tiquet was forty-two years old when she suffered, her beauty was not in the least decayed; and, as she died in full health and vigour, her face retained an agreeable air even after her head was struck off.

The Sieur de Mongeorge was at this time at Versailles, where he amused himself by taking long walks in the park. In the evening of that day, when he appeared at court, the king told him, that he was extremely pleased Madam Tiquet had, in her last moments, justified him to the public. As for himself, his majesty said, he had never entertained the least suspicion of him. The Sieur de Mongeorge bowed, thanked the king, and intreated the

royal permission to travel for eight months out of the kingdom, that he might be released from those disagreeable objects which every day struck his sight and renewed his sorrows. The king yielded to his intreaties. Now she was no more, all the world deplored the hapless fate of so accomplished a lady as Madam Tiquet.—*Causes Celebres.*

FRANCŒUR, THE LUNATIC.

SOME years ago, there was stationed on the island of Ratoneau, the centre of three islands on the coast of Marseilles, and the most deserted of the three, an invalid of the name of Francœur, who, with his wife and daughter and another invalid, composed the whole population of the island. Francœur had been once deranged in his mind, and confined in the Hotel de St. Lazare, near Marseilles, a hospital for the reception of lunatics; but, after a time, was discharged as perfectly cured. His comrade and his wife, however, perceiving that he began to show symptoms of derangement, sent information of it to the governor-general of the three islands, who resided on one of them, named the Chateau d'If. The governor, not choosing to attempt seizing Francœur singly, for fear of incensing him, sent an order for the whole party to appear before him, hoping, in this way, to get the lunatic quietly and without difficulty into his power. Francœur prepared with the rest to obey the summons; but, at the moment of their embarking, when the other invalid was already in the boat, being seized with a sudden phrensy, he attempted to stab, first his wife, and then his daughter. They both escaped by jumping hastily into the boat; when, pushing off before he had time to follow them, and hastening away to the Chateau d'If, they left him alone on the island.

His first movement, on finding himself without controul, was to take possession of a small fort where were two or three guns mounted, with a little powder and ball; and, shutting himself up in it, he began a cannonade upon the governor's house, which did some damage. The governor

on this sent a boat with five invalids of his own garrison, bearing an order to Francœur to appear before him; but the latter, shut up in his fort, told those who brought the summons to carry back this answer: "that his father was governor of the island of Ratoneau, and being his sole heir, the right of domain there had devolved entirely on him, nor would he yield it up while a drop of blood remained in his veins." He immediately fired on the men, who, not being amused with the joke, hastily withdrew. Francœur then began a second cannonade on the governor's Chateau; but, after firing a few shots, he was diverted from this object by perceiving a vessel in the bay within gun shot, to which his battery was now directed. The captain, greatly surprised at finding himself treated in this inhospitable manner, sent to inquire the reason of it, when my lord governor replied, that he wanted a supply of biscuit and wine, and if they were not sent immediately, he would sink the vessel. The captain, glad to compromise matters so easily, sent the supplies required, the weather being such that he could not stand out to sea at the moment; but as soon as it was in his power, he hastened to remove from so disagreeable a neighbour. Three or four other vessels which had the presumption to approach within reach of my lord governor's guns, were, in like manner, laid under contribution; nor were the fishermen spared, but were obliged to furnish their quota towards the supply of his lordship's table.

The governor of the Chateau d'If, still unwilling to sacrifice the life of the unfortunate lunatic, sent a second party from his garrison, with orders to seize him, under pretence of demanding a conference; but either from having taken their measures ill, or from cowardice, they were obliged to return without accomplishing their purpose. Extremely embarrassed how to proceed with a man, who, though not accountable for his actions, was in a situation where he might do mischief, the governor of the Chateau d'If sent to the Duke de Villars, who, as governor of Provence, was then at Marseilles, to consult him what was to be done. The Duke immediately dispatched a party of five and twenty grenadiers, with a serjeant at their head, who had orders to land in the night, and get possession of the fort by means of scaling ladders

while the governor was asleep. This was done accordingly, and his lordship was extremely surprised, when he awoke in the morning, to find himself surrounded by an armed force. Perceiving that resistance was impossible, he said that he was very ready to surrender to the Duke de Villars, on honourable terms, but that on no account would he enter into any negotiation with the governor of the Chateau d'If. The terms he proposed were, that, for the accommodation of his sovereign, he would consent to exchange his government of the island of Ratoneau for that of the house of St. Lazare, whither, he had sense enough to perceive, he should be re-conducted; but he insisted on being permitted to march out of the fort with the honours of war, and an instrument drawn up in the proper form, which should confirm to himself and his heirs for ever the government of St. Lazare; while it contained his renunciation of all his rights to the island of Ratoneau.

A promise was made that these stipulations should be faithfully fulfilled; when, shouldering a musquet, he marched out of the fort with great solemnity, and there grounding it, walked on quietly to the boat. Thus ended his sovereignty of three days over an island without subjects.—*Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.*

RENEE CORBEAU.

In the year 1594, a young gentleman, whose family dwelt in the town of Sues, in Normandy, came to the university of Angiers in order to study the law. There he saw Renee Corbeau, the daughter of a citizen of that place. This amiable girl was young, prudent, handsome, and witty. Though her parents were not rich, yet she inspired in the heart of the young student a passion so vehement, that he was unable to enjoy a moment's easiness when she was out of his sight. He found means to introduce himself into her company, and love inspired him with such eloquence, that, in a very short time, he was no less agreeable to her than she to him; and their at-

tachment became so fervent, that in his transports he offered to espouse her, and gave her a solemn promise in writing. The young woman, urged on by the violence of her passion, and agreeably deluded by his putting this paper into her hands, forgot all her prudence, and granted him all he desired. The consequence of this fair one's tenderness was her being with child. This constrained her to acquaint her mother with what had happened, who told it, with all the circumstances of mitigation she could devise, to her husband. The young woman was then sent for into their presence, and after her parents had reproached her in severe terms, they began to consult about the means by which her error might be repaired. The result of their deliberations was, that she should make her lover an appointment at their country-house, and thus give her parents an opportunity of surprizing them together.

This scheme was effectually carried into execution, and while love alone possessed the heart of the young innamorato, fear entered on a sudden, and became the stronger passion of the two. The sight of a father and mother, enraged at the injury done to their daughter, banished for a time the idea of his charming mistress from his heart. He thought of nothing but how to pacify them; and, in order to this, he assured them that his intention was always honourable, though he might have made use of some indirect means. The father and mother of his mistress then began to put on an air of satisfaction; but at the same time told him, that in order to evince the truth of what he had said, it was proper that he should give their daughter a contract of marriage. Knowing no other way to escape, he yielded, with a seeming readiness; and a notary public being brought to the house, the business was immediately dispatched, and the young man bound to marry the lady, however his sentiments might alter afterwards.

The moment he had put his hand to this instrument, it filled him with disgust. Those charms, which had pierced his heart a few hours before, now lost their force, and the fair one, from being the most lovely of her sex, now appeared the least agreeable. After a few days, he left her abruptly and returned home to his father, to whom, with-

out the least reserve, he related the whole series of his adventures, and the unlucky event by which they were closed. The father was a man in good circumstances, who valued riches much more than the finest qualities of the mind : he was, therefore, extremely chagrined at this story of his son's, and absolutely disapproved of the match he had made. But how to avoid it was the difficulty. The old gentleman at last told his son there was but one way left, and that, if he would regain his favour, he must follow it immediately. The young gentleman was all obedience, and, in pursuance of his father's directions, he entered into holy orders, and was actually ordained a priest ; so that now it was impossible for him to perform his contract.

Renee Corbeau heard this news with the utmost grief, nor was it possible for her to dissemble the anger she had conceived against her lover, for committing so black an act of perfidy. It is very likely, however, that her wrath would have vented itself in complaints, and all her threatenings evaporate in words ; but her father, being as much provoked, and having less tenderness, immediately accused the young man before the magistrate for a rape of seduction, and on hearing the cause he was found guilty. However, he appealed to the parliament of Paris, and the cause was moved to the Tournelle, where Monsieur de Villeroy at that time presided. On the hearing all parties, the behaviour of this young gentleman appeared so gross, and capable of so little alleviation, that the court decided, that he should either marry the woman or suffer death. The first was impossible, because he had taken orders ; the court, therefore, directed that he should be led to execution. Accordingly, he was put into the hands of the executioner, and the confessor drew near, who was to assist him in his last moments. Then it was that Renee Corbeau found her bosom agitated with the most exquisite affliction, which was still heightened when she saw the pomp of justice about to take place, and her lover on the point of being led to the scaffold.

Furious, through despair, and guided only by her passion, she rushed with such impetuosity through the crowd, that she got into the inner chamber before the judges were separated, and then, her face bathed in tears, and all

in disorder, she addressed them in the following terms: "Behold! my Lords! the most unfortunate lover that ever appeared before the face of justice. In condemning him I love, you seem to suppose that either I am not guilty of any thing, or that, at least, my crime is capable of excuse, and yet you adjudge me to death, which must befall me with the same stroke that takes away my lover. You subject me to the most grievous destiny, for the infamy of my lover's death will fall upon me, and I shall go to my grave more dishonoured than him. You desire to repair the injury done to my honour, and the remedy you bring will load me with eternal shame; so that at the moment you give your opinion, that I am rather unhappy than criminal, you are pleased to punish me with the most severe and most intolerable pains. How agrees your treatment of me with your equity, and with the rules of that humane justice which should direct your court? You cannot be ignorant of the hardship I sustain; for you were men before you were judges. You must have been sensible of the power of love, and you cannot but have some idea of the torment which must be felt in a breast, where the remembrance dwells of having caused the death, the infamous death, of the dear object of her love. Can there be a punishment equal to this, or, after it, could death be considered in any other light than as the highest blessing of Heaven?"

"Stay! Oh, stay, my Lords! I am going to open your eyes. I am going to acknowledge my fault, to reveal my secret crime, which hitherto I have concealed, that, if possible, the marriage of my lover might have restored my blasted honour. But, urged now by remorse of conscience, I am constrained to confess that I seduced him. Yes, my lords, I loved first! It was I, that to gratify my passion, informed him of my attachment, and thus I made myself the instrument of my own dishonour. Change then, my lords, the sentiments you have hitherto entertained of this affair. Look upon me as the seducer; on my lover as the person injured; punish me; save him. If justice is inexorable, and there is a necessity for some victim, let it be me.

"You look upon it as a crime that he took holy orders, and thereby rendered it impossible for him to comply

with his contract ; but this was not his own act ; it was the act of a barbarous father, whose tyrannous commands he could not resist. A will in subjection, my Lords, is no will at all to deserve punishment. The offender must be free ; his father, could only be guilty ; and were he not the father of my love, I would demand justice of you on him. Is it not clear then, my Lords, that your last sentence contradicts your first ? You decreed that he should have his choice to marry me, or to die, and yet you never put the first into his power. How odious must I appear in your eyes, when you choose rather to put a man to death, than to allow him to marry me. He has declared, that his present condition will not allow him to marry, and, in consequence of this declaration, you have condemned him to death ; but what signifies that declaration ; his meaning was, that he would have married me if he could, and if so, your sentence is unjust ; for, by your former decree, he was to have his option. But you will say, a priest can't marry. Ah ! my Lords, love has taught me better. Love brings things instantly to our minds that may be of service to the object of our loves. The pope, my Lords, can dispense with his vow : you cannot be ignorant of this, and therefore his choice may be yet in his power. We expect every moment the legate of his holiness ; he has all the plenitude of power delegated to him, which is in the sovereign pontiff. I will solicit him for this dispensation, and my passion tells me, that I shall not plead in vain ; for what obstacle will it not be able to surmount, when it has overcome that of your decree. Have pity then, my Lords ! Have pity on two unfortunate lovers ; mitigate your sentence, or, at least, suspend it 'till I have time to solicit the legate for a dispensation. You look on my lover, 'tis true, as a man guilty of a great crime ; but what crime too great to be expiated by the horrors he has already sustained ? Has he not felt a thousand times the pains of death since the pronouncing his sentence ? Besides, could you enter into my breast, and conceive what torments I have endured, you would think our fault, foul as it is, fully atoned. I see among your Lordships some who are young, and some who are advanced in years ; the first cannot sure have their breasts already steeled against the emotions of a passion natural

to their sex; and I may hope the latter have not lost the tender sentiments of their junior years. From this I have a right to pity; and if the voices for me are few, the humanity of their sentiments prevail against the number of their opponents. But if all I have said is vain, at least afford me the melancholy pleasure of sharing punishment, as I shared his crime. In this, my Lord, I be strictly just; and, as we have lived, let us die together."

This amiable woman was heard with equal silence and compassion; there was not a word lost of her discourse, which she pronounced with a voice so clear, and with a tone so expressive of her affliction, that it struck to the hearts of the judges. Her beauty, her tears, her eloquence, had charms too powerful not to incline the most frozen hearts to think with her. The judges receded unanimously from their opinions. Monsieur de Villeroi, having collected their sentiments, and declared that he agreed with them, proceeded to suspend the last edict, and to allow the criminal six months to apply for a dispensation.

The legate immediately after entered France. It was the great Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Pope, by the name of Clement the Eleventh, though he enjoyed the chair not quite a month. He heard the whole of this affair, and inquired narrowly into all its circumstances, but finding that he took holy orders with a premeditated design to avoid the performance of his contract, he declared, that he was unworthy of a dispensation, and that he would not respite such a wretch from the death he deserved.

Renee Corbeau had a passion too strong to be overcome; she threw herself at the feet of the king, Henry the Fourth. He heard her with attention, answered her with tenderness, and going to the legate in person, requested the dispensation in such terms, that it could not be refused. He had the goodness to deliver it to the lady with his own hands; the criminal gladly accepted Renee for his wife; they were publicly married, and lived long together in the happiest union. He always regarded his wife as a kind of divinity, by whose interposition his life and his honour had been saved.—*Causes Celebres.*

MADAM ROVERE.

ROVERE, the Marquis de Fontvielle, was one of the sixteen deputies of the council of Elders at Paris, who were transported to Cayenne, after the famous eighteenth of Fructidor (September 1797) when the Jacobins again got into power. At the time when divorces were the order of the day in France, Rovere's wife pleaded one against him, and they had been separated. But no sooner did she hear of his being condemned to transportation, than she forgot every subject of complaint which had alienated her from him; her original sentiments towards him revived in their fullest force, and she resolved to follow him in his misfortunes, and endeavour to comfort and assist him in supporting them.

Understanding that he was sent to Rochefort, she hastened thither, but only arrived just as the corvette, which was to carry him and his fellow sufferers to Guiana, had sailed. It was even still in sight, and fain would she have hired a boat and endeavoured to overtake it; but this was peremptorily forbidden. She then flew to Paris; but no entreaties could prevail on those by whom her husband had been banished, to tell her the place of his exile. By accident she learned this, and no other country but Guiana had from that moment any charms for her. Her enthusiasm inspired those around her, and two female servants with an old man servant, who had been long attached to her family, all entreated to be permitted to accompany her. She wrote to Rovere to announce her intention, and set sail the first opportunity that presented itself, with her three attendants and two children. The vessel in which she sailed was taken on its passage by an English one; but when the captain learned her errand, he not only did not detain her, but offered to facilitate her arrival at the place of her destination; and she set sail again with a fair wind and every prospect of the happy accomplishment of her purpose.

Rovere, in the meantime, who had suffered much from the hardships inflicted on the whole party in their voyage to Guiana, and whose health had been very bad for several weeks after his arrival, was beginning somewhat to amend when he received his wife's letter, announcing that she was on the eve of her departure to join him. The mingled sensations of joy at receiving this proof of her renewed attachment, and anxiety for the consequence to herself of what she had undertaken, occasioned a relapse in his health; but notwithstanding he applied for, and obtained, by great interest, permission to go where she was to land, in order to meet her. He was carried on board the vessel, being unable to walk, and, after beating about for two or three days, the corvette was unable to proceed on account of the bad weather, and he was re-landed. He was removed on shore in a state of extreme debility, and expired a few days after, incessantly calling on his wife, and haunted with the idea of all that she would have to encounter on her arrival. She reached the destined port, but was deeply affected at finding that all her efforts were of no avail to console the object for whose sake they had been undertaken; and having now no motive for remaining in so inhospitable a country, she took the first opportunity of returning to France.—*Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.*

JAMES CRICHTON.

THIS gentleman was a native of Scotland, who in the course of a short life acquired an uncommon degree of celebrity, and on account of his extraordinary endowments both of mind and body, obtained the appellation of "the admirable Crichton," by which title he has continued to be distinguished to the present day. The time of his birth is said by the generality of writers to have been in 1551; but the earl of Buchan, in a memoir read to the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, asserts that he was born in the month of August, 1560. His father

was lord advocate of Scotland in Queen Mary's reign from 1561 to 1573; and his mother, the daughter of sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

James Crichton is said to have received his grammatical education at Perth, and to have studied philosophy at the university of St. Andrews. His tutor at that university was Mr. John Rutherford, a professor, at that time famous for his learning, and who distinguished himself by writing four books on Aristotle's logic, and a commentary on his poetics. According to Aldus Manutius, who calls Crichton first cousin to the king, he was also instructed, with his majesty, by Buchanan, Hepburn, and Robertson, as well as by Rutherford; and he had scarcely arrived at the twentieth year of his age, when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could speak and write to perfection in ten different languages. Nor had he neglected the ornamental branches of education; for he had likewise improved himself, to the highest degree, in riding, dancing, and singing, and was a skilful performer on all sorts of instruments.

Possessing these numerous accomplishments, Crichton went abroad upon his travels, and is said to have first visited Paris. Of his transactions at that place, the following account is given:---He caused six placards to be fixed on all the gates of the schools, halls, and colleges of the university, and on all the pillars and posts before the houses belonging to the most renowned literary characters in that city, inviting all those who were well versed in any art or science, to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, that day six weeks, by nine o'clock in the morning, when he would attend them and be ready to answer to whatever should be proposed to him in any art or science, and in any of these twelve languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian; and this either in verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant.

During the whole intermediate time, instead of closely applying to his studies, as might have been expected, he attended to nothing but hunting, hawking, tilting, vaulting, riding, tossing the pike, handling the musket, and other military feats; or else he employed himself in do-

mestic games, such as balls, concerts of music, vocal and instrumental, cards, dice, tennis, and the like diversions of youth. This conduct so provoked the students of the university, that beneath the placard which was fixed on the Navarre gate, they wrote the following words: "If you would meet with this monster of perfection, the readiest way to find him is to inquire for him at the tavern, or the houses of ill fame."

Nevertheless, when the day appointed arrived, Crichton appeared in the college of Navarre, and acquitted himself beyond expression in the disputation, which lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At length the president, after extolling him highly for the many rare and excellent endowments which God and nature had bestowed upon him, rose from his chair, and accompanied by four of the most eminent professors of the university, gave him a diamond ring and a purse full of gold, as a testimony of their respect and admiration. The whole ended with the repeated acclamations and huzzas of the spectators, and henceforward our young disputant was called "the admirable Crichton." It is added, that so little was he fatigued with his exertions on this occasion, that he went the very next day to the Louvre, where he had a match of tilting, an exercise then in great vogue, and, in the presence of a great number of ladies, and of some of the princes of the French court, carried away the ring fifteen times successively.

We find him, about two years after this display of his talents, at Rome, where he affixed a placard in all the conspicuous places of the city, in the following terms: "We, James Crichton, of Scotland, will answer extempore any question that may be proposed." In a city which abounded in wit, this bold challenge could not escape the ridicule of a pasquinade. It is said, however, that being nowise discouraged, he appeared at the time and place appointed; and that, in the presence of the pope, many cardinals, bishops, doctors of divinity, and professors in all the sciences, he exhibited such wonderful proofs of his universal knowledge, that he excited no less surprise than he had done at Paris. Boccalini, however, who was then at Rome, gives a somewhat different account of the matter. According to that writer, the

pasquinade made such an impression upon him, that he left a place where he had been so grossly affronted, as to be put upon a level with jugglers and mountebanks.

From Rome, Crichton proceeded to Venice, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Aldus Manutius, Laurentius Massa, Speron Speronius, Johannes Donatus, and various other learned persons, to whom he presented several poems in commendation of the city and university. At length he was introduced to the doge and senate, in whose presence he made a speech, which was accompanied with such beauty of eloquence, and such grace of person and manner, that he received the thanks of that illustrious body, and nothing but this prodigy of nature was talked of through the whole city. He likewise held disputations on the subjects of theology, philosophy, and mathematics, before the most eminent professors and large multitudes of people. His reputation was so great, that the desire of seeing and hearing him brought together a vast concourse of persons from different quarters to Venice. It may be collected from Manutius, that the time in which Crichton gave these demonstrations of his abilities was in the year 1580.

During his residence at Venice, he fell into a bad state of health, which continued for the space of four months. Before he was perfectly recovered, he went, by the advice of his friends, to Padua, the university of which was at that time in great reputation. The day after his arrival, there was an assembly of all the learned men of the place at the house of Jacobus Aloysius Cornelius, when Crichton opened the meeting with an extempore poem in praise of the city, the university, and the company who had honored him with their presence. After this, he disputed for six hours with the most celebrated professors on various subjects of learning; and he exposed, in particular, the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, with so much solidity and acuteness, and at the same time with so much modesty, that he excited universal admiration. In conclusion, he delivered extempore an oration in praise of ignorance, which was conducted with such ingenuity and elegance, that his hearers were astonished. This exhibition of Crichton's talents was on the 14th of March, 1581.

He soon afterwards appointed a day for another disputation, to be held at the palace of the bishop of Padua, not for the purpose of affording higher proofs of his abilities, but in compliance with the earnest solicitations of some persons who were not present at the former assembly. According to the account of Manutius, various circumstances occurred which prevented this meeting from taking place; but Imperialis relates that he was informed by his father, who was present on the occasion, that Crichton was opposed by Archangelus Mercenarius, a famous philosopher, and that he acquitted himself so well as to obtain the approbation of a very honourable company, and even of his antagonist himself.

Amidst the high applauses that were bestowed upon the genius and attainments of the young Scotchman, still there were some who endeavoured to detract from his merit. For ever, therefore, to confound these invidious cavillers, he caused a paper to be fixed on the gate of St. John and St. Paul's church, in which he offered to prove before the university, that the errors of Aristotle, and of all his followers, were almost innumerable; and that the latter had failed both in explaining their master's meaning and in treating on theological subjects. He promised likewise to refute the dreams of certain mathematical professors, to dispute in all the sciences, and to answer to whatever should be proposed to him, or objected against him. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures, or in one hundred sorts of verses, at the pleasure of his opponents. According to Manutius, Crichton sustained this contest without fatigue for three days; during which time he supported his credit and maintained his propositions with such spirit and energy, that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, unbounded praises and acclamations.

From Padua, Crichton set out for Mantua, where there happened to be at that time a gladiator who had foiled in his travels the most skilful fencers in Europe, and had lately killed three who had entered the lists with him in that city. The duke of Mantua was much grieved at having granted this man his protection, as he found it to be attended with such fatal consequences. Crichton

being informed of his concern, offered his service to drive the murderer not only from Mantua, but from Italy, and to fight him for 1500 pistoles. Though the duke was unwilling to expose such an accomplished person to so great a hazard, yet relying on the report he had heard of his martial feats, he agreed to the proposal; and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only upon his defence; while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that he began to be fatigued. Crichton now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return, which he did with so much dexterity and vigour, that he ran him through the body in three different places, so that he immediately died of his wounds. On this occasion the acclamations of the spectators were loud and extraordinary; and it was acknowledged by all of them, that they had never seen art, grace, or nature second the precepts of art, in so striking a manner as on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the prize of his victory on the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with his antagonist.

It is asserted, that in-consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the duke of Mantua made choice of him as preceptor to his son, Vincentio de Gonzaga, who is represented as being of a riotous temper and a dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. We are told that Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, composed a comedy, in which he exposed and ridiculed all the weak and faulty sides of the various employments in which men are engaged. This was regarded as one of the most ingenious satires that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the lawyer, the mathematician, the soldier, and the physician, with such inimitable grace, that every time he appeared upon the theatre he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One

night, during the carnival, as he was walking through the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. Having at length disarmed the leader of the company, the latter pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was the prince his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alledging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then taking his sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who was so irritated at being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

Various have been the conjectures concerning the motives which could induce Vincentio de Gonzaga to be guilty of so brutal and ungenerous an action. Some have ascribed it to jealousy, asserting that he suspected Crichton to be more in favour than himself with a lady whom he passionately loved; while others, with greater probability, represent the whole transaction as the result of a drunken frolic; and it is uncertain, according to Imperialis, whether the meeting of the prince and Crichton was by accident or design. It is, however, agreed by all, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter. The time of his decease is said, by the generality of his biographers, to have been in the beginning of July 1583, but Lord Buchan fixes it in the same month of the preceding year. The common accounts declare that he was killed in the 32d year of his age; but Imperialis asserts that he was only in his 22d year at the period of that tragical event, and this fact is confirmed by the nobleman just mentioned.

Crichton's tragical end excited a very great and general lamentation. If Sir Thomas Urquhart is to be credited, the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him three quarters of a year; the epitaphs and elegies composed upon his death, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and for a long time afterwards, his picture was to be seen in most of the bed-chambers

and galleries of the Italian nobility, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author tells us, that Crichton gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen by his courtliness, breeding, and wit; of the rich by his affability and good company; of the poor by his munificence and liberality; of the old by his constancy and wisdom; of the young by his mirth and gallantry; of the learned by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers by his undaunted valour and courage; of the merchants and dealers by his upright dealing and honesty; and of the fair sex by his beauty, in which respect he was a master-piece of nature.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

At the beginning of the year 1748, when France was still at war with Great Britain, a small merchantman from Rochelle, made for the *Cul-de-Sac* of Marin, the port of Martinico, but was so closely pursued by the English cruizers which blocked up the harbour, that the captain, finding it impossible to save the ship and cargo, resolved at least to make an attempt to escape being taken prisoner, and with his whole crew betook himself to his boat, by means of which they arrived on shore in safety, but with the loss of all they possessed.

Besides his crew, which was not numerous, he had on board a young man, eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a figure rather agreeable than handsome and regular, of dignified demeanor, though of the middling stature, but particularly remarkable for the whiteness and extreme delicacy of his skin, which seemed to indicate that he was a person of rank. He said that his name was the Count de Tarnaud, the son of a Field Marshal, and the respectful behaviour of the crew appeared to announce a still more elevated dignity. He had embarked without any attendant, and the only person who appeared particularly attached to him was a young seaman, about twenty-four

years of age, called Rhodéz, with whom he became acquainted during the voyage. The young man seemed to possess his unlimited confidence; but on the part of Rhodéz this intimacy never produced familiarity, and the most marked demonstrations of respect manifested his consideration for the stranger.

The latter, upon going on shore, inquired for some creditable inhabitant of the island, in whose house he might find lodging and relief. He was directed to the habitation of an officer called Duval Ferrol, situated near the place where he landed. Thither he repaired, with no other recommendation than the misfortune he had so recently experienced. Being received with the greatest hospitality, he took up his abode there, together with Rhodéz. At this place every attention was bestowed upon him; he appeared rather to receive them as his due than as a kindness; and though abundance of questions were asked, he eluded them by vague answers. The mysterious conduct of Rhodéz kept alive and increased the curiosity thus excited; and it began to be directed the more powerfully towards the young stranger, as the captain, when questioned concerning him, absolutely refused to answer any interrogatory. He only informed the governor of the *Cul-de-Sac* Marin as a secret, that the young man had been brought to him by a merchant, who had privately recommended him, without giving any farther explanation, to treat him with great attention, as, he said, he was a person of distinction.

Every thing indeed, relating to this individual, appeared mysterious and extraordinary. He had been seen to arrive at Rochelle, as it was afterwards discovered, some time before his embarkation. He was at this time accompanied by an elderly, grey-headed man, who appeared to perform the office of a Mentor. It was not known by what conveyance they had come. Both were dressed with the greatest simplicity. On their arrival at Rochelle, instead of putting up at an inn, they hired a small apartment at a private house, which they immediately furnished at their own expense, without luxury or splendor, but in a very decent manner. During his residence at that town, the young man had lived very retired, never going abroad, seeing no person, and living on scarcely any thing but

shell-fish, and principally fresh water crabs, which are extremely scarce and dear at Rochelle.

The old man, on the contrary, often went abroad ; it appeared as if his principal business was to find an opportunity of embarking his pupil, which, since the commencement of the war with England, did not often occur. At length an occasion offered ; and, on the departure of the youth to go on board, the woman at whose house he lodged, asked him what he intended to do with his furniture, to which he replied, " Keep it to remember me by." His conductor, though a witness to this generous proceeding, scarcely appeared to take notice of it. This present might be estimated at about 500 livres ; but what was most extraordinary, the donor did not take with him money and effects to a much greater amount, and from his conduct on his first arrival at Martinico, it could not be presumed that he possessed any certain resources there. Nothing, however, seemed to give him any uneasiness during the passage. His manners had been constantly noble, without prodigality. The crew being reduced to great extremity by hunger at the time, when, to avoid the English cruizers, they were obliged to keep close along the coast, in the shallop, in which they had not leisure to take provisions with them, he bought of one of the natives who was passing in his canoe, the refreshments which he was conveying to his habitation, and distributed them among the sailors. The latter, as may easily be conceived, were inspired with increased respect for the young passenger, whom they had before concluded to be a person of distinction, from the mysterious recommendations to the captain.

These particulars were soon reported in the island, and the crew added, that the young passenger had been taken ill on board the ship ; that he was treated with the utmost care and attention, which he received with great benignity, but mixed with a certain degree of haughtiness. During this indisposition, Rhodéz, by the captain's directions, never quitted the patient, and it was on this occasion that the confidence of the one, and the extraordinary attachment of the other, seemed to have commenced.

These circumstances were not more than sufficient to attract attention and excite curiosity. It was instantly

known, throughout the whole colony, that a person of high rank had arrived; all the circumstances attending his embarkation were related; the facts were altered, magnified, and multiplied; and before the young stranger had been four days in the island, he was the subject of an infinite number of ridiculous suppositions, of romances each more astonishing than the other, all of which were repeated with equal assurance, and heard with equal avidity.

After a few days, Duval Ferol informed the stranger that, as he did not know him, and was only a subaltern, he could not dispense with acquainting the king's lieutenant, who commanded at the *Cul-de-Sac* Marin, of his arrival, and that the latter requested to see him at his house. The young man complied, and presented himself as the Count de Tarnaud. The commandant having heard the reports propagated concerning the stranger, determined to unravel the mystery, and with that view offered him the use of his house and table, which was accepted by Tarnaud. Rhodéz did not leave him, but removed with him to the house of the commandant, M. Nadau, thus seemingly avowing a kind of voluntary dependence, which he did not endeavour to conceal.

Two days after young Tarnaud's removal to the commandant's, the latter had company to dinner, and just as they were sitting down to table, the young man found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, on which Rhodéz got up and fetched it for him. The company gazed at each other; for a white to wait upon a white is in the West Indies an unheard-of, a dishonourable submission, (excepting it were a prince, or at least the governor of the island,) to which not even the meanest colonist would submit. It was immediately surmised that Rhodéz, who was of a respectable family, liberal education, and acquainted with the custom of the place, would not degrade himself in that manner for a mere gentleman.

The company, however, went to table, and in the middle of dinner, Nadau received a letter from Duval Ferol to the following effect: "You wish for information relative to the French passenger who lodged with me some days; his signature will furnish more than I am able to give. I enclose you a letter I have just received from him."

Nadau cast his eyes on the letter inclosed by Duval ; it contained nothing but expressions of thanks, written in a very bad style, but he was confounded to find that it was signed *Est*, and not Tarnaud. Immediately after dinner, he took aside one of his friends, to whom he communicated the contents of the packet he had received. The latter instantly repaired to the house of the Marquis d'Eragny, which was at no great distance. The Marquis was still at table with several persons who were dining with him ; the conversation soon turned on the young stranger, and the person who had last arrived mentioned what had just happened at Nadau's. On hearing the name of *Est*, they were astonished ; they endeavoured to discover who it could be, and by the assistance of the calendar, concluded that the stranger must be Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena, and brother of the Duchess of Penthièvre. It was thought extremely easy to discover whether this was the fact, for one of the persons present, whose name was Bois-Ferme, and who was brother-in-law to the commandant, declared that he had several times been in company with the Prince the year before ; and another had seen him with the army. They, therefore, resolved to ascertain the matter ; meanwhile they pushed about the bottle, till the evening, when the whole company, mounting their horses, arrived at the house of the commandant, who was just going to supper. They fixed their eyes on the stranger, and Bois-Ferme exclaimed, that it was certainly he. Bois-Ferme, indeed, never spoke a word of truth, not even when he was drunk*. He was supported by the other officer, who went to the governor, and said : " You have in your house the hereditary Prince of Modena." The company was scarcely seated at table, when the sound of instruments was heard : they were bugle horns brought by Bois-Ferme, who, with his friends, drank with repeated cheers to the health of Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena. The person on whose account this scene was acted, at first

* This man had a negro called La Plume, who waited on him at table, and whom he taught to pronounce only the French word "Oul."—"Is it not true, La Plume?" said his master, turning toward him, whenever he had been practising with the long bow. "Oul," invariably and laconically replied La Plume.

appeared astonished and embarrassed, and afterwards testified his dissatisfaction at such an indiscretion.

At this juncture, the French colonies, and especially Martinico, were in a very critical situation. It was blocked by the English, and in extreme want of provisions. These could be procured only from Curaçoa and St. Eustatia; but this resource, which of itself was extremely expensive, was rendered still more so by the avidity of a few, who were intent only on augmenting their private fortunes by the public misery. At the head of these men was the Marquis de Caylus, governor of the windward islands, who resided at Martinico, a man, the derangement of whose affairs caused him to listen to a great number of projectors, who involved him in speculations, of which they derived all the profit and he the odium. A general discontent was thus excited against him; it was increased by the alarming prospect of a famine, and waited only for a proper opportunity to burst forth.

Minds thus prepared, eagerly hailed the intelligence of the arrival of the supposed Prince. What should bring a Prince of Modena to Martinico, was a question they never thought of asking; their imaginations were entirely occupied with the advantages which the colony was likely to derive from his presence. Nadau, who entertained a private pique against the governor, was eager to lay before his host the complaints of the colony, to acquaint him with the tricks of interested men to raise the price of provisions, and to describe the misery resulting from such conduct. The Prince, indignant at the recital, swore that he would put an end to such villainy, and that he would punish those who thus abused the confidence of the king; and should the English effect a landing, he would put himself at the head of the inhabitants to repulse them.

This declaration, which Nadau did not fail to repeat, augmented the general enthusiasm. The fermentation extended to Fort St. Pierre, where the Marquis de Caylus then was. The governor flattered himself that he should extinguish, in a moment, the faction created against him, and ordered Nadau to send the stranger, who was his guest, to St. Pierre. Nadau returned for answer, that there was no doubt but the youth was the hereditary Prince of Modena, on which the governor sent a letter by

two of his officers, addressed to the Count de Tarnaud, to persuade him to repair to his residence. "Tell your master," replied the Prince, "that to the rest of the world I am the Count de Tarnaud, but that to him I am Hercules Renaud d'Est. If he wishes to see me, let him come half-way. Let him repair to Fort Royal; in four or five days, I will be there."

The governor, struck with the report made by the officers of the stranger's resemblance to the Duchess of Penthièvre, (sister to the hereditary Prince of Modena) began to yield to the general conviction. He set out for Fort Royal, but changed his mind, and returned to St. Pierre. The Prince, in pursuance of his appointment, repaired to Fort Royal, and not finding the governor at that place, proceeded to St. Pierre, which he entered in triumph, attended by seventeen or eighteen gentlemen. He sent word to the Jesuits to prepare for his reception; and on his way passed before the governor's house, who, the moment he saw him, exclaimed, that he was the very image of his mother and sister; and, as if seized with a panic, instantly quitted St. Pierre, and retired to Fort Royal, leaving the field to his antagonist.

The Prince, who was now established at the convent of the Jesuits, appointed his household. The Marquis d'Eragny was his grand equerry, Duval Ferol and Laurent Dufont were his gentlemen, and Rhodéz his page. He kept a court, and gave regular audiences, which were attended by all those who had memoirs to present against the government, or those officers of the administration who wished to pay their court to him.

The Duke de Penthièvre possessed considerable property in the hands of an agent at Martinico. This man had not been one of the last to present himself to his master's brother-in-law. The Prince received him very graciously, and had a conversation of half an hour with him, the result of which was, that all the cash and property in his possession, were placed at the disposal of his Highness. Had any doubts remained, relative to his claim to the title he had assumed, this circumstance would have been sufficient to destroy them. Liéwain, the agent of the Duke, was regarded as an honest and a prudent man;

he was perfectly acquainted with the affairs and connexions of the house of Penthièvre, in consequence of which, it was surmised, that he would not have taken such a step without very strong reasons.

The Dominicans were jealous of the honour conferred on the Jesuits, and the Prince, to satisfy the former, on his return from a short excursion, fixed his residence in their convent. He was there entertained with the greatest magnificence. A table of thirty covers was daily laid for him and those whom he chose to invite; he dined in public, amidst the sound of trumpets; and the people flocked in such crowds to see him, that had it not been for rails placed in the middle of the hall, he would have run the risk of being suffocated.

Never was such a spectacle exhibited at St. Pierre; never was confusion more complete, and joy more general. The action of government was entirely suspended, but its absence was perceived only in the cessation of that oppression which it had exercised. Money again made its appearance in abundance; provisions arrived from all quarters; and at length the news of the peace crowned the general intoxication.

Vessels had meanwhile been dispatched to France. The Prince had written to his family, and had entrusted the captain of a merchantman, sent by Liwain, with his letters. No answer arrived, and the Prince seemed very uneasy. The governor, on his part, had dispatched to the minister, the engineer Des Rivieres, to inform him of what had happened, and to request instructions how to act. It was now six months since the departure of Des Rivieres, and he had not returned; his arrival might, however, be hourly expected; but this gave the Prince no concern. In the meantime he amused himself with defying the governor, who had in vain endeavoured to insinuate himself into his good graces. He paid his court to all the women, gave way to every excess in eating and drinking, and indulged all his fancies. Among the rest, he one day took it into his head to assume the blue ribbon, which, had he been the heir to Modena, would have been perfectly ridiculous. This absurd pretension he grounded in a story still more absurd; which, however,

did not on that account obtain the less credit. If he had declared that he was the son of God and the Duchess of Modena, he would have been believed.

It cannot be denied that he was an astonishing youth. Amidst the most childish and absurd fancies, his actions always displayed a certain dignity. Never, either in the company of the women, whom he loved to distraction, or in fits of intoxication, or in the unfortunate situations in which he was afterwards placed, did he for a moment relinquish that haughty and dignified character which he at first assumed. He always appeared disinterested and liberal, but without profusion; living at the expense of another, as if at his own cost, without seeking to amass for the future, and without squandering like a man who had but a short time to enjoy prosperity. His education, which had only been commenced, seemed to have been conducted with extraordinary care. He had confused ideas of various sciences; spoke French, Italian, and German, but not very well, and understood something, though still less, of Latin. He likewise wrote very ill, but drew tolerably, and was a capital horseman. His understanding was lively and just; and excepting the ridiculous fables and vague assertions with which he was obliged to support his pretensions, he always replied to any thing serious that was said to him, with great dignity, good sense, and precision. But the most inexplicable part of his character was the uniform serenity and tranquillity which he manifested. So far from entertaining apprehensions on account of the arrival of the numerous strangers, whom the peace permitted to repair to the island, he eagerly sought their company. A new acquaintance was a treat to him; and among these strangers, chance directed that he should not find any who was able to detect him. One of them had seen the real Prince at Venice, but a considerable time before. He had met with him in a shop, where his Highness had taken off his mask after breaking, for sport, glasses to the value of 1500*l.* which he afterwards paid for. He who was capable of such a folly, might easily take a fancy to go to Martinico, and a person who had played such tricks, might still be the Prince of Modena.

Des Rivières had not returned; and the rainy season

approached. The Prince began to be apprehensive for his health; and the inhabitants began to discover that his residence was rather expensive to them. He wished to leave the island, and they were equally desirous that he should. After a stay of seven months at Martinico, he embarked for France, in the merchantman, the *Raphael*, of Bourdeaux, taking with him all his household, an almoner, and Garnier, the king's physician at the colony. When he went on board, he hoisted an admiral's flag, and after being saluted by the cannon of the fort, departed.

A fortnight afterwards arrived Des Rivieres, with orders to put his Highness in confinement; but these orders had been six months in preparing, and the inhabitants surmised that this delay was intended only to give him time to leave the island, his visit to which was probably only a youthful frolic. Liewain's messenger had likewise returned, and his story had been treated at Paris with as little ceremony as that of Des Rivieres. He brought Liewain a letter from the Duke of Penthievre, who reprimanded him for suffering himself to be duped; but, who, considering that his conduct was the result of his zeal, and that his credulity might be excused by the example of those who were at the head of the colony, consented to share the loss with him, confirmed him in his situation, and assured him of his protection. The money advanced by Liewain amounted to 50,000 crowns; and this kindness of the Duke appeared to be a further confirmation of the truth of the Prince's pretensions.

The *Raphael* meanwhile proceeded towards Europe, and arrived at Faro, in Portugal, where the Prince was received with a salute of artillery. He demanded a courier, whom he might dispatch to Madrid, to the *chargé d'affaires* of the Duke of Modena, and likewise required to be furnished with the means of repairing, with his retinue, to Seville, where he intended to wait the return of his messenger. All his wishes were complied with; and he set out for Seville as tranquil and as cheerful as ever, intent only on paying his court to all the handsome women he met with on the way; and he arrived in safety at Seville, preceded by a great reputation for gallantry.

All the females were at the windows to see him pass, and all the first people of the town went to pay him their

respects. Sumptuous entertainments were prepared for him, which he returned with such magnificence and grace, that he soon turned the heads of the inhabitants of Seville, particularly the females, as he had before done those of the inhabitants of Martinico. During the day, he was almost always in public; but at night he was not so easily to be found; and though he observed but little secrecy in his intrigues, yet his attendants sometimes lost all traces of him, so that the Marquis d'Eragny, who began to be suspicious, was afraid lest he might give them the slip. For his part, he manifested no concern excepting on account of the delay of his courier, whose return he seemed to await with the utmost impatience.

At length an order arrived for his confinement, till the king should have decided concerning his fate; which being communicated to him by the governor, the Prince appeared much astonished but not disconcerted, and replied: "I was born a sovereign as well as he; he has no controul over me; but he is master here, and I shall comply with his desire."

He was then conducted to a small tower occupied by a lieutenant and a few invalids. Here he was left without being locked up, and was even permitted to send for those persons of his retinue whom he wished to have with him. After examining his new habitation, he declared that he could not remain there, or he should die. The lieutenant represented to him that he was on his parole. "I have promised," said he, "to remain in a habitable place;" to which the lieutenant replied, "he had no orders to use force." The Prince then privately sent to the Dominicans to request a lodging of them, and permission to wait in their convent for the orders of the king. The friars consented to receive him, and he accordingly removed without molestation to the convent. In Spain those institutions are privileged places, and those who take refuge in them cannot be removed by force. It was therefore necessary to enter into a negotiation with the provincial of the order and the archbishop of Seville. The Dominicans at length consented to the removal of the prisoner, if it could be effected without the effusion of blood.

The officer charged with this business entered his apart-

ment with his hat in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, requiring him in the name of the king to surrender. The young man instantly seized his arms, and gaining one of the corners of the room, protested he would kill the first who should venture to touch him. He was surrounded with bayonets, which he parried with his sword, and defended himself with such resolution, that it would have been impossible to take him without violating the condition which had been specified. The soldiers therefore retired; but in the mean time the people had collected at the gate, and the report of the affair had spread throughout all Seville. The government was blamed for what it had done, and what it had not done; the women in particular, fired with indignation at the outrages committed on the young stranger, exclaimed against such unworthy treatment of a young man so handsome, noble, generous, and brave. "He is a prince," said they, "or there never was one; perhaps there never was his equal, and yet he is used in this cruel manner!"

This fermentation convinced the government of the necessity of bringing the affair to a speedy issue. They recommenced their negotiations with the Dominicans, who were themselves willing to deliver up their guest; but it had now become a difficult matter. He never went without a brace of pistols in his pockets; at night he kept them under his pillow, and at dinner placed one on each side of his plate; and for the greater security he took his repasts only in his own apartment facing the door. A method was, however, contrived. A young lay-brother, gay, vigorous, and active, had been directed to wait upon him. His services were very agreeable to the prisoner, who was likewise much diverted with his gaiety. One day, the monk, who always stood behind him when at table, had been relating a very merry story, at which the Prince could not forbear laughing very heartily. The monk, seizing the opportunity, laid hold of both his arms behind, and stamped with all his force. Some alguziles immediately appeared, and carried off the poor Prince, whom they threw into the most gloomy dungeon of the most infamous prison in Seville, where they fastened a chain round his middle, and others round his legs and arms. In about twenty-four hours he was sent for, to be ex-

amined, but he refused to answer the interrogations of his judges. His irons were taken off, and instead of being sent back to his dungeon, he was allowed the best apartment in the prison, in which a guard, commanded by a captain and lieutenant, was placed expressly on his account. The persons composing his retinue were meanwhile examined relative to the supposed design of withdrawing Martinico from its subjection to France, and without farther ceremony the principal person was condemned to the galleys, or to labour at the king's fortifications in Africa, and his attendants were banished the dominions of Spain.

The time at length arrived when he was to set off for Cadiz, where those condemned to labour at the fortifications at Ceuta in Africa were assembled. A carriage drawn by six mules appeared at the gates of the prison, and the whole garrison of Seville was under arms. The Prince, supported by the captain and lieutenant, entered the carriage, and proceeded through Seville between two files of infantry which lined the streets.

It has been asserted that apprehensions were entertained of a commotion in his favour. It is certain that the imaginations of the inhabitants were highly inflamed, and that at this time wagers to the amount of 60,000 piastres were depending in Spain on the question, whether he was the real Prince of Modena or an impostor. What appeared the most extraordinary, the court prohibited the laying of wagers. Some of the parties then went in quest of the real Prince of Modena, but it was a long time before he was discovered. He was neither at Modena nor at Reggio, nor at Massa-Carrara. It was said that he was gone to Venice; but four notaries attested that he had not made his appearance in that city, so that it might almost have been surmised that he concealed himself in order to keep alive the doubts and uncertainty of the public.

When the prisoner arrived at Cadiz, he was conducted to the Fort of la Caragna, which commands the port. The commandant was informed, that he must be answerable for the prisoner; but his order at the same time directed that he should treat him *con maniera*, with politeness. The commandant, a native of France, named Devau, who had raised himself by his merit to the situation

he held, after reading his orders, observed: "When I am to be answerable for the safety of any person, I know but one *maniera* of treating him, and that is, to put him in irons."

When the moment arrived for the departure of the convoy for Ceuta, he was put into a vessel separate from the other galley-slaves. When they were setting sail, a secretary of the governor appeared. He brought what remained from the sale of his effects, after deducting from the produce all that had been expended on his account. The surplus amounted to seven or eight hundred reals, (about ten guineas). "Aha!" said he, "the governor takes me for his almoner."---Then raising his voice, he continued: "Sailors, the governor is very generous he has sent you some money;" and then distributed the whole among them in the presence of the secretary.

Nadau, who had been ordered home to France to give an account of his conduct, received, on his return to Martinico, a pair of pistols of the finest workmanship, accompanied by a letter from the Prince, in which, after some excuses for the uneasiness he must have caused him, he informed that officer that he was at Ceuta in the convent of the Cordeliers, where he was very well treated, and under little restraint. He pretended that he had received a visit from Ali Ohaba, the brother of the Emperor of Morocco, who had offered him 40,000 men and artillery to attack the Spaniards; but motives of honour and of religion obliged him to refuse his assistance. After relating the particulars of his interview with Ali Obaba, he informed Nadau that he had received a letter from a mulatto named Louison, one of the two valets-de-chambre who had accompanied him to Europe, in which the unfortunate man had stated that he was out of place and afflicted with a disease, the cure of which was very expensive. In consequence of this intelligence, he had caused him to be placed under the hands of an able surgeon at Cadiz, whom he had directed to be paid, and had transmitted to Louison sufficient to enable him to return to Martinico. Thus, both by his actions and his words, he supported the character he had originally manifested, which is certainly not the least extraordinary part of his history.

Liewain likewise received a letter, in which he lamented the losses he had suffered on his account, and gave him hopes that he should one day make him a compensation for them. These letters were the first and the last. It appears, that being tired of his prison, however comfortable it might have been made for him, the young man found an opportunity of escaping. About this time a merchantman came to an anchor in the road of Gibraltar. The captain, who was an Englishman, went on shore, and informed the governor that he had on board his ship the person known by the name of the prince of Modena, who demanded permission to land. "Let him beware of coming on shore here," replied the governor, "I should treat him *con maniera*, in the English style—he would be apprehended immediately." The captain took him at his word; he set sail, and with him disappeared for ever this extraordinary youth, leaving behind him no trace of his existence excepting the recollection of an enigma, which in all probability will never be explained.

GEORGE BRUCE.

GEORGE BRUCE, son of John Bruce, foreman and clerk to Mr. Wood, distiller, at Limehouse, was born in the parish of Radcliffe-highway, in 1779. In 1789 he entered on board the Royal Admiral East Indiaman, Capt. Bond, as boatswain's boy. Sailed from England for New South Wales, and arrived at Port Jackson in 1790, where, with the consent of Captain Bond, he quitted the ship, and remained in New South Wales.

At Port Jackson, Bruce entered into the naval colonial service, and was employed for several years under Lieutenants Robins, Flinders, and others, in exploring the coasts, surveying harbours, head-lands, rocks, &c. During this time Bruce experienced various adventures, which do not come within the design of this narrative. After being thus employed for several years, in vessels of survey, he was turned over to the Lady Nelson, Captain

Simmonds, a vessel fitted up for the express purpose of conveying Tippahee, king of New Zealand, from a visit which he made to the government of Port Jackson, to his own country. The king embarked, and the *Lady Nelson* sailed on her destination. During the passage, Tippahee was taken dangerously ill, and Bruce was appointed to attend him; he acquitted himself so highly to the king's satisfaction, that he was honoured with his special favour; and on their arrival, the king requested that he should be allowed to remain with him at New Zealand, to which Captain Simmonds consented, and Bruce was received into the family of Tippahee. Bruce spent his first few months in New Zealand, in exploring the country, and in acquiring a knowledge of the language, manners, and customs of the people. He found the country healthy and pleasant, full of romantic scenery agreeably diversified by hills and dales, and covered with wood.—The people were hospitable, frank and open; though rude and ignorant, yet worshipping neither images or idols, nor aught that is the work of human hand; acknowledging one Omnipotent Supreme Being.

As the king proposed to place the young Englishman at the head of his army, it was a previously necessary step that he should be tattooed, as, without having undergone that ceremony, he could not be regarded as a warrior. The case was urgent, and admitted of no alternative. He therefore submitted resolutely to this painful ceremony; and his countenance presents a master specimen of the art of tattooing. Being now tattooed in due form, Bruce was recognized as a warrior of the first rank, naturalized as a New Zealander, received into the bosom of the king's family and honoured with the hand of the Princess Aetockoe, the youngest daughter of Tippahee, a maiden of fifteen or sixteen years of age, whose native beauty had probably been great, but which was so much improved by the fashionable embellishments of art, that all the softer charms of nature, all the sweetness of expression, were lost in the bolder impressions of tattooing.

Bruce now became the chief member of the King's family, and was vested with the government of the island. Six or eight months after his marriage, the English ship *Inspector*, the *Ferret*, a South Sea whaler, and several

other English vessels, touched at New Zealand for supplies, and all of them found the beneficial influence of having a countryman and friend at the head of affairs in that island. They were liberally supplied with fish, vegetables, &c. &c.

Our Englishman and his wife were now contented and happy, in the full enjoyment of domestic comfort, with no wants that were ungratified, blessed with health and perfect independence. Bruce looked forward with satisfaction to the progress of civilization, which he expected to introduce among the people with whom, by a singular destiny, he seemed doomed to remain during his life. While enjoying these hopes, the ship *General Wellesley*, about twelve or fourteen months ago, touched at a point of New Zealand, where Bruce and his wife then chanced to be. This was at some distance from the king's place of residence. Captain Dalrymple applied to Mr. Bruce to assist him in procuring a cargo of spars and benjamin, and requested specimens of the principal articles of produce of the island, all which was cheerfully done. Captain Dalrymple then proposed to Bruce to accompany him to North Cape, distant about twenty-five or thirty leagues, where it was reported that gold dust could be procured, and Captain Dalrymple conceived that Bruce might prove useful to him in search for the gold dust. With great reluctance, and after many entreaties, Bruce consented to accompany Captain Dalrymple, under the most solemn assurances of being safely brought back and landed at the Bay of Islands. He accordingly embarked with his wife on board the *General Wellesley*, representing, at the same time, to Captain Dalrymple, the dangerous consequences of taking the king's daughter from the island; but that fear was quieted by the solemn and repeated assurances of Captain Dalrymple, that he would, at every hazard, re-land them at the Bay of Islands, the place from which they embarked. Being at length all on board, the *Wellesley* sailed for the North Cape, where they soon arrived and landed. Finding that they had been entirely misinformed as to the gold dust, the *Wellesley* made sail, in order to return to New Zealand; but the wind becoming foul, and continuing so for 48 hours, they were driven from the island. On the 3d day the

wind became more favourable, but Captain Dalrymple did not attempt to regain the island, but stood on for India. Bruce now gently remonstrated, and reminded him of his promises; to which Captain Dalrymple replied, "That he had something else to think of, than to detain the ship, by returning with a valuable cargo to the island. Besides, he had another and better island in view for him."

On reaching the Feejee, or Sandalwood Islands, Captain Dalrymple asked Bruce, if he chose to go on shore, and remain there? which he declined, on account of the barbarous and sanguinary disposition of their inhabitants. Captain Dalrymple desired that he would choose for himself; and then took from him several little presents, which he himself and his officers had given to him at New Zealand: these now were given to the natives of the islands, in the boats then alongside the vessel.

Leaving the Feejee islands, they steered towards Sooloo, visiting two or three islands in their passage. After remaining four or five days at Sooloo, they sailed for Malacca; Captain Dalrymple and Bruce went on shore. The latter was anxious to see the governor or commanding officer, to state his grievances, but as it was late in the evening when he landed, he could not see him till the following morning, by which time Captain Dalrymple had weighed from Malacca roads, leaving Bruce on shore, and carrying off his wife on board the Wellesley to Penang.

Bruce acquainted the commanding officer at Malacca with his case, and expressed his wish to regain his wife, and to return with her to New Zealand. The commanding officer endeavoured to console him; desired that he would patiently wait at Malacca for a short time, as some ship might probably touch there on their passage from Bengal to New South Wales, by which he would procure a passage for himself and his wife; and that, in the mean time, he would write to Penang, desiring that his wife should be returned to her husband at Malacca. After waiting for three or four weeks, accounts were received of Captain Dalrymple's arrival at Penang; upon which, Bruce obtained the commanding officer's permission, and left Malacca in the Scourge gun-brig for Penang, where,

upon his arrival, he found that his wife had been bartered away to Capt. Ross. On waiting upon the governor of Penang, he was asked what satisfaction he required for the ill treatment he had experienced? Bruce answered, that all he wanted was to have his wife restored, and to get a passage, if possible, to New Zealand. Through the interference of the governor his wife was restored to him. With her he returned to Malacca, in hope of the promised passage to New South Wales; but as there was no appearance of the expected ships for that port, he was now promised a passage for himself and his wife to England, in one of the homeward bound Indiamen from China. By getting to England, he hoped from thence to find a passage to New South Wales; but the China ships only anchored in Malacca Roads for a few hours during the night, so that he had no opportunity of proceeding by any of the ships of that fleet. He then entreated the commanding officer to get him a passage in the Sir Edward Pellew, to Penang, where he hoped to overtake the Indiamen. A passage for himself and his wife was accordingly provided on board the Pellew; and, on his arrival at Penang, he found the Indiamen standing still there; but he could not be accommodated with a passage to Europe without the payment of four hundred dollars. Not having that sum, and without the means to raise it, he came on with the Sir Edward Pellew to Bengal, where he and his wife, the affectionate companion of his distress, were hospitably received. An opportunity having occurred in the course of a few months, of a passage to New South Wales, they found no difficulty in regaining New Zealand.—*Calcutta Gazette*, 1810.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

THE Count de Ligniville, and Count de Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for

amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count de Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and put his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and taking the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but to his great astonishment, he found, that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count de Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half-shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them, so that on this account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams. The day that Count de Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.—*Universal Magazine*, vol. 41.

Credulity and Fanaticism.

YETSER, THE FANATIC.

THE two orders of Franciscans and Dominicans had been at open enmity with each other ever since the thirteenth century. The latter had lost a great part of their credit with the people, on account of their not paying so much honour to the Virgin Mary, as their antagonists the Franciscans, and their agreeing with St. Thomas d'Aquinas, in denying her the privileges of having been born without sin. The Franciscans, on the other hand, gained ground daily, by preaching upon all occasions the doctrine of immaculate conception, maintained by St. Bonaventure. The mutual hatred between those two orders was so great, that in 1503, a Franciscan being one day preaching at Frankfort, on the subject of the blessed Virgin, and seeing a Dominican enter the church, he cried out in the midst of his sermon, "that he blessed God he was not of that order, which depreciated the Mother of God herself, and who poisoned emperors with the consecrated wafer." The Dominican, whose name was Vigan, replied with a loud voice, "that he was a liar and a heretic." Upon this the Franciscan quitted his pulpit, incensed the people against his antagonist, and at length drove him out of church, after beating him in such a manner with a crucifix that he was left for dead at the door. In 1504 the Dominicans held a chapter of their order at Wimpfen, in which it was resolved to revenge themselves on the Franciscans, and to destroy their credit, and even their doctrine, by bringing the Virgin Mary herself into the field against them. Berne was fixed upon to be the

theatre of this scene. They began by spreading reports, for three years together, of the Mother of God having appeared several times to different persons, reproaching the Franciscans with their doctrines of immaculate conception, which she said was horrible blasphemy, and tended to rob her Son of the glory of having cleansed her from original sin and the power of hell. The Franciscans, on their parts, were not behind hand in opposing other apparitions. But at length, in 1507, the Dominicans having brought over a young lay brother, named Yetser, made him their instrument to work upon the minds of the people. It was an established opinion in the convents of all orders, that if a novice quitted the habit, and did not make his profession, his soul remained in purgatory till the last judgment, unless it was released by prayer and by alms given to the convent.

The prior of the Dominican convent, entered Yetser's cell in the night, in a habit painted with devils, with a great chain about his middle, leading four dogs, and casting flames out of his mouth, by means of a little round box filled with the pickings of flax, and set on fire. This prior informed Yetser, that he was a monk, who in former times had quitted his habit, for which his soul was thrown into purgatory; but that it might be delivered from thence if Yetser would consent to suffer himself to be flogged by the monks before the great altar. Yetser did not fail to comply with this request, and delivered the monk's soul from purgatory. The prior appeared to him a second time, clad in a white robe, and surrounded with glory, to inform him that he was in heaven, and to recommend to him the cause of the blessed Virgin whom the Franciscans depreciated.

Some few nights after, St. Barba, for whom brother Yetser had a great veneration, appeared to him. It was another monk that acted this new character, and informed Yetser that he was a saint, and that the Virgin Mary had chosen him to avenge her cause against the iniquitous doctrine of the Franciscans.

At length the blessed Virgin herself descended into his cell through the ceiling, attended by two angels, and commanded him to declare that she was born in original sin; and that the Franciscans were the greatest enemies

her Son. She concluded with telling him that she would honour him with the five wounds with which St. Lucia and St. Catherine had been favoured.

The next night, the monks having made the lay brother drink heartily of wine in which they had infused opium, pierced his hands, his feet, and his side, while he was asleep. When he awoke he found himself all over blood. He was told that the Blessed Virgin had imprinted these marks on him, and in this condition they exposed him at the altar to the view of the people.

However, simple as brother Yetser was, he imagined he had distinguished the voice of the sub-prior in that of the Blessed Virgin, and began to think the whole an imposture; upon which the monks, without farther ceremony, resolved to poison him; and accordingly when he came next day to take the sacrament, they gave him a consecrated wafer sprinkled with corrosive sublimate. The sharpness of the poison upon his tongue immediately obliged him to spit out the wafer, and thereupon the monks instantly loaded him with chains, as having been guilty of sacrilege. To save his life, he promised upon another consecrated wafer, that he never would reveal the secret. Some time after, however, having found means to escape out of the convent, he went and made a discovery of the whole affair to a magistrate. The cause was two years depending; at the end of which time, four Dominicans were burnt before the gate of Berne, the last day of May, 1509, O. S. in consequence of the sentence pronounced upon them by a bishop sent from Rome for that purpose.—*Spirit of Nations.*

THE HOLY RELICS.

A CHRISTIAN publican, named St. Theodosius, meeting with a curate of the name of Fronton, in a meadow near Ancyra, "This meadow," says Father Bollandus (who collected this legend, and who has placed it under the Emperor Domitian, but without being able to

ascertain the year in which it happened) "was of a beautiful verdure, and embellished with a variety of flowers of different hues." "What a charming situation for a chapel!" exclaimed the holy publican. "You are in the right," replied the curate. "But we are in want of relics." "I will furnish you with them," said the saint. He well knew what he said. There were at that time in Ancyra, seven Christian virgins, each of whom was about seventy-two years of age. They had been condemned by the governor to be violated by all the young men of the city, according to the Roman laws; for this legend supposes this punishment to have been invariably inflicted on Christian maidens.

There was fortunately only one young man in the city who was willing to be their executioner, and he was a sottish rake, who had the courage to attack St. Tecusa, the youngest of the seven, and who was then in her seventy-first year. St. Tecusa threw herself at his feet, and pointing out her age and her wrinkles, at once disarmed the ravisher. The governor, incensed at seeing these seven old women preserve their chastity, instantly appointed them priestesses of Diana and Minerva; and they were obliged, continues the legend, to serve those two goddesses naked, though it is well known that women were never permitted to approach the statues of these deities without being covered with a veil from head to feet.

The publican, Theodosius, seeing them thus exposed, prayed God, with tears in his eyes, to give them up to death. His prayer was heard, and the governor directed them to be thrown into the lake of Ancyra, each with a stone to her neck. The blessed St. Tecusa appeared in the night to the publican: "My son," said she, "you sleep without thinking of us. Suffer not, I entreat you, my dear Theodosius, our bodies to be eaten by the trouts." Theodosius pondered a whole day on this apparition.

The night following, the publican went to the lake with some of his servants; a shining light went before them, although the night was dark. A dreadful rain fell and swelled the waters of the lake. Two old men, with beards and hair and coats as white as snow, ap-

d before him, and said, "Walk on and fear nothing, hold the light of heaven is with you, and at the border of the lake you will find a celestial cavalier completely armed, who will conduct you onwards."

At that instant the storm increased. The cavalier appeared himself before them with an enormous lance. He proved to be the glorious martyr Soziander, who had been directed by the Almighty to descend from Heaven on a fine horse to conduct the publican. The centurion of the lake fled before Soziander, who pursued him with his huge lance. Theodosius found the bodies of seven virgins in the lake, and caused them to be dug out and interred. The legend does not fail to mention the names of all these female martyrs, who were Theodora, St. Alexandra, St. Phaiana, Heretics; and St. Julia, St. Euphrasia, St. Matrona, and St. Julia, Cæsars.

As was no sooner rumoured in Ancyra, that these seven had been taken out of the lake and interred, than the whole city was in commotion, as may easily be supposed. The governor ordered Theodosius to be put to torture. "Behold," said Theodosius, "the gifts which

Christ is pleased to bestow on his followers; he has given me courage to endure the torture, and soon I shall be condemned to the flames." His prophecy was well fulfilled. He died at the stake. But he had promised to the curate Fronton, who as yet had gotten none of his chapel. Fronton mounting his ass, took with him several bottles of excellent wine, as there was question of a publican, and set out towards Ancyra in quest of relics. In his way thither he met the soldiers who had collected the ashes of Theodosius, and who related to him of his martyrdom. He intoxicated them so well with his wine as to carry off the relics of the saint, which he buried in his meadow, and there founded his chapel.—*Spiritual Institutions.*

JEROME SAVONAROLA.

THERE was at Florence a Dominican friar, named Jerome Savonarola. This man was one of those preachers, whose talent of haranguing from the pulpit makes them believe that they are able to govern nations; one of those theologians, who, after explaining the Apocalypse, imagine they are endowed with the gift of prophecy. He directed, he preached, he heard confessions, he wrote; and in a free city, necessarily divided into factions, he would fain be the head of a party.

As soon as the principal citizens of Florence knew that Charles VIII. was projecting an expedition into Italy, Savonarola foretold it, and the common people thought him inspired. He declaimed against Pope Alexander VI. He encouraged likewise such of his countrymen as persecuted the Medicis, and had spilt the blood of the friends of this family. Never had man in Florence a greater influence over the vulgar. He was grown a kind of tribune of the people, by causing the artificers to be admitted into the magistracy. To be revenged of him, the pope and the Medicis had recourse to the same arms as those made use of by Savonarola; they sent a Franciscan friar to preach against him. The order of St. Francis hated that of St. Dominic more than the Guelfs hated the Gibelines.

The Franciscan succeeded in making the Dominican odious; upon which the two orders became irreconcilable. At length a Dominican offered to walk through a burning pile, in order to prove the sanctity of Savonarola. A Franciscan proposed likewise the same ordeal, to prove Savonarola an impostor. The people naturally desirous of such a spectacle, insisted on its being exhibited; and the magistrates were obliged to comply. Their minds were still possessed with the old fable of Aldobrandinus, surnamed Petrus Igneus, who in the eleventh century had passed and repassed over burning coals; and the partisans of Savonarola made no doubt but God would

do for a Jacobin what he had done for a Benedictin. The contrary faction expected as much in favour of the Cordelier.

The piles were set on fire, and the champions entered the lists in the presence of a vast multitude of people. But when they saw the flames, they trembled, and their common fear suggested to them a common evasion. The Dominican refused to enter the pile, unless he had the host in his hand: but the Cordelier pretended that this was a clause which had not been agreed upon. They both insisted obstinately on their point, and by thus helping each other to get out of the scrape, the public were deprived of the shocking spectacle.

The mob were so incensed by the adherents of the Cordeliers, that they wanted to lay hold of Savonarola, which the magistrates perceiving, ordered this friar to leave the city; but though he had the pope, the faction of the Medicis, and the people against him, he refused to obey. He was taken, and put seven times to the torture. The extract of his deposition mentions that he acknowledged himself to be a false prophet, a cheat, who abused the secrets of auricular confession, as well as those that were revealed to him by his brethren. Might not he well own himself an impostor? Must we not look upon him as an intriguing prophet, as a downright cheat? Perhaps he was more of the fanatic. The human imagination is capable of joining these two extremes which seem so opposite. If justice had been done him, imprisonment and penance would have been sufficient; but the spirit of party was concerned in the affair. In 1498, he and two other Dominicans were sentenced to the flames which they had so boldly defied. They were strangled however before they were thrown into the fire. The friends of Savonarola did not fail to attribute miracles to him, the last shift of the adherents of an unhappy chief.—*Spirit of Nations*.

SABBATEI-SEVI.

DURING the siege of Candia, in the year 1669, an affair happened among the Turks, that drew the attention of all Europe and Asia. A general rumour was spread at that time, founded on an idle curiosity, that the year 1666 was to be remarkable for some great revolution. The source of this opinion was the mystic number of 666, found in the book of Revelations. Never was the expectation of the antichrist so general. On the other hand, the Jews pretended that their Messiah was to come this year.

A Smyrna Jew, named Sabbatei-Sevi, who was a man of some learning, and son of a rich broker belonging to the English factory, took advantage of this general opinion, and set up for the Messiah. He was eloquent, and of a graceful figure; he affected modesty, recommended justice, spoke like an oracle, and proclaimed, wherever he came, that the times were fulfilled. He travelled at first into Greece and Italy. At Leghorn he ran away with a girl, and carried her to Jerusalem, where he began to preach to his brethren. It is a standing tradition among the Jews, that their Shiloh, or Messiah, their avenger and king, is not to appear till the coming of Elijah; and they are persuaded that they have had one Elijah, who is to appear again at the renewing of the world. Elijah, according to them, is to introduce the great sabbath, the great Messiah, and the general revolution of all things. This notion has been even received among Christians. Elijah is to come to declare the dissolution of this world, and a new order of things. Almost all the different sects of fanatics expect an Elijah. The prophets of the Cevennes, who came to London in 1707, to raise the dead, pretended to have seen Elijah, and to have spoken to him, and that he was to shew himself to the people. In 1724, the lieutenant of the police at Paris, sent two Elijahs to prison, who fought with each other, who should be accounted the true one. It was

therefore necessary that Sabbatei-Sevi should be announced to his brethren by an Elijah, otherwise his pretended mission would have been treated as an imposture.

He met with one Nathan, a Jewish rabbi, who thought there was something to be gained by playing a part in this farce. Accordingly Sabbatei declared to the Jews of Asia Minor and Syria, that Nathan was Elijah; and Nathan on his part insisted that Sabbatei was the Messiah, the Shiloh, expected by the chosen people. They both performed great works at Jerusalem, and reformed the synagogue. Nathan explained the prophecies, and demonstrated that at the expiration of that year, the sultan would be dethroned, and Jerusalem become mistress of the world. All the Jews of Syria were convinced. The synagogues resounded with ancient prophecies. They grounded themselves on these words of Isaiah: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city, for henceforth, there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean." All the rabbies had the following passage in their mouths: "And they shall bring all your brethren for an offering unto the Lord, out of all nations, upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to my holy mountain Jerusalem." In short, their hopes were fed by these and a thousand other passages, which both women and children were for ever repeating. There was not a Jew but prepared lodgings for some of the ten dispersed tribes. So great was their enthusiasm, that they left off trade every where, and held themselves ready for the voyage to Jerusalem.

Nathan chose twelve men at Damascus, to preside over the twelve tribes. Sabbatei-Sevi went to shew himself to his brethren at Smyrna, and Nathan wrote to him thus: "King of kings, Lord of lords, when shall we be worthy to put ourselves under the shadow of your ass? I prostrate myself to be trod under the sole of your feet." At Smyrna, Sabbatei deposed some doctors of the law, who did not acknowledge his authority, and established others more tractable. One of his most violent enemies, named Samuel Pennia, was publicly converted, and proclaimed him to be the Son of God. Sabbatei

having presented himself one day before the cadi of Smyrna, with a multitude of his followers, they all declared they saw a column of fire betwixt him and the cadi. Some other miracles of this sort set his divine mission beyond all doubt. Numbers of Jews were impatient to lay their gold and their precious stones at his feet.

The bashaw of Smyrna would have arrested him; but he set out for Constantinople with his most zealous disciples. The grand vizir, Achmet Cuprogli, who was getting ready for the siege of Candia, gave orders for him to be seized on board the vessel that brought him to Constantinople, and to be confined. The Jews easily obtained admittance into the prison for money, as is usual in Turkey; they went and prostrated themselves at his feet, and kissed his chains. He preached to them, exhorted them, and gave them his blessing, but never complained. The Jews of Constantinople, believing that the coming of the Messiah would cancel all debts, refused to pay their creditors. The English merchants at Galata waited upon Sabbatei in jail, and told him, that, as king of the Jews, he ought to command all his subjects to pay their debts. Sabbatei wrote the following words to the persons complained against: "To you, who expect the salvation of Israel, &c. discharge your lawful debts; if you refuse it, you shall not enter with us into our joy, and into our empire."

Sabbatei, during his imprisonment, was continually visited by his followers, who began to raise some disturbances in Constantinople. At that time the people were greatly dissatisfied with Mahomet IV. and it was apprehended that the Jewish prophecy might occasion some disturbance. Under these circumstances, one would imagine, that such a severe government as that of the Turks, would have put the person, calling himself King of Israel, to death. Yet they only removed him to the castle of the Dardanells. The Jews then cried out, that it was not in the power of man to take away his life.

His fame had reached even the most distant parts of Europe; at the Dardanelles he received deputations from the Jews of Poland, Germany, Leghorn, Venice, and Amsterdam: they paid very dear for kissing his feet;

probably this was what preserved his life. The tribulations of the Holy Land were made very quietly at the tower of the Dardanelles. At length the fame of his miracles was so great, that Sultan Mahomet had the liberty to see the man, and to examine him himself. The king of the Jews was brought to the seraglio. Then he asked him in the Turkish language, whether he was the Messiah. Sabbatei modestly answered, he was as he expressed himself incorrectly in this tongue, "I speak very ill," said Mahomet to him, "for a Messiah, who ought to have the gift of languages. Do you perform any miracles?" "Sometimes," answered the Jew. "Well then," said the sultan, "let him be stripped stark naked; he will be a very good mark for the arrows of my pages, and if he is invulnerable, we will acknowledge him to be the Messiah." Sabbatei flung himself upon his knees, and confessed it to be a miracle of his strength. It was proposed to him immediately, either to be impaled, or to turn Mussulman, and go publicly to the Turkish mosque. He did not hesitate in the least, but embraced the Turkish religion directly. Then he preached that he had been sent to substitute the Turkish for the Jewish religion, pursuant to the ancient prophecies. Yet the Jews of distant countries believed him a long time. The affair, however, was not attended with bloodshed, but increased the shame and confusion of the Jewish nation.—*Spirit of Nations*.

ANTHONY.

THE history of Anthony is one of the most extraordinary of any which have been preserved in the annals of madness. I have read the following account of him in a very curious manuscript. Something like it may be found in the works of Jacob Spon. Anthony was born at Brieu in Lorraine; his parents were Catholics, and he was educated by the Jesuits at Metz à Mousson. The preacher Feri, at Metz, induced

him to embrace the Protestant religion. On his return to Nanci, he was persecuted as a heretic; and if a friend had not exerted himself to save him, he would have been hanged. He sought an asylum at Sedan, where he was suspected to be a Roman Catholic, and with difficulty escaped assassination.

Seeing, that by some strange fatality, his life was in danger among Papists and Protestants, he went to Venice and turned Jew. He was thoroughly convinced, even to the last moments of his life, that the Jewish religion alone was authentic; for, he observed, if it was once the true religion, it must be always so. The Jews did not circumcise him, lest they should have some difference with the magistrates; but he was inwardly a Jew. He went to Geneva, where he concealed his faith, became a preacher, a president in a college, and at last what is called a minister.

The perpetual contention in his mind between the religion of Calvin, which he was under a necessity of preaching, and that of Moses, the religion he believed in, occasioned a long illness. He grew melancholy, and becoming quite mad, he often cried out in his paroxysms, that he was a Jew. The ministers came to visit him, and tried to restore him to his senses; but he continually said, that he adored none but the God of Israel; that it was not possible God should change; that he could never have given a law, and written it with his own hand, intending that it should be abolished. He spoke to the disadvantage of Christianity, and afterwards retracted what he had said, and even delivered up a confession of faith to escape punishment; but after having written it, the unfortunate persuasion of his heart would not suffer him to sign it. The council of the city assembled the preachers to consider what was to be done with the unfortunate Anthony. The smaller number of those preachers were of opinion, that he should be pitied, and that some attempts should be made to cure his disease, rather than punish him. The greater number determined he should be burnt, and he was burnt accordingly. This transaction is of the year 1632. A hundred years of reason and virtue are hardly sufficient to atone for such a determination.—*Commentary on Becaria.*

SIMON MORIN.

THE tragic end of Simon Morin was not less horrible than that of Anthony. It was amidst the feasting, pleasures, and gallantry of a brilliant court; it was in times of the greatest licentiousness, that this unfortunate madman was burnt at Paris in the year 1663. He was an idiot, and imagined he saw visions; he carried his folly so far as to believe he was sent from God, and that he was incorporated with Jesus Christ.

The Parliament prudently condemned him to be confined in a mad-house. What was remarkable, there happened to be in the same house another idiot, who called himself the Eternal Father. Simon Morin was so struck with the folly of his companion, that he saw his own, and appeared for a time to have recovered his senses. He declared his repentance to the magistrate, and, unfortunately for himself, obtained his liberty. He relapsed soon after into his former nonsense and dogmatism. His unhappy destiny brought him acquainted with St. Sorlin Desmarets, who for many months was his friend, and who afterwards, from a jealousy of his reputation, became his most cruel persecutor.

This Desmarets was no less a visionary than Morin. His first follies indeed were innocent. He printed the tragi-comedies of Erigone and Mirame with the translation of the Psalms; the romance of Ariane, and the poem of Clovis, with the office of the Holy Virgin turned into verse. He also published dithyrambic poems, containing invectives against Homer and Virgil. From such follies he proceeded to others of a more serious nature. He attacked Port-Royal; and after confessing that he had converted some women to atheism, he commenced prophet. He pretended God had given him, with his own hand, the key of the Apocalypse; that with this key he would reform the whole world, and that he should command an army of a hundred and forty thousand men against the Jansenists.

It would have been very reasonable and just to have confined him with Simon Morin ; but can it be believed, that he found credit with the Jesuit Annat, confessor to the king ? He persuaded him, that poor Simon would establish a sect almost as dangerous as the Jansenists themselves. In short, becoming so abandoned as to turn informer, he procured an order to seize the person of his rival. Shall I tell it ? Simon Morin was condemned to be burnt alive !

When he was led to the stake, a paper was found in one of his stockings, begging forgiveness of God for all his errors. This should have saved him. No : his sentence was confirmed, and he was executed without mercy.

Such actions make one's hair stand an end with horror. But where is the country that has not beheld such deplorable events ? Mankind universally forget they are brethren, and persecute each other even to death. Let us console ourselves with the hope, that such horrid times are passed, never more to return.—*Ibid.*

ROBERT FRANCIS DAMIENS.

A MISERABLE wretch, of the dregs of the people, named Robert Francis Damiens, born in a village near Arras, had been a considerable time a servant in several houses in Paris : he was a man whose gloomy and fiery disposition had always bordered upon madness. The general murmurs that he had heard in all public places, in the grand hall of the palace and elsewhere, heated his imagination.* He went to Versailles like a distracted person, and in those agitations which his inconceivable design threw him into, he desired to be blooded at his inn. Physic has so great an influence over the minds of men, that he protested afterwards in his interrogatories, "That

* These murmurs were chiefly occasioned by the priests against Louis XV. because that monarch had introduced several salutary regulations into the government, to restrain the licentiousness of the clergy.

if his request had been complied with, he should not have committed the crime." His design was the most unheard-of that ever entered the head of a monster of this sort; he did not intend to kill the king, as in effect he declared since, and as unfortunately he could have done, but was resolved to wound him; and this is in reality what he declared in his criminal prosecution before the parliament:

"I had not the intention of killing the king. I could have done it, had I the inclination. All that I did, was in order that God might touch his heart, and incline him to re-establish all things as they should be, and restore the tranquillity of his dominions; and the archbishop of Paris alone is the sole cause of all these troubles." This idea had inflamed his mind to such a degree, that in another interrogatory he said, "I have mentioned counselors of parliament, because I have served one, and because almost all men are enraged at the conduct of the archbishop." In a word, fanaticism had troubled the mind of this unfortunate man so far, that in the interrogatories he underwent at Versailles, are found these his own words: being interrogated what motives had excited him to assassinate the King's person, he replied, "That it was for the cause of religion." All the assassins of Christian princes have urged this cause. The king of Portugal had not been assassinated but by virtue of the decision of three Jesuits. It is very well known that Henry III. and IV. of France, perished by the hands of fanatics; but with this difference, they lost their lives because they appeared to be enemies of the Pope, and the life of Louis XV. was attempted, because he seemed to be too complaisant to him.

The assassin was furnished with a spring-knife, at one end carrying a long sharp-pointed blade, and at the other, a penknife about four inches in length. He waited for the moment when the King should step into his coach to go to Trianon. It was near six in the evening, quite dusky, and exceedingly cold; almost all the courtiers wore cloaks, which, by corruption, are called *redingotes*. The assassin, thus dressed, proceeded towards the guards, and in passing run against the Dauphin: he then forced his way through the file of the *gardes-du-corps*, and of

the hundred Swiss; came up to the King, and stabbed him with the penknife in the fifth rib, then put his knife in his pocket, and remained with his hat upon his head. The King finding himself wounded, turned about, and espying this stranger, who was covered, and whose eyes stared wildly, he said, "That is the man who stabbed me; arrest him, but do him no harm."

While every one was seized with fright and horror, the King was carried into his bed, surgeons sought, and it was uncertain whether his wound was mortal or not, or whether the knife was empoisoned. The parricide often repeated, "Let them take care of Monseigneur le Dauphin, that he does not go out the whole day." At these words the universal alarm redoubled. It was not doubted that there was a conspiracy against the royal family: every one figured to himself the greatest dangers, the greatest and most premeditated crimes.

Happily, the King's wound was but slight; but the general trouble was considerable; and fears, suspicions, and intrigues, multiplied at court. The grand provost of the household, to whom the punishment of crimes committed in the King's palace belongs, immediately seized the parricide, and commenced the proceedings in form, as practised at St. Cloud, on the assassination of Henry III. An exempt of the provost's guard having obtained a little confidence, either seeming or real, in the distempered mind of this wretch, engaged him to be so hardy as to write a letter from his prison to the King himself. Damiens write to the King! An assassin write to him whom he had assassinated!

His letter was foolish, and conformable to the meanness of his condition; but it discovered the object of his fury. In it is seen, that the public complaints against the archbishop had turned the criminal's brain, and excited him to his vile attempt. It appeared by the names of the members of parliament cited in his letter, that he knew them by serving one of their brethren; but it would have been absurd to suppose that they had explained their sentiments to him, and much less that they had ever spoken, or even dropped a word to encourage him to the crime; so the King did not hesitate to refer his punishment to those of the grand chamber who had

not resigned; he insisted even that the princes and peers should, by their presence, add more authenticity and solemnity, in all points, to the trial in the eyes of the public, who are as suspicious as curious exaggerators, and who always see in these horrid adventures beyond the truth. Never, in effect, did truth appear more clearly.

It is evident, that this madman had no accomplice. He always declared, he did not think of killing the King; but that he had formed the design to wound him, ever since the banishment of the parliament. Directly, upon the first interrogatory, he said, "That religion alone had determined him to this attempt." He acknowledged that he only spoke bad of the Molonists, and those who refused the sacraments; and that these people apparently believe in two Gods.

He cried out on the torture, "I thought I should have done a meritorious work for Heaven; and it is what I have heard said by all the priests in the palace." He constantly persisted in saying that it was the archbishop of Paris, the refusal of the sacraments, and the disgraces of the parliament, that had stirred him to this act of parricide: he declared the same again to his confessors. This wretched man was no more than a foolish fanatic, less abominable, in fact, than Ravaillac and John Chatel, but more mad, and having no more accomplices than those two furies had. The only accomplices, generally, for these monsters, are fanatics, whose heated brains light up, without knowing it, a fire in weak, desperate, hardened minds. A few words dropped by chance is sufficient to set them on flames. Damiens acted under the same illusion as Ravaillac, and died in the same torments.—*Age of Louis XV.*

ASSASSINATION of the KING of PORTUGAL.

It is well known, that the Jesuits were the actual sovereigns of Paraguay, while they acknowledged the King of Spain for its master. The Spanish court had, by a treaty of exchange, ceded certain districts of these lands to King Joseph of Portugal, of the house of Braganza. The Jesuits were accused of having opposed this cede, and of causing the people to revolt who were to have submitted to the government of the Portuguese. This, joined to a number of other injuries, occasioned the Jesuits to be driven from the court of Lisbon.

Some time after, the Tavora family, and particularly the Duke d'Aveiro, uncle to the young Countess Ataide d'Atouguia; the old Marquis and Marchioness of Tavora, the parents of the young Countess; and, in short, Count Ataide, her husband, and one of this unfortunate lady's brothers, imagining that they had received from the king an irreparable injury, resolved to revenge themselves. Vengeance and superstition are mutually linked. The meditators of a wicked attempt will always seek casuists and confessors to encourage them in their villainy; and this family, thinking themselves thus abused, concerted with three Jesuits, viz. Malagrida, Alexander, and Mathos. These casuists declared, that to take away the life of the king was only committing a sin that they termed venial.

The conspirators, furnished with their pardon for the other world, waited the king's return to Lisbon from a little country-house, alone without domestics, and in the night: they fired into his coach, and dangerously wounded him. All the accomplices, except one domestic, were seized. Some perished by the wheel, and the others were beheaded. The young Countess d'Ataide, whose husband was executed, went, by order of the king, to bewail in a convent those horrible misfortunes which she was thought to be the cause of. The Jesuits alone, who had advised and authorised this assassination, by the

means of confession (means as dangerous as they are sacred) at that time escaped punishment.

Portugal, not having then received that intellectual knowledge which had opened the eyes of so many European kingdoms, was under greater submission to the Pope than any other state. The King was not permitted to condemn to death, by his judges, a monk guilty of a parricide, without the consent of Rome. Other nations were in the eighteenth century, but the Portuguese seemed to be still in the twelfth. Posterity will scarcely believe that the King of Portugal solicited Rome, for above a year, for permission to try the Jesuits, though they were his subjects, and could not obtain it. The courts of Lisbon and Rome were for a long time at open variance, and every body flattered themselves that Portugal would shake off a yoke that England, her ally and protectress, had so long trampled under foot; but the Portuguese minister had too many enemies to dare to undertake what the court of London had executed: however, his conduct expressed both great resolution and extreme condescension.

The Jesuits, who were most culpable, were imprisoned in Lisbon, where the king let them remain, and sent to Rome all the other Jesuits of his dominions. They were declared for ever banished the kingdom; but yet they dared not execute those three who were accused and convicted of parricide. The King was reduced to the expedient of delivering Malagrida to the Inquisition, on suspicion of having formerly advanced some rash propositions which bordered upon heresy. The Dominicans, the judges of the holy office; and assistants to the grand inquisitor, were never well affected towards the Jesuits, and paid more obedience to the King of Portugal than they did to Rome. These monks discovered a little book of the "heroic life of St. Ann, mother of Mary, dictated to the reverend father Malagrida, by St. Ann herself." She declared to him, that she had experienced the immaculate conception as well as her daughter; that she had spoken and cried in her mother's womb, and also that she had made the cherubims weep. All the writings of Malagrida were of a piece with this: besides, he had made predictions, and performed miracles; and that

of experiencing nocturnal pollutions in his prison age of seventy-five, was not one of the least. this he was reproached in his process; upon which he was condemned to the flames, without their evincing the assassination of the king, because the fault against a secular only, and the other offence against God. Thus were the excess of ridicule and surdity joined to the extremity of horror. He was only brought to his trial as a prophet, and being a madman merely, and not for having been a homicide.—*Ibid.*

FRANCOIS MICHEL.

FRANCOIS MICHEL, of Salon, was a blacksmith trade; and in the year 1697, being then about five years of age, going one evening to the chapel Anne, just without the town of Salon where he asserted that while he was alone in the chapel, and his private devotions to the saint, a spectre appeared ordered him to take a journey to Paris, to say so to the king of very great importance, and only communicated by him personally to his majesty. The first time he paid no further attention to this apparition than talking to the people of his town of having but the same thing occurring three evenings successively, and the last time the spectre uttering the most menacing threats against him if he did not obey his order he began to think more seriously about it, and considered what was to be done. The whole neighbourhood ran on nothing but this wonderful story; and at length having consulted with some of his neighbours, determined on going to Aix to impart the matter to Monsieur then intendant of the province. The intendant received him as a visionary; but Michel replied, "I am not from being what you suppose: the whole town would testify for me, if you would take the trouble of quiring, that I have always been a perfectly sober man, attending diligently to my business, nor

any degree to fanaticism. It is not till after having been accosted three times in the same way, that I have thought fit to trouble you upon the subject; I cannot be mistaken in what I have seen, and can assure you, that it is a matter of great importance on which I am charged to speak to the king. I only beg, therefore, that you will write to the court, and obtain permission for me to execute the orders I have received."

Monsieur Lebret thought that there must be something extraordinary in this matter. He saw that the man had no appearance of being insane, or a religious enthusiast; and that he himself firmly believed in having seen the spectre, and received the order to make some communication to his majesty. Since, moreover, he said he was strictly charged not to reveal it to any other person, it seemed at least worth while to write to the court for instructions how to proceed, that the mystery, whatever it was, might be thoroughly investigated. He accordingly promised Michel to write and obtain him the permission he desired, on which the latter returned peaceably to Salon to wait the event.

Monsieur Lebret lost no time in acquitting himself of his promise, and received for answer a commission to authorize Michel to repair to Paris without delay. Michel no sooner received the commission than he hastened to Aix to make his acknowledgement to the intendant; when, having received his instructions from him, he set out on his journey. He was followed to a considerable distance from the town by a vast concourse of people, who were all eager to see the man who had seen a spectre, and who were also not a little anxious for the development of a circumstance which appeared so extraordinary. All the way he went he was followed by like crowds, for the rumour of the affair spread from town to town like a contagion, and an universal eagerness pervaded all ranks and degrees to get a sight of one who now appeared something above the ordinary level of mortals.

His arrival at Paris occasioned no less sensation, and every one was anxious for the event of this moral phenomenon. Michel was in a few days sent for to Versailles, where he actually was admitted to a secret con-

ference of an hour with the king, Louis the Fourteenth. When he had quitted his presence, some of the courtiers remarked to his majesty, that he had just seen a very extraordinary madman. "He is not so mad as you think him," replied the king with some eagerness. This only increased the public curiosity, and rendered people more than ever anxious to see him. He was presented to Madame de Maintenon, and received considerable presents from her, from the king, and many great people about the court. His picture was taken at the king's desire by one of the best painters in Paris, and an engraving made from it, of which several thousands were sold, and it was dispersed all over the kingdom. At length he returned to his native town, the people all the way crowding to see him, even more than in his journey to Paris; and on his arrival, there was no end of the visits made him, and the questions put to him by people even from a great distance round. After this had continued for some time, he grew so weary with being made the universal object of public curiosity, that he quitted the town without notifying his intention to any one, and calling himself by another name, went to live at Lançon, in hopes of enjoying, under an assumed character, that peace and quiet which he found must not now be expected under his own. Here in effect he remained unknown for many years, when the affair being pretty well gone by, he ventured to confess who he was. He did not return to Salon, but remained at Lançon, and died there at the age of sixty-five.

Endless were the conjectures to which this extraordinary affair gave rise; but the real truth was not known till many years after, when a priest, who had been a principal agent in the imposture, made a full confession of it. He was himself of Salon, but used to go sometimes to Carpentras, where he had connexions, and here he became acquainted with a Madame de Rus, who had some property in that neighbourhood, an intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon's, and a woman of great intrigue. It was always a favourite object of Madame de Maintenon to get the king to declare his marriage with her, and this scheme was projected as a means of accomplishing it. The priest was confessor to Michel; and being won over by

Madame de Rus, under the promise of a great reward if the scheme should succeed, he fixed upon him as the person upon whom to practise the deceit; because, not being a fanatic, he would be the more likely to obtain credit when he asserted that he had seen a vision. Michel having been guilty of some trifling fault which he confessed to the priest, the latter ordered him as a penance to go alone every evening for a certain time to the chapel, just as the dusk came on, and there address such prayers as he directed to the saint. Here he concealed a man dressed in a white sheet, which hung over his face so that it could not be seen, and who was well instructed in the part he was to act. The pretended spectre ordered Michel to go to the king, and strictly enjoin him under pain of the severest displeasure of heaven, to declare his marriage with Madame de Maintenon; at the same time giving him a ring, which he said had belonged to the late queen, and which the king would immediately know as such: that it had been miraculously transported from Paris, in order to be delivered to him as a testimony of the truth of his mission, but he must on no account mention the having received it, to any one but the king himself.

The imposture, however, did not succeed with the king; though inclining towards dotage, too much of the native vigour of his mind still remained not to see through it at once: yet he chose to keep the discovery to himself, probably because the disclosing it would have led to his making in some sort the avowal which he wished to avoid, or else to his asserting a palpable falsehood in disclaiming the marriage: and he showed that he had still no small degree of soundness of judgment remaining, by the manner in which he knew how at once to silence the inquiries of the courtiers. It does not appear whether Michel himself ever knew of the trick that had been passed upon him.—*Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.*

ST. POL DE LEON.

THE miracles which St. Paul performed are trifles compared with those of St. Pol. The honour of having given birth to this saint is ascribed to England, and he is reputed to have been born about the year 490. Saints for the most part have not begun their career of wonders till somewhat advanced in life; many indeed never performed a miracle themselves, miracles only have been operated at their tombs, in consequence of canonization after death; but St. Pol, even when a lad at school, gave an earnest of what might in future be expected of him. The fields of the monastery in which he was a student were ravaged by such a number of birds, that the whole crop of corn was in danger of being devoured. St. Pol summoned the sacrilegious animals to appear before the principal of the monastery, who also was a saint, St. Hydultus, that they might receive the correction they merited. The birds, obedient to his summons, presented themselves in a body; but St. Hydultus, being of a humane disposition, only gave them a reproof and admonition, and then let them go, even giving them his benediction at their departure. The grateful birds never after touched the corn of the monastery. In a convent of nuns hard by, situated on the sea-shore, and extremely exposed to the tempestuous winds of the north, lived a sister of St. Pol. She represented the case of the convent to her brother; when he ordered the sea to retire four thousand paces from the convent; which it did immediately. He then directed his sister and her companions to range a row of flints along the shore for a considerable distance; which was no sooner done than they increased into vast rocks, which so entirely broke the force of the winds, that the convent was never after incommoded by them.

These two first essays of his miraculous powers were performed in his native country of Great Britain: but for some reason or other, it does not appear what, the

soon after took a fancy to travel, and he walked the sea one fine morning to the Isle of Batz. Immediately on landing there, by a touch of his staff—for he used a staff instead of a wand, which was the instrument employed by fairies—by a touch of his staff he cured three blind men, two who were dumb, and one who was a cripple with the palsy.

Count de Guythure was then governor of the island, and he laboured under a mortal uneasiness of mind, on account of a little silver bell belonging to the reigning king of England, the possession of which, in defiance of the injunction contained in the tenth commandment, he coveted exceedingly. St. Pol ordered a fish to swallow the bell and bring it over: this was instantly performed; but the saint had provided a rival to himself, for the bell became a no less celebrated adept in miracles than he was, and between them both the want of physicians in the country was entirely precluded. The bell was afterwards deposited among the treasures in the cathedral of St. Pol de Leon.

But the Isle of Batz, at the time of the saint's arrival, was visited with even a heavier affliction than the mortal uneasiness of its governor; it was infested by a terrible dragon, which devoured men, animals, and every thing that came in its way. St. Pol, dressed in his pontifical robes, repaired to the monster's cavern, accompanied by a young man whom he had selected for the purpose; and commanding him to come forth, he soon appeared, making dreadful hissings and howlings. A stroke of the staff silenced him; when a rope was thrown round his neck, and the young man was ordered to lead him away—all which was done without any opposition on his part. St. Pol led him to the northernmost point of the island, where, with another stroke of his staff, he precipitated the monster into the sea, whence he never more returned.

The Count de Guythure, charmed, as he reasonably might be, with such a guest, resigned to him a splendid palace, in which he lived, and retired to Occismor on the continent, the place where St. Pol de Leon now stands. The palace was converted by the saint into a monastery; and there being no water, he again had recourse to his

staff, and produced the fountain which is still in existence on the sea-shore; and it is because it was thus miraculously produced that it is not affected by the overflowing of the sea. St. Pol was afterwards bishop of Occismor, and it was then that the place changed its name. Here he continued for a long time to work miracles; but at length growing weary of mankind, he retired again to the Isle of Batz, where he ended his days at the great age of a hundred and two years. The inhabitants of the island would fain have interred his body there; but the people of Occismor claimed it, on the plea of his having been their bishop: at length a compromise was made, and it was agreed that it should be divided, and each should have half. But as they were about to carry this agreement into execution, the body suddenly disappeared, and was afterwards found on the sea-shore at Occismor, which was considered as a plain indication that the saint himself chose that for the place of his interment.—*Plumptre's Three Years Residence in France.*

Interesting Occurrences.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

His monarch, says his historian, was "the most extraordinary man, perhaps, that ever appeared in the world." But of all the events of his life, the heroic deed which he made at Bender, when, with only sixty musketeers, he actually engaged a whole army, is the most remarkable and interesting. After his defeat at Pultowa, the 8th of July, 1709, Charles fled for protection into Turkey, where he remained upwards of three years, living in considerable splendour at the expense of the then sultan. At last, through intrigue, the Turkish sovereign was induced to order Charles to quit his dominions, who, notwithstanding he had received a considerable sum of money to pay the expenses of his journey, actually refused to depart. The sultan, in a passion, convoked an extraordinary divan, and, what very seldom happens, attended himself on the occasion. His speech, according to a translation then made of it, was as follows: "I hardly knew the king of Sweden but by his defeat at Pultowa, and by his desiring me to grant him an asylum in my dominions; I have not, I believe, any need of him, nor any reason either to love or fear him; yet notwithstanding, without consulting any other motives than the hospitality of a mussulman, and my own generosity, I have shed the dew of its favours upon the great as well as the small; upon strangers as well as my own subjects; we have received and assisted him, his ministers, officers, soldiers, and have not ceased for these three years and more to load him with presents. I have granted him a

considerable guard to conduct him into his own kingdom. He asked a thousand purses to defray some expenses, though I pay them all; in the room of which, I granted him twelve hundred. After having got these out of the hands of the seraskier of Bender, he asks a thousand purses more, and refuses to depart, under a pretence that the guard is too small, whereas, it is but too large to pass through the country of a friend. I ask then, whether it would be violating the laws of hospitality, to send back this prince; and whether foreign powers ought to accuse me of violence and injustice, in case I should be obliged to compel him to depart?"

All the divan answered, that by so doing, the grand seignor would act but with justice. The mufti declared that hospitality from musselmen towards infidels was not required, and much less towards the ungrateful; and he gave his fetsa, a kind of mandate which generally accompanies the important orders of the grand seignor; these fetsas are revered as oracles, though the very persons by whom they are given are as much slaves to the sultan as any others.

The order and the fetsa were carried to Bender by the bouryouk Imraour, grand master of the horse, and chiaou bashaw, first usher. The bashaw of Bender received the order at the house of the kam of Tartary, from whence he immediately repaired to Varnitza, to ask the king whether he would depart as a friend, or reduce him to the necessity of executing the sultan's orders.

Charles, thus menaced, was not master of his passion - "Obey your master, if you dare," says he to the bashaw, "and leave my presence immediately." The bashaw, fired with indignation, returned at full gallop, contrary to the usual custom of the Turks; and chancing to meet Fabricius in his way, he called out to him as he passed, saying, "The king will not hear reason; you will see strange things presently." The same day he discontinued the supply of the king's provisions, and removed his guard of janissaries. He caused intimation to be given to all the Poles and Cossacks at Varnitza, that, if they had a mind to have any provisions, they must quit the camp of the king of Sweden, and repair to Bender, and put themselves under the protection of the Porte. They all obeyed, and

the king without any other attendants than the officers of his household, and three hundred Swedish soldiers, the king's head against twenty thousand Tartars, and six hundred Turks.

There was now no provision in the camp either for the king or their horses. The king ordered twenty of the finest horses, which had been sent him by the grand vizier, to be shot without the camp, saying, "I will have none of their provisions, nor their horses." This was an excellent regale to the Tartars, who, as is well known, think horse flesh delicious food. In the mean time the Turks and the Tartars invested the king's little camp on every side.

The king, without the least discomposure, made a re-entrenchment with his three hundred Swedes, in which work he himself assisted; his chancellor, his treasurer, his secretaries, his valets-de-chambre, and all doctors giving likewise their assistance. Some barricaded the windows, and others fastened beams behind the walls, in the form of buttresses.

As soon as the house was sufficiently barricadoed, and the king had rode round his pretended fortification, he began to chess with his favourite Grothusen, with as much tranquillity as if every thing was in the greatest order. Happily M. Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, did not lodge at Varnitza, but at a small village between Varnitza and Bender, where Mr. Jeffereys, the English ambassador to the king of Sweden, likewise resided. These ministers, seeing the storm ready to burst, took on themselves the office of mediators between the Turks and the king. The kam, and especially the bashaw of Bender, had no mind to offer violence to the Swedish ministers, received with eagerness the offers of these two ministers. They had two conferences at Bender, in which they were assisted by the usher of the seraglio, and the chief master of the horse, who had brought the sultan's orders, and the mufti's fetters.

M. Fabricius* declared to them that his Swedish majesty had many cogent reasons to believe that they meant

The whole of this account is related by M. Fabricius, in his Letters.

to deliver him up to his enemies in Poland. The kam, the bashaw, and all the rest, swore by their heads, and called God to witness, that they detested an action so horribly perfidious; and that they would shed the last drop of their blood rather than suffer the least disrespect to be shewn to the king in Poland; adding, that they had in their hands the Russian and Polish ambassadors, who would answer with their lives for the least affront that should be offered to the king of Sweden. In fine, they complained bitterly that the king should conceive such injurious suspicions against people who had received him so politely, and treated him with so much humanity. Though oaths are frequently the language of perfidy, Fabricius could not help being persuaded: he thought he could discern in their protestations that air of truth which falsehood can, at best, but imitate imperfectly. He knew perfectly well there had been a secret correspondence between the kam of Tartary and king Augustus; but he was at last persuaded, that the only end of their negotiation was to oblige Charles XII. to quit the dominions of the grand seignior. Whether Fabricius deceived himself or not, he assured them, he would represent to the king the injustice of his suspicions. "But," adds he, "do you intend to compel him to depart?" "Yes," says the bashaw, "such is the order of our master." He then entreated them to consider seriously whether that order implied that they should shed the blood of a crowned head; "Yes," replies the kam, in a passion, "if that crowned head disobeys the grand seignior in his dominions."

In the meantime every thing being ready for the assault, the death of Charles XII. seemed inevitable; but the order of the sultan not expressly saying whether they were to kill him in case of resistance, the bashaw prevailed on the kam to let him dispatch an express to Adrianople, where the grand seignior then resided, to receive the last orders of his highness.

M. Jeffereys and M. Fabricius having procured this short respite, hastened to acquaint the king with it; they arrived with all the eagerness of people who bring good news; but were received very coldly; he called them unsolicited mediators, and still persisted in the belief that

the order of the sultan and the fetsa of the mufti were both forged, inasmuch as they had sent to the Porte for fresh orders.

The English minister retired, firmly resolved to interfere no more in the affairs of so inflexible a prince. M. Fabricius, beloved by the king, and more accustomed to his humour than the English minister, remained with him, to conjure him not to hazard so precious a life on such an unnecessary occasion.

The king for answer showed him his fortifications, and begged he would employ his mediation only to procure him some provisions. The Turks were easily prevailed upon to allow provisions to be conveyed to the king's camp, until the return of the courier from Adrianople. The kam himself had strictly enjoined his Tartars, who were eager for pillage, not to make any attempt against the Swedes, till the arrival of fresh orders; so that Charles went sometimes out of his camp with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartars, who with great respect left him a free passage: he would even march directly up to their lines, which, instead of resisting, would immediately open to him.

At last the order of the grand seignior being come, to put to the sword all the Swedes who should make the least resistance, and not even to spare the life of the king; the bashaw had the complaisance to shew the order to M. Fabricius, to the end that he might make his last effort to turn the obstinacy of Charles. Fabricius went immediately to acquaint him with these sad tidings. "Have you seen the order you speak of?" said the king. "Yes;" replied Fabricius. "Well then, go tell them, in my name, that this second order is another forgery, and that I will not depart." Fabricius threw himself at his feet, fell into a passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy; but all to no purpose. "Return to your Turk," said the king to him, smiling; "if they attack me, I shall know how to defend myself."

The king's chaplains likewise threw themselves on their knees before him, conjuring him not to expose to certain death the unhappy remains of Pultowa, and especially his own sacred person; assuring him that resistance in such a case was altogether unjustifiable; and that it was a di-

rect violation of the laws of hospitality, to resolve to continue with strangers against their will; especially with those strangers who had so long and so generously supported him. The king, though he had not been angry with Fabricius, fell into a passion with his priests, and told them, that he had taken them to pray for him, and to give him advice.

The Generals Hord and Dardoff, whose sentiments had always been against hazarding a battle which could not fail of proving unsuccessful, shewed the king their breasts covered with wounds, which they had received in his service; and assured him that they were ready to lay down their lives for him; but begged that it might be, at least, upon a more necessary occasion. "I know by your wounds, and my own," says Charles to them, "that we have fought valiantly together. You have done your duty hitherto; do it to-day likewise." Nothing now remained but to obey. Every one was ashamed not to court death with their king. This prince, being now prepared for the assault, flattered himself in secret that he should have the honour of sustaining, with three hundred Swedes, the efforts of a whole army. He assigned to every man his post: his Chancellor Mullern, and the Secretary Empreus and his clerks, were to defend the chancery house; Baron Feif, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, was stationed in another post; the grooms of the stable and the cooks had another place to guard; for with him every one was a soldier: he then rode from the intrenchments to his house, promising rewards to every one; creating officers, and assuring them that he would make captains of the very meanest of his servants who should fight with courage.

It was not long before they beheld the army of the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack this little entrenchment with ten pieces of cannon and two mortars. The horses tails waved in the air; the clarions sounded; the cries of "Alla, Alla," were heard on every side. Baron Grothusen remarked, that the Turks did not mix in their cries any injurious reflections against the king, but that they only called him "Demirbash," (head of iron.) He therefore instantly resolved to go out of the camp alone, and unarmed; and accordingly advanced to the

of the janissaries, most of whom had received money from him: "What, my friends," says he to them, in their own language. "are you come to massacre three hundred Swedes, who are defenceless? You brave janissaries, who have pardoned a hundred thousand Russians, and their crying Amman, (pardon) have you forgot the many favours you have received from us? and would you assassinate this great king of Sweden, whom you love, whose liberality you have so often experienced? My friends, he desires but three days, and the orders of the sultan are not so strict as you are taught to believe."

These words produced an effect which Grothusen himself could not have expected. The janissaries swore by their beards that they would not attack the king, but would give him the three days he demanded. In vain a signal for assault was given; the janissaries, so far from obeying, threatened to fall upon their leaders, if they should not grant the three days to the king of Sweden: they then went to the bashaw of Bender's tent, crying out that the sultan's orders were fictitious; to which unexpected sedition the bashaw had nothing to oppose but silence.

He affected a satisfaction at the generous resolution of the janissaries, and ordered them to return to Bender. The kam of Tartary, being an impetuous man, would have given the assault immediately, with his own troops; but the bashaw, who was not willing that the Tartars should have all the honour of taking the king, while he himself, perhaps, might be punished for the disobedience of the janissaries, persuaded the kam to wait till the next day.

The bashaw, on his return to Bender, assembled all the officers of the janissaries, and the oldest soldiers, to whom he read, and also shewed them, the positive order of the sultan, together with the mufti's fetva. Sixty of the oldest, with venerable grey beards, who had received a thousand presents from the hands of the king of Sweden, proposed to go to him in person, to intreat him to put himself into their hands, and to permit them to serve him as slaves.

The bashaw agreed to it; as indeed there was no expedient he would not have taken, rather than have been

reduced to the necessity of killing this prince. These sixty old veterans accordingly repaired the next morning to Varnitza, having nothing in their hands but long white rods, the only arms of the janissaries when they are not at war: for the Turks regard the christian custom of carrying swords in time of peace, and of entering armed into churches, and the houses of their friends, as truly barbarous.

They addressed themselves to Baron Grothusen and Chancellor Mullern: they told them that they came to serve as faithful guards to the king; and that if he pleased they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might personally speak with the grand seignior. At the time they were making this proposal, the king was reading the letters which were brought from Constantinople, and which Fabricius, who could no longer attend him in person, had sent him secretly by a janissary. They were from Count Poniatowsky, who could neither serve him at Bender nor Adrianople, being detained at Constantinople, by order of the Porte, from the time of his making the imprudent demand of a thousand purses. He therein told the king, that the orders of the sultan to seize or massacre his royal person, in case of resistance, were but too true: that indeed the sultan was deceived by his ministers; but that the more he was imposed upon, he would, for that very reason, be the more faithfully obeyed: that he must submit to the time, and yield to necessity: that he took the liberty to advise him to try every expedient with the ministers by way of negotiations; not to be inflexible in a matter which required the gentlest management; and to expect from time and good policy a remedy for that evil, which, by violent measures, would be only rendered incurable.

But neither the proposals of the old janissaries, nor the letters of Poniatowsky, could give the king even an idea that he could yield without incurring dishonour. He chose rather to perish by the hands of the Turks, than to be, in any respect, their prisoner; he therefore dismissed the janissaries, without deigning to see them, and sent them word, that if they did not immediately depart, he would shave their beards for them; which, in the eastern countries, is esteemed the most outrageous affront.

old men, filled with the most lively indignation, d home, crying out as they went, "Ah, this head ! since he will perish, let him perish." They nd gave the bashaw an account of their commis- nd informed their comrades at Bender of the reception they had met with. They then swore the bashaw's orders without delay, and were as nt to begin the assault, as they had been backward before.

word of command was immediately given; the marched up to the fortifications; the Tartars were waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. missaries on the one side, and the Tartars on the n an instant forced the little camp: hardly had

Swedes time to draw their swords, before the three hundred were surrounded and made pri- without resistance. The king was then on horse- between his house and his camp, with the Generals Dardoff, and Sparre; and seeing that all his sol- ere taken prisoners before his eyes, he said, with omposure, to these three officers, "Come let us go fend the house; we will fight," adds he with a '*pro aris et focus*."

ordingly he galloped with them up to the house, in he had placed about forty domestics as centinels, icht he had fortified in the best manner he was

generals, accustomed as they were to the dauntless lity of their master, were surprised to see him re- old blood, and even with an air of pleasantry, to himself against ten pieces of cannon and a whole nevertheless they followed him, with some guards nestics, which made in all about twenty persons. n they came to the door, they found it beset by issaries; besides which, two hundred Turks and had already entered by a window, and had made lves masters of all the apartments, except a large to which the king's domestics had retired. This s happily near the door at which the king designed r with his little troop of twenty persons; he threw off his horse with pistol and sword in hand, and owers did the same.

The janissaries fell upon him on all sides: they were animated with the promise which the bashaw had made, of eight ducats of gold to every one who should only touch his clothes, in case they could take him. He wounded and killed, however, every one who approached his person. A janissary, whom he had wounded, clapped his blunderbuss to his face, and had he not been jostled by the arm of a Turk, owing to the crowd, which moved backwards and forwards like waves, the king had certainly be killed, as the ball grazed upon his nose, and carried with it a part of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hord, who was destined to be wounded by the side of his master.

The king plunged his sword in the janissary's breast; at the same time his domestics, who were shut up in the great hall, opened the door: the king entered like an arrow, followed by his little troop; they instantly shut the door, and barricadoed it with whatever they could find. In this manner was Charles XII. shut up in a hall, with all his attendants, consisting of about sixty men, officers, guards, secretaries, valets-de-chambre, and domestics of every kind.

The janissaries and Tartars pillaged the rest of the house, and filled the apartments. "Come," says the king, "let us go and drive out these barbarians:" and putting himself at the head of his men, he with his own hands opened the door of the hall that led to his bed-chamber, rushed into the room, and fired upon those who were plundering.

The Turks, loaded with spoil, and terrified at the sudden appearance of the king, whom they had been accustomed to respect, threw down their arms, leaped out of the window, or retired to the cellars; the king taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated with success, they pursued the Turks from chamber to chamber, killing or wounding those who had not made their escape; and, in a quarter of an hour, cleared the house of their enemies.

In the heat of the fight the king perceived two janissaries, who had hid themselves under his bed; one of them he killed with his sword, the other asked pardon, by crying "Amman." "I give thee thy life," said the

king to him, "on condition that you go and give to the bashaw a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do this, and was allowed to leap out at the window like the rest.

The Swedes being, at last, masters of the house, again shut and barricaded the windows. They were not in want of arms, a ground room full of musquets and powder having escaped the tumultuary search of the janissaries. These they employed to good service; they fired through the windows almost close upon the Turks, of whom, in less than half a quarter of an hour, they killed two hundred.

The cannon still played upon the house; yet, as the stones were very soft, they only made some holes, but demolished nothing.

The kam of Tartary, and the bashaw, who were desirous of taking the king alive, and being ashamed to lose so many men, and to employ a whole army against sixty persons, thought it adviseable to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the king to surrender. They caused some arrows, twisted about with lighted matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the doors and windows, and the house was in flames in a moment. The roof, all on fire, was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmness, gave orders to extinguish the fire; finding a little barrel of liquor, he took it up himself, and, assisted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent. At last he recollected that the barrel was full of brandy; but the hurry inseparable from such a scene of confusion, hindered him from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury; the king's apartment was entirely consumed; the great hall where the Swedes were, was filled with a terrible smoke, mixed with sheets of flame, which entered in at the doors of the neighbouring apartments; one half of the roof had sunk within the house, and the other had fell on the outside, cracking amidst the flames.

A centinel called Walberg, in this extremity, ventured to cry, that there was a necessity for surrendering. "There is a strange man," said the king, "to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken prisoner!" Another centinel, named Rosen, had the presence

of mind to observe, that the chancery-house, which was but fifty paces distant, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that they ought to sally forth, take possession of that house, and then defend themselves. "There is a true Swede for you," cried the king, embracing the centinel, and made him a colonel upon the spot: "come on my friends," said he, "take as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take possession of the chancery, sword in hand."

The Turks, who all the while surrounded the house, saw with admiration mixed with terror, the Swedes continue in the house all in flames; but their astonishment was still greater when they saw the door open, and the king and his followers rushing out upon them like so many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with swords and pistols; every man fired two pistols at once, as soon as the doors were opened; and, in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols and drawing their swords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces: but in a moment after, this little troop was surrounded; the king, who was booted, according to his usual custom, entangled himself with his spurs, and fell; one-and-twenty janissaries at once sprung upon him; he immediately threw up his sword into the air, to save himself the mortification of surrendering it; and the Turks carried him to the bashaw's quarters, some taking hold of his legs, and others of his arms, in the same manner as sick persons are carried, to prevent their being hurt.

The moment the king found himself taken prisoner, the violence of his temper, and the fury which such a long and desperate fight must have naturally inspired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behaviour. He dropped not a word of impatience, nor was an angry look to be seen in his face. He regarded the janissaries with a smiling countenance; and they carried him off, crying "Alla," with an indignation, mixed at the same time with respect. His officers were taken at the same time, and stripped by the Turks and Tartars. It was on the 12th of February, 1713, that this strange event happened, which was followed with very singular consequences.—*History of Charles XII.*

FILIAL ATTACHMENT.

A GENTLEMAN, being at Marseilles, hired a boat with an intention of sailing for pleasure; he entered into conversation with the two young men who owned the vessel, and learned that they were not watermen by trade, but silversmiths; and that when they could be spared from their usual business, they employed themselves in that way to increase their earnings. On expressing his surprise at their conduct, and imputing it to an avaricious disposition; "Oh! Sir," said the young men, "if you knew our reasons, you would ascribe it to a better motive. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth, and purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast of Barbary; but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes word, that he has luckily fallen into the hands of a master who treats him with great humanity; but that the sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it: he adds, that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented; that he has as many comforts as his situation will admit. With the hopes of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving, by every honest means in our power, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, and we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in this occupation of watermen." The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure made them a handsome present. Some months afterward the young men being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at the sudden arrival of their father, who threw himself into their arms; exclaiming, at the same time, that he was fearful they had taken some unjust method to raise the money for his ransom, for it was too great a sum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation. They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only suspect they owed their father's release to that stranger to whose generosity they had been before so much obliged.

After Montesquieu's death, an account of this affair was found among his papers, and the sum actually remitted to Tripoli for the old man's ransom. It is a pleasure to hear of such an act of benevolence performed even by a person totally unknown to us; but the pleasure is infinitely increased, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author so renowned as Montesquieu.—*Memoirs of M. de Montesquieu.*

BENEVOLENT ACTION.

IN the year 1662, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, M. de Sallo, returning from a summer evening walk, with only a little footboy, was accosted by a man, who presented a pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteuess of a hardened robber, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo, observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added, "I have only three louis d'ors about me, which are not worth a scuffle; so much good may they do you! But let me tell you, you are in a bad way." The man took them without asking for more, and walked off with an air of dejection and terror. He was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed, followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the louis, and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors further, and, entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room that had no other light but what it received from the moon; and, peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw the loaf on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, "There, eat your fill; there's the dearest loaf I ever bought: I have robbed a gentleman of three louis: let us husband them well, and let me have no more teasings; for sooner or later these doings must bring me to the gallows, and all to satisfy your cla-

mours." His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family; and his wife, having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and, cutting it, gave it to four poor starving children. The boy having thus happily performed his commission returned home, and gave his master an account of every thing he had seen and heard. M. De Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning. This humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and taking the boy with him to show the way, inquired in the neighbourhood the character of a man who lived in such a garret with a wife and four children; when he was told that he was a very industrious good kind of man; that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman; but was over-burdened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times. Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended the shoemaker's garret; and knocking at the door, it was opened by the poor man himself, who knowing him at first sight to be the person he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet and implored his mercy, pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had not the least intention to hurt him. "You have a good character among your neighbours," said he, "but must expect that your life will soon be cut short, if you are now so wicked as to continue the freedoms you took with me. Hold your hand:—there are thirty louis to buy leather: husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of further temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry. I hear you are a neat workman; you shall take measure of me and of this boy for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them. The whole family were struck with joy, amazement, and gratitude; and M. de Sallo departed greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction at having saved a man, perhaps a whole family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and, probably, from eternal perdition.—*Universal Magazine, May 1793.*

WHIMSICAL MARRIAGE.

A merchant, originally come from Paris, having acquired a great fortune in one of the French West India Islands, concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and knowing none to his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent of his at Paris. He knew no other style than that he used in his trade; therefore, treating of affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend in a letter several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus:

"Item—Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send, by next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualifications and form following:—As for a portion, I demand none. Let her be of an honest family, between twenty and twenty-five years of age, of a middle stature and well-proportioned, her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second through lack of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives here, conditioned as above said, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter, by marrying the bearing at fifteen days sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this, &c."

The Parisian correspondent read over and over this odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales of goods he was to send to his friend; and, after admiring the prudent exactness of the American, and his laconic style in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind; and, after many inquiries, he judged he had found a lady fit for his purpose, in a young person of

le family but no fortune, of good humour and of a ducation, well-shaped and more than tolerably re. He made the proposal to her as his friend cted; and the young gentlewoman, who had no ice but from a cross old aunt, who gaye her a al of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for nd was then fitting at Rochelle; the gentlewo- nt on board the same, together with the bales of eing well provided with all necessaries, and par- with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by espondent. She was also included in the invoice, article of which run thus:

—A young gentlewoman of twenty-five years of the quality and shape and conditioned as per appears by the affidavits and certificates she has ice."

ritings which were thought necessary for so ex- an as her future husband, were, an extract of the egister; a certificate of her character, signed by te; an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth had for the space of three years lived with an old o was intolerably peevish, and had not during all e given her said aunt the least occasion of com- and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was , after the consultation, by four noted physicians; he gentlewoman's departure, the Parisian corre- t sent several letters of advice by other ships to d, whereby he informed him that per such a ship d send a young woman, of such an age, charac- condition, &c.; in a word, such as he desired to -The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentle- came safe to the port; and our American, who d to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the nding, was charmed to see a handsome person, ving heard him called by his name, told him, have a bill of exchange upon you, and you know s not usual for people to carry a great deal of bout them in such a long voyage as I have now l beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it." me time she gave him his correspondent's letter; ack of which was written, "The bearer of this ouse you ordered me to send you." "Ah, Ma-

dam!" said the American, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested; and I assure you this shall not be the first. I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you allow me to discharge it." "Yes, Sir," replied she; "and the more willingly, since I am apprised of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered all the questions I asked them concerning you in so advantageous a manner, that it has raised in me a perfect esteem for you."—The first interview was in a few days after followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent.—The new-married couple were very well satisfied with their happy union made by a bill of exchange, which was the most fortunate that had happened in that island for many years past.—*Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1815.*

ALGERINE CONSPIRACY.

On the 11th of December, 1754, about eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was assassinated in his palace, and the grand treasurer mortally wounded, by six soldiers, desperadoes, whilst the Dey and the treasurer were distributing the pay to the soldiery, in the courtyard of his palace. The assassins were at last cut to pieces; though not so soon, but that things hung in the balance for more than half an hour, whether the government should be subverted or not. The treasurer died of his wounds; he had a pistol ball in his collar bone, two deep wounds in his arm, two cuts with a sabre across his head, his right-hand cut off, and the other cleft down to his wrist. One of the rebels, after receiving the pay, and taking the Dey's hand to kiss according to custom, drew a concealed dagger, and thrust it through the Dey's breast, then fired a pistol, which wounded the Dey in the side. The Dey rose, and walked a few yards, calling to his attendants, &c. "If amongst so many of them, they could not destroy such a villain;" and then dropped. Au-

her, at the same time, assassinated the treasurer. The first conspirator, after killing the Dey, took off his (the Dey's) turban, and putting it on his head, seated himself where the Dey had sat; and thinking himself secure, in the sanction of the seat, he began to harangue the Dey, and the Dey's secretaries, who were all seated near him; telling them, that he would govern them; that he would make war with some powers, Algiers being at peace with too many; and that he would do justice to all, brandishing his drawn sabre in his hand. He bid him order the Dey's band of music, who were there, to play, and the drums to beat; which the divan was forced to order. He had sat thus unmolested for more than a quarter of an hour, whilst the five others were at work, with their pistols and sabres. When in this crisis (for he sat but a quarter of an hour longer, the guns had been fired, and he had been acknowledged sovereign) one of the chiauses, or messengers in the palace, took courage, and snatching up a carbine, fired it at him and killed him. This example was followed by some other chiauses, and his five accomplices were also soon destroyed.

Though there appeared but six actors, it is believed there must have been more at hand, but that the rest, who were perhaps ready to join on the first appearance of success, finding afterwards that things went ill, stole off in the crowd; for the Dey was at that time giving audience to no less than three hundred soldiers, in his court-yard. Yet as incredible as it seems, that six men should have emptied such an action, it is much more so, that it should have been, as it was, very near succeeding. It was acknowledged on all hands, and even the new Dey, afterwards, declared, "That had the conspirator kept his seat a few minutes longer, all would have been lost, and the government subverted." These men seemed to have laid their scheme, and founded their hope on a circumstance, which one would have thought would have rendered the attempt absolutely impossible; but which, however, had brought it very near being impossible, viz. the number of soldiers then receiving their pay; who indeed entered without arms, when they receive it; but when the conspirators fell to work, the soldiers not imagining such an

attempt could be made by six men, without numbers at hand to back them, uncertain for some time what course to take, ran all away by a private back-door to their barracks, lest they might be suspected to be of the number of the conspirators, and the guard of the Dey's palace, who always wait without the gates completely armed, might come in upon them. But the gates having been shut by some of the conspirators, the guard could not get in to the Dey's defence, or perhaps had not the courage to attempt it; as they concluded, on hearing the pistol shots, and the confusion, that all the soldiers within were confederates, and had come secretly armed for that purpose. Many more persons were wounded besides the hasnagie or treasurer. Ali Bashaw, the aga of the sophis, or generalissimo, was immediately sent for, and placed in the seat of the murdered Dey. The cannon were fired, and, in one hour's time, from the most disturbed situation imaginable, perfect tranquillity was restored to the city.—*Gazetteer, Dec. 1754.*

SINGULAR INTREPIDITY.

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A SINGULAR instance of intrepidity took place at Agoada, near Goa, on the 21st of March, 1809. Early in the morning a report was received at the cantonments, that a large Cheetur had been seen on the rocks near the sea. About nine o'clock, a number of officers and men assembled at the spot where it was said to have been seen, when, after some search, the animal was discovered to be in the recess of an immense rock; dogs were sent in, in the hopes of starting him, but without effect, they having returned with several wounds.

Lieutenant Evan Davies, of the 7th regiment, attempted to enter the den, but was obliged to return, finding the passage extremely narrow and dark.—He, however, attempted it a second time, with a pick-axe in his hand, with which he removed some obstructions that were in the way, and having proceeded a few yards, he



noise, which he conceived to be that of the animal. He then returned, and communicated to Lieutenant Threw, of the artillery, who was at the same distance, and was of a similar opinion. What course to pursue was doubtful; some proposed to blow up the rock, others smoking him out. At last a port-fire was tied to the end of a bamboo and thrust into a small crevice which led towards the den. Lieutenant Davies went on his hands and knees through the narrow passage which led to it (which he accomplished with imminent danger to himself), and by the light of it he was enabled to discover the animal; turned, he said he could kill him with a pistol, but being procured, he entered again, and fired, but without success, owing to the awkward situation he was placed in, with his left hand only at liberty. He then took with a musket and bayonet, and wounded him in the side, but was obliged to retreat as quick as the passage would allow, the tiger having forced the passage back towards the mouth of the den. He then took a rifle, with which he again forced his way into the den, and taking a deliberate aim at his head, fired, and put an end to his existence.

Every difficulty still presented itself; how to get him out of the den required some consideration. Ropes were procured, but every attempt to reach him proved fruitless, till Lieutenant Davies, with a pick-axe in his hand, cut his way into the den, and got sufficiently near to fasten a strong rope round his neck, by which he was dragged out, to the great satisfaction of a numerous crowd of anxious spectators. He measured seven feet and a half from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail.—*Bombay Courier*.

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### TURKISH JUSTICE.

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THE son of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the little learning the country could afford, was appointed to the post of naib, or deputy to the cadi, or mayor



of that city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to shift his weights for fear of the worst; but the old cheat, depending on his relationship to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would never expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door waiting for his coming. The naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and said coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his frauds, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to remit him all further punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender; for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres and to receive a bastinadoe of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed upon the spot; after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God my sovereign, my country, and my station; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other; I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity. This done, he mounted his horse again and continued his



journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the sultan advanced him to the post of *cadi*, from whence by degrees he rose to the dignity of *mufti*, who is the head both of the religion and the law among the Turks.

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### EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

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Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honourable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but, recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, sup-



ported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavours to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her, before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging, the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.—*Causes Celebres.*

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### OTWAYS ORPHAN.

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THE father of Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, retired, on the death of his lady, to the borders of Hampshire. His family consisted of two sons, and a young lady, the daughter of a friend lately deceased, whom he adopted as his own child. This lady being singularly beautiful, as well as amiable in her manners, attracted the affections of both the brothers; the elder, however, was the favourite, and he privately married her, which the younger not knowing, and overhearing an appointment of the lovers to meet the next night in her bed-chamber, he contrived to get his brother other ways employed, and made the signal of admission himself, thinking it a mere intrigue; unfortunately he succeeded.

On a discovery, the lady lost her reason, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. The



father broke his heart in a few months afterwards. The younger brother, Charles Brandon, the unintentional author of all his family misery, quitted England in despair, with a fixed determination of never returning. Being abroad for several years, his nearest relations supposed him dead, and began to take the necessary steps for obtaining his estates, when, roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and, for a time, took obscure lodgings in the vicinity of his family mansion.

While he was in this retreat, the young King (Henry VIII.) who had just buried his father, was one day hunting on the borders of Hampshire, when he heard the cries of a female in distress, in an adjoining wood. His gallantry immediately summoned him to the place, (though he then happened to be detached from all his courtiers) where he saw two ruffians attempting to violate the honour of a young lady; the king instantly drew on them; and a scuffle ensued, which roused the reverie of Charles Brandon, who was taking his morning's walk in an adjoining thicket: he immediately ranged himself on the side of the king, whom he then did not know, and, by his dexterity, soon disarmed one of the ruffians, while the other fled. The king, charmed with this act of gallantry, so congenial to his own mind, inquired the name and family of the stranger, and not only repossessed him of his patrimonial estates, but took him under his immediate protection.

It was this same Charles Brandon who afterwards privately married Henry's sister, Margaret, Queen Dowager of France, which marriage the king not only forgave, but created him Duke of Suffolk, and continued his favour towards him to the last hour of the duke's life.

He died before Henry; and the latter shewed in his attachment to this nobleman, that notwithstanding his fits of capriciousness and cruelty, he was capable of a cordial and steady friendship. He was sitting in council when the news of Suffolk's death reached him, and he publicly took that occasion both to express his own sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their acquaintance, his brother-in-law had not made a single attempt to injure any one; "and are there any of you, my Lords,



who can say as much?" When the king subjoined these words (says the historian) he looked round on all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.

Otway took his plot from these facts, but to avoid, perhaps, interfering in a circumstance which might affect many noble families at that time living, he laid the scene of his tragedy in Bohemia. There is a large painting of the above incident now at Wooburn, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Bedford; and the old Duchess Dowager, in shewing this picture, a few years before her death, to a nobleman, related all the particulars of the story.—*English Adventures, published in 1667.*

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### PRISON ESCAPES.

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DURING the reign of terror in the early part of the French revolution, the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Among these was a person named Delandine, who had been marked out as an object of political vengeance, but who afterwards had the good fortune to be set at liberty, when he gave to the world a narrative of his own sufferings, into which he introduced a variety of curious facts respecting his fellow prisoners. Many of these were afterwards translated by Miss Plumptre, and published in her work entitled "A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in France." It is from that work we have selected the following interesting particulars:

Our chamber was long and gloomy; fifty new comers were lodged near the entrance, and thirty old inhabitants occupied the upper end. A large blue cloak, which was hung against the wall upon two nails, covered a great part of that end. Behind this cloak, and concealed from observation by it, Charbonnieres had for some time been busily employed in scraping out the cement which held the stones of the wall together, and loosening the stones, working chiefly while most of his fellow-prisoners were



taking the air or sleeping. Three only of his comrades were associated in the plot: one carried away in his pockets the mortar as it was scraped out, which he contrived to throw away as he walked about the court. The other two were always singing, or rather hawling, or else quarrelling and disputing, to engage the attention of those who remained in the room, and prevent their hearing any noise. One day a violent dispute arose, which, from words they came to blows, throwing their arms and legs about to the great annoyance of their comrades, who fled to avoid receiving kicks and cuffs not intended for them. In this interval of uproar, a large stone which had been detached, was, by a violent effort from Charbonnieres, pushed through, and rolled down on the other side. This was all he wanted; he came from behind his place of concealment, and laid himself down quietly on his straw, flattering himself, that under the favour of the shades of night, he should now be able to bid adieu to his prison.

But what was his disappointment and that of his associates, when night came, and they went to explore the opening made, to find that it only led into a neighbouring church, now used as a military magazine, and shut up with locks and padlocks, which it was impossible to force without instruments, more than those they possessed! True courage, however, far from being damped, is only stimulated by obstacles; and our adventurers were not disheartened, but resolved to break through the wall of the church, and every other they might meet with. With the same weapons which had hitherto served them, that is, the tongues of their buckles and the blade of an old knife, did they begin their operations in a corner of the church opposite to the wall of the prison. Unfortunately, the person who had the charge of the magazine, lodged directly behind this spot. The deadened noise which he at first heard, becoming every night more distinct, and seemingly to approach nearer and nearer, he began to suspect what was really the case, when some fragments of stone and mortar falling into his chamber, confirmed his suspicion. It was midnight; he arose hastily, and gave information of what he had witnessed to the turnkey then in waiting. The latter accompanied



him to his chamber, listened, examined, and was convinced that all was not right. He hastened back to prison, and calling a guard about him, the doors of the chamber were violently thrown open, and a search commenced with drawn bayonets. The soldiers raged, threatened, swore, and the turnkey swore and menaced than any of them. The prisoners awoke terrified, perceiving that the massacre, with the idea of which their imaginations had been so long filled, was now about to be realised, and they prepared themselves to die. Charbonnières and his associates, who had returned upon the first alarm, were laying peaceably upon their straw, intending to be fast asleep. The walls were examined, the cloak was taken down; when, to the utter astonishment of the rest of the prisoners, a large breach was discovered, made as if by enchantment, and without the aid of any of them having entertained the least idea of its being going forward.

In vain did we assert our innocence; the turnkey would not believe it possible that such a work could be done without our participation, and he ordered irons brought, and swore that we should be all removed to solitary dungeons. The irons were produced, and were already shackled, when Charbonnières suddenly started up, as if from a profound sleep. With the bold and manner of a General accustomed to command, he brave every danger, "Hold!" cried he, "all those whom you have thrown into so much terror are innocent; perhaps they might even have had the false cacy to have refused the means which would assist them. But, would you know the author of the project, behold me, it is I! To no one else I yield the honour of having conceived the idea was entirely my own, though I had associates in my endeavours to carry it into execution. These three who still feign to sleep in spite of the noise, have been the sharers in my labours, though they have not the animosity enough to share in the avowal I have now made. They may justly be seized—they deserve to be imprisoned. Then addressing himself to the turnkey, he proceeded, "My interest is to endeavour to quit this place; this is to detain me in it and to guard me well. I have fi



“; do thou do thine : bring hither the irons ; here legs ready to receive them. I shall sleep well in geon, dreaming of the inconceivable pleasure I have had to have left thee here an empty apartment devising new means, if possible, yet to procure that pleasure.”

found silence was observed by every one during angue. Charbonnieres sat down ; the irons were on his legs ; he looked with a smile of contempt at his associates, who reproached him for having deceived them. He wished a happy release from all their tortures to all the company in the chamber, and went bravely to be immured in his dungeon. Here he contracted a dangerous illness, which occasioned him to be removed to the hospital for the prisoners, whence he was taken before the revolutionary tribunal. When examined he asserted that he had been arrested since the 10th of August, preferring to run the hazard of being cut off at once, than lingering out in prison the time which yet remained to the expiration of his sentence. The idea was not only evinced great shrewdness of mind ; it was carried out with the happiest success. His name was sought for in the list of the denouneed ; but nothing appearing against his name not even being on the list, he was declared innocent, sans-culottes, without wealth, and without a crime, and was immediately set at liberty.

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On the 9th of December, seventy-two prisoners were taken to the guillotine, and thrown into the cave of death, there to await the execution of their sentence. This could not be done the next day because it was the decadi. One of the prisoners, by name Porral, only twenty-two years of age, bold and ardent spirit, profited of this interval to make a plan of escape. His sisters having, by means of a large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. “It is not now a time for grief,” said he, “it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavour to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring

me files, a chisel, a turn-screw, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance, bring poniards, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grate which looks into the *Rue Lafond*, you can give me these things, I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them."

The sisters retired, and in the course of the day at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived, a general supper was proposed, the last they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, exhorting each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism, to brave their tyrants with their last breath. The wine was handed briskly about till the heads of the company began to turn, and in the end, they were all laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the associates began their labours. One of them was placed as a sentinel near the door of the cave, armed with a poniard, ready to dispatch the turnkey, if, at his visit at two o'clock in the morning, he should appear to suspect any thing particular to be going forward; the others, putting off their coats, began to make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak and double barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; still, however, they could not force it open, it was retained by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with the chisel, and looking through, they perceived that it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a little distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavoured in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or the file, but they could not reach it. At length one of the party hit upon an expedient: he returned to the cave, and begged a piece of wax-candle of Fromental, a notary, in whose possession he remembered to have seen such a thing. Fromental, half asleep, gave it to him; it was lighted and tied to the end of a stick, then thrust

through the hole in the door till it reached the cord, which in a short time it burnt asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

They found themselves in another vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it, when a hollow noise came from within. This gave them hopes that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They immediately began to employ all their efforts to remove the stone, in which they at length succeeded, and found, to their inexpressible transport, that they were not deceived in their conjectures; that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and one of them, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he perceived that this was an old well, dried up, and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart: some other means must be sought.

A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work; but, after having forced the lock and hinges, still the door resisted their efforts; they could not get it open. They had again recourse to the chisel, and having made a hole, they discovered that the obstacle now was two pieces of stone laid against it. They pushed with all their might, and at length dislodging one of the stones, it fell down, and with it fell the door.

But this led only to another vault, which served as a depôt for confiscated effects and merchandize. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery, to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own covered with filth and vermin. Two doors besides that at which they had entered, now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one, but they had scarcely applied the file, when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind it. A general consternation

seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant: perhaps the door led into the apartments of the gaoler. This idea recalled to their minds, that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit.

One of the party returned towards the cave of death to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had indeed need of some moments of rest; they took advantage of them to fortify themselves for the rest of their work, by taking some wine. "I do not in general like wine," said one of the prisoners to me in relating his story; "but never did I take any thing with greater pleasure than that which I drank in this gloomy cave. At every drop I swallowed, my arm seemed strengthened, my courage fortified; wine did indeed, on this occasion, appear truly to strengthen man's heart."

When he who had been sent as a scout returned, he said that at his arrival in the cave of death, he had shuddered with horror at finding the turnkey there already. He, however, who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him; and the scout joining the party they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consoling news. Quitting then the door at which they had heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which was held by a bar of iron; the bar was easily loosened, and the door opened. But they were not yet at the end of their labours; they only found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door, but listening they heard voices behind it. They looked through a crack; the glimmering remains of a fire showed them some men extended on a heap of straw. Are these more prisoners? was the first idea that presented itself to their minds: if so, we must join party with them, and escape together; but one of the men raising himself up, they perceived that he was in the national uniform, and found that the door led in fact to the guard-house. This was a terrible stroke; had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? —must all their labours prove then at length fruitless?

One only resource remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville, and they had rather have found some other exit. In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken, that they were at the bottom of a stair-case which led into the court.

It was now half past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the stair-case, when Porral cried, "What are you about?—if we attempt to go out at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and, if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait awhile. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can get away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock that the prisoners are summoned away to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave, and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will advertise two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three as they set out, advertise fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared judicious and safe: it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, was one to whom the means of escape was offered. "I thank you," said he to him who offered it, "but I will tell you as a secret, that I have been mistaken for my brother, who has fled the country. Of this the judges have been informed; they are convinced of their mistake, and to-morrow morning I shall be set at liberty. I would not, therefore, hazard the danger of being proscribed by an attempt to escape."

Alas, how deceitful was the vision he had formed of himself! At noon the next day Montellier was no more.

The ci-devant Baron de Chaffoy, a man still in the flower of his age, was also instructed in the way that was opened. "No," he answered, "life has no value now to offer which can make it worth my while. All my ties in this world are broken. I have felt the sentiments of affection as strongly as any one—but I have contributed to my happiness—I had an annuity of thirty thousand livres. I have lost it all. I have been guillotined; it was a fate he little more than do not believe that I merit it myself, yet I submit to it.

The fate of the fifteen who fled was not entirely similar; and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen quitting the cave, was, according to the plan, intended to privately to apprise fifteen others; instead of doing so, he cried aloud, "*The passage is open; let him escape.*" This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether the words they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made attracted the sentinel without: he called to the turnkey, who hastened immediately to the cave, perceived that nothing had been done, and, closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with the others, taken and executed.

Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street near the 'Change, where he was sent to conceal him. Almost at the instant of his entering, a party of those who had been sent in to search the prisoners, came into the house to make a search. The fugitive, however, was so well concealed that he was not discovered; but the inquisitors, finding nothing, the presence of a priest in the house, were angry, and ordered bayonets to be fixed to the door. The master of the house, alarmed, saying, that the priest was his brother, begged the soldiers, to punish him, carried him away with them, and ordered the seals to be put upon the house. The fugitive, left alone, came forth from his hiding place; and

ened lest he should perish for want of food, uttered many cries and deep groans. An old woman, who lived at the next door, heard them, and knowing that the house had been just shut up, was alarmed in her turn, thinking that it was a spirit. She ran in haste to the section, and assured them that she had heard a spirit walking about the house and turning every thing topsy-turvy. Guards were sent again to search; the fugitive was found, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the centinel in the court, "My good friend," said he, "it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place I would not remain out of doors in such villainous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The centinel thanked him, and following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered as a good patriot. A party of the commissaries entered, and related the abominable escape of a number of the rascals destined to be guillotined that morning. Porral put a good face upon the matter, and swore at the rascals with them; not forgetting to belabour also the gaolers, who did not look better after their prey. The commissaries after a while retired, and Porral then began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-cour, he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed every where. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gens-d'armes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women had not got it about them, and went down stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gens-d'armes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "I would be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in

this cask."—"More likely plate or money," says a third, "for it seems devilish heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The *gens-d'armes* swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and retired. In the evening, Porral, dressed in woman's clothes, with a basket on his head, and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotiere, and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among some bushes in the marshes of the Travaux Perache. The snow fell; he was almost covered with it. In the evening, when he would have quitted his inhospitable lodging, his feet and hands were so benumbed that he could not use them: he seemed to have escaped the guillotine but to be frozen to death. By a great effort, however, he contrived to disengage himself from the bushes; and, rolling himself well in the snow, he found warmth and life begin to return to his limbs; at last they so far recovered that he was able to walk, and got away from the city into a place of safety.

The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, near eighty years old, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swelled and full of ulcers. "Fly, my son," said he, "if thou hast the opportunity; fly, this instant—I command it as an act of duty; but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough—my troubles will soon be finished; and death will be deprived of its sting, if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affection, yielded, and, supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the stair-case; but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms: the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

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A tradesman at Lyons, of the name of Grivet, a man of mild and simple manners, was brought in one evening, sentenced, among a number of others, to perish the next morning. Those who were already in the cave pressed round the new comer to sympathize with him, to console him, and to fortify him for the stroke he was about to encounter: but Grivet had no need of consolation; he was calm and composed as if he had been in his own house. "Come and sup with us," said they, "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation, and supped heartily. Desirous to sleep as well, he retired to the remotest corner of the cave, and, burying himself in his straw, seemed not to bestow a thought on his approaching fate. The morning arrived: the other prisoners were tied together and led away without Grivet's perceiving any thing, or being perceived. Fast asleep enveloped in his straw, he neither saw nor was seen. The door of the cave was locked; and when he awoke a while after, he was in the utmost astonishment to find himself in perfect solitude. The day passed, and no new prisoners were brought into the cave. The next was the decade, when the judges did not sit, nor did they, for some other reason, sit the following day. Grivet remained all this time in his solitude, subsisting on some scattered provisions which he found about the cave, and sleeping every night with the same tranquillity as the first. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and became as one thunderstruck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed it, a spirit in the cave. He called the sentinels, who instantly appeared. "Who art thou?" said he to Grivet, "and how camest thou here?" Grivet answered, that he had been there four days: "Doubtless," he added, "when my companions in misfortune were led away to death, I slept and heard nothing, and no one thought to awaken me. It was my misfortune, since all would now have been past, whereas I have lived with the prospect of death always before me; but the misfortune will now undoubtedly be repaired since I see you." The turnkey hastened to the tribunal to excuse himself for what had happened. Grivet was summoned



before it; he was interrogated anew. It was a moment of lenity with the judges, and he was set at liberty.

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An instance once occurred of escape after condemnation which deserves to be mentioned, because the fact is both remarkable and well attested. A number of persons were returning back to prison after sentence had been passed upon them that they were to be guillotined the next morning. They were, according to custom, tied together by the hands, two and two, with a cord, and were escorted by a guard. In their way they were met by a woman, who, with loud cries, reclaimed her husband, asserting that he was a good patriot, and had been unjustly condemned; and she could bring proofs of his patriotism, known to all the world. It so happened, that the judge, who had condemned the prisoners, passed by at the moment, and, hearing the clamours of the woman, inquired what could occasion them. This being explained, and the judge very happily being in a more merciful humour than usual, said that a good patriot must not be executed, and if the woman's assertions were true, it was very right that her husband should be released. He accordingly ordered the man to be unbound and brought to him, when he asked several questions respecting his patriotism, and what he had done for the good of the republic, to all which he received answers so satisfactory, that he declared him to be a good sans-culotte, unjustly condemned, and ordered him to be set at liberty on the spot.

This affair, as may easily be imagined, soon drew a number of people together, so that the prisoners were mingled promiscuously with the multitude. The companion with whom the man had been yoked, finding himself single, and totally unobserved, the eyes and attention of all present being now otherwise engaged, thought that a favourable opportunity of escape was presented; thrusting, therefore, the hand which had the cord round it into his waistcoat, that the cord might not be seen, which would have betrayed him, he with great coolness and composure made his way through the

crowd, as if he had been a spectator only, drawn among them by curiosity. When he found himself at liberty, he hastened to the port, which was not far off, and jumping into a boat, ordered the boatman to row in all haste to a place which he named at the other end of the port. The boatman obeyed; but here a difficulty arose which had not immediately occurred to the fugitive, that he had not so much as a sol in his pocket to pay his fare; for when any one was arrested, whatever money he might have about him, or any thing else of value, was immediately taken away as confiscated property. What was to be done in a situation so embarrassing?—He did not lose his presence of mind; but, feeling in his pocket, said with a well-affected surprise, that it was very unlucky, but he had forgotten his purse, and had not any money with him. The boatman began to swear and make a great outcry, saying that this was all a mere excuse, that he was a cheat, and wanted to make him work without being paid. The fugitive then, as if a sudden recollection had struck him, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the cord, from which, during the passage, he had contrived to disengage it: "Here, my friend," said he, "take this; I by no means wish to cheat you: I cannot tell how it has happened that I have come out without money; but this cord, if you will accept it, is worth more than your fare." "Oh, yes, yes, take it, take it," said a number of other boatmen who were standing by; "the citizen is right, the cord is a good cord, and worth triple your fare; I don't believe he meant to cheat, he looks like an honest citizen." The boatman took the advice, and accepted the cord; and the liberated victim walked off to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood, where he remained concealed the rest of the day. When night came, he made his escape from the town, his friend furnishing him with money and other necessities for his journey; nor had many days elapsed before he was safe out of the republic.—*Plump- tre's Three Years Residence in France.*

REIGN OF TERROR.

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FROM general details, the great outline of the calamitous state of France at the period in question may be collected ; but more minute particulars are requisite to understand clearly the portion of suffering which fell to the lot of every family, and often of every individual in it. A sketch of the situation of one family with whom I was particularly acquainted at Marseilles, shall be given as a specimen by which that of most others may fairly be judged.

It consisted of the father, the mother, and four children, two sons, and two daughters, all grown up. The father and the eldest son were in the law, the youngest son was what is called at Marseilles a *Courtier de Commerce*, that is, an agent for negotiating commercial transactions. The eldest son was the first who was involved in the revolutionary troubles ; he had been a member of one of the sections, and was enrolled among the proscribed, at the time when most of those who had belonged to the sections fell under proscription. For seven months did he remain concealed in his father's house by means of a place contrived for the purpose, in a room at the very top of it. In the day time he generally sat in the room ; but as the domiciliary visits were more frequently made by night than by day, his bed was, for greater security, made up in his place of asylum : hither he could at any time retreat in a moment, upon a signal agreed on being made below, and shut himself up within ; and the door was so well contrived, that any one searching the room ever so accurately, unless previously acquainted with the secret, was not likely to discover it.

As a suspicion was always entertained that he was in the house, frequent domiciliary visits were made to search for him, but he fortunately escaped them all. His eldest sister, between whom and himself a particular affection had alway subsisted, and who entertained in consequence a double share of anxiety for his safety, was the person on whom he principally relied for giving him timely no-



tice to conceal himself in case of alarm; and she has many times passed the whole night at the window, to watch whether any one approached the house, afraid to lie down, lest, exhausted by fatigue, sleep should overtake her, and her brother be surprized unawares.

In this situation he continued for seven months, the family all that time not daring to attempt removing him, as they well knew that a constant watch was kept upon the house. But the vigilance of the revolutionists beginning at length to abate, wearied with the many fruitless searches they had made, an opportunity was taken to convey him by night on board a Genoese vessel, the owner of which had agreed to carry him to Leghorn. He was covered over with a heap of cords, sacks, and rubbish of different kinds, and, as soon as the entrance of the port was open in the morning, the vessel was put in motion. But at this very moment, when it was hoped all danger was over, a party of the national guards appeared, and calling to the mariners to stop, came on board to visit her. They asked a thousand questions of the master, and even kicked some of the cords about, but fortunately without discovering what they concealed; at length departing, they left the vessel to pursue its course, and the fugitive was finally landed in safety at the place of his destination. To provide the means of satisfying the exorbitant demands of the Genoese captain, the two sisters made a sacrifice of many little objects of value which they possessed in personal ornaments.

The youngest son, whose name was equally on the list of the proscribed, saved himself by escaping to Paris, where, lost among the crowd, he remained unknown and unregarded till the death of Robespierre. He then returned to Marseilles, and resumed his former occupation.

Very soon after the eldest son's departure, the father was menaced with imprisonment, perhaps with death, as having two sons in emigration; on which the youngest daughter presented herself before the municipality, entreating that her father might be suffered to remain at liberty, and offering herself as a hostage that he would commit no act contrary to the interests of the republic. Her offer of becoming a prisoner was accepted, and she was conveyed to the convent of the Ignorantins, which



was set apart for confining the women who were arrested, and where eight hundred were then immured. But though she was detained, her father was not left at large; he was arrested a few days after, and sent with a number of proscribed to confinement in another convent. The prison of the father was at a different end of the town from that of the daughter, and both were equally removed from their own house. During eight months that elapsed from this period, to the conclusion of the reign of terror, the eldest daughter's daily occupation was to visit her father and sister in their respective prisons, which she was permitted to do, being always searched at her entrance, else she should convey any thing to them which might assist their escape. The anxiety of her sister's life was not very great, as few women were led to the scaffold; but she daily entered the prison of her father, uncertain whether she might still find him, or whether he might not have been among the number who were daily immolated. While at home her sole occupation was to endeavour to soothe and console her mother. How miserable, how painful, was such a state of existence!—and yet, painful as it was, this family was ultimately among the number of the fortunate, since no member of it was cut off.

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Another person was protected from the fate with which he was menaced in a manner totally unlooked for. His name being on the list of the proscribed, a party of the terrorists came to his house to seek for him. They found his wife, who said that her husband was not at home; he had been absent for several days, and she did not know whither he was gone. The party however insisted on searching the house, which they did without finding the man. They then quitted it, and went to make some other visits with which they were charged. One of the party returned very soon, and finding the house-door open, went in. He looked about, but saw no one; and then hastening up stairs to a room on the first floor, he knocked at the pannel of a wainscot, and said "Open, open, quickly." The pannel was accordingly opened, and a double-barrelled pistol discharged at the same moment

from within, but happily it did no injury to the person on the outside; the master of the house, at the same time, came forth from his hiding-place. "How," cried his visitor, "I came to save you, and you would kill me."—Then addressing himself to the wife, whom the report of the pistol had brought thither in an instant—"Hear me, madam," said he, "I have only associated myself with those men who were recently here, that I may save my fellow-citizens as much as lies in my power. As we were searching your house, I observed a strong emotion in your countenance, and a tremor in all your frame, as we passed this spot, and I had no doubt, therefore, that your husband was concealed within. This occasioned my speedy return, to warn you, that your good man is not in safety as long as he remains in this house, or even in the town. It is not doubted but that he is here; and you will never cease to be troubled with like visits till he shall be found. I will, however, engage to procure you the means of escape," added he, turning to the man, "if you dare confide in me." This was not a situation in which to hesitate on accepting such an offer, and with tears and thanks it was embraced both by the husband and wife. It was now dusk, and the benevolent visitor said he would return in about half an hour, and take the man with him to his own house, where he might remain in perfect security till means could be found for him to quit the town. This was accordingly done, and, a few nights after, he was consigned to a Genoese vessel, which carried him in safety out of the republic.

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In the town of Marseilles, during the reign of terror, a letter was found, which, in the eyes of the *Bruti* and *Scavolæ* of those times, inculpated the writer of the fatal crime of aristocracy. The name with which it was signed was one well known in Marseilles; and a person of that name, far advanced in years, was immediately seized and brought before the revolutionary tribunal. The letter was shown him, and he was asked whether he knew the hand-writing. He looked at it; he saw instantly that it was the hand-writing of his only son, and his affrighted



imagination represented to him that soon inevitably lost if the letter should be traced to him. His parental affections, stronger than any personal apprehensions for himself, suggested his answer; and he replied in a firm and resolute tone, "Yes, it was his own writing." In this avowal his condemnation was pronounced; and the next morning he fell by the hands of the executioner, exulting inwardly, no doubt, in his last moments, that he died to save his child.

The son, being absent from the town, was ignorant of what passed, till on his return the next day he learned his father's fate. His feelings on learning it, conscious as he must be that he was himself the innocent cause of it, may be conceived, but cannot be described. To own the truth, however, could be of no use in repairing the past, and would have rendered the noble sacrifice his father had made of no avail: he therefore guarded the secret carefully in his own bosom till a change of system permitted his revealing the story. Then did he pay the tribute due to the memory of such a parent, by publishing to the world the magnanimous conduct which had occasioned his fall.

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Another instance of courage and magnanimity perhaps even more extraordinary, even more deserving of admiration, since it was a person who had not so great advantages of education, and who had not a motive so powerful as parental affection to excite it, must not be omitted.

A lady of Marseilles, about to emigrate, wished before her departure to place a considerable property in plate, linen, trinkets, wearing-apparel, and other articles, in a place of safety. To bury in cellars was become so common, that they were now among the first places searched on any suspicion of concealed treasures; and to convey the things out of the house even by small portions at a time, without being discovered, was a thing out of all hope. What then was to be done?—She consulted with an old and faithful servant, who, during a great number of years that he had been in the family, had given such repeated proofs of his fidelity and attachment to it, that

she placed unbounded confidence in him. He advised her to pack the things in trunks, and deposit them in a garret at one end of the house; then to wall up the door into it, and new plaster over the whole room adjoining, so as to leave no traces by which it could be discovered that it had any communication with another apartment. This advice was followed, and the plan executed without the privacy of any other person than the man who suggested it. He himself walled up the door-way, and plastered over the outer room; and, when all was finished, the lady departed, leaving the care of her house entirely to him.

Shortly after her departure, the servant received a visit from the municipal officer, who came with a party of his myrmidons to search the house, as belonging to an emigrant, and suspected of containing a considerable property. They examined every room, every closet, every place in the house, but nothing of any value was to be discovered:—some large articles of furniture, which could not conveniently be disposed of, and which it was judged better to leave, in order to save appearances, were the only things to be found. The officer said that it was impossible the other things could be conveyed away, and threatened the servant with the utmost severity of justice if he would not confess where they were concealed. He, however, constantly denied any knowledge of the matter, and said, that if any thing had been concealed, the secret was unknown to him. This did not satisfy the officer; but finding he could make no impression on the man, he carried him before the commune. Here he was again interrogated, and menaced even with the guillotine if he did not confess where his mistress's property was concealed; but his resolution still remained unshaken; he steadily adhered to his first assertion, that if any thing was concealed it was without his knowledge; till at length the officers, believing it impossible that if he really were in possession of the secret, he could retain it with the fear of death before his eyes, were persuaded that he was not in his mistress's confidence, and dismissed him. They obliged him, however, to quit the house, and a creature of their own was placed in it. Again and again it

was searched, but to no purpose; nor was the real truth ever suspected.

But when the career of the terrorists was closed by the fall of their leaders, the faithful servant, who beheld their downfall with exultation, as his own triumph, on a representation of his case to the new magistracy, was replaced in his trust in the house of his mistress. Some little time after, a person came to him one day, who said that he was sent on the part of his mistress; that, as she was unable at present to return, she wished some trunks which she had left concealed to be sent to her, as they could now be moved with safety; and she had described to him, he said, the place and manner in which they were concealed, to the end that, if any misfortune had happened to the servant, he might know where to find them. He then detailed all the particulars relative to their concealment, with so much accuracy, that the servant, seeing him in full possession of the secret, could not doubt of his being really charged with the mission he assumed. He therefore opened the room, and assisted in conveying away the trunks; after which he was informed by the emissary, that his mistress had given orders, as there was now nothing of consequence left in the house, that it should be shut up, and he must maintain himself as well as he could. This was almost a heart-breaking stroke to the faithful servant; but no appeal could be made against the will of his mistress, and he took to the trade of a cobbler, which he had learned in his infancy, to gain himself a livelihood.

A long time elapsed without any thing more being heard of the lady; when at length she appeared, and was in the utmost consternation at learning what had passed. She declared that she had never given a commission to any one to demand her property; nor could she conceive how the impostor had arrived at the knowledge necessary for carrying on the fraud he had practised. The only way in which she could account for the misfortune was, that thinking there was no necessity in a foreign country to guard her secret inviolably, she might perhaps have talked of it indiscreetly before some one who had thought it worth his while to take a journey to Marseilles to pos-

ness himself fraudulently of her property. She acknowledged at the same time, that the fraud was so artfully contrived, that the servant was fully absolved for having been the dupe of it; and the poverty in which he had lived ever since, perfectly exonerated him from the suspicion of having been any thing else but a dupe in the affair.—*Ibid.*

REMARKABLE TRIAL FOR MURDER.

IN consequence of certain arrangements made in the agreement for an estate, the property of a bankrupt, which Monsieur S. of Marseilles, had purchased, he had taken upon himself to be responsible for certain of the bankrupt's debts, and among others, one of ten thousand livres to a Monsieur M. who was also of Marseilles. After Monsieur S. had agreed for the purchase of the estate, he found that he had involved himself in a disagreeable situation by having become responsible for these debts, and that he was in some danger of becoming a bankrupt himself. He had recourse therefore to the creditors, and, after several conferences, all of them, Monsieur M. excepted, consented to a compromise for their claims, and to accept two thirds of the respective sums due to them, as an acquittal of the whole. Monsieur M. said that he had a wife and three young children, that the ten thousand livres owing to him by Monsieur S. was his whole fortune, and that it was impossible for him to consent to the relinquishment of any part of it. That it was not a question of bankruptcy; that Monsieur S. had voluntarily taken the debts upon himself, and that he must insist upon the whole sum being paid. Thus matters went on for some time, Monsieur M. often demanding his money, and Monsieur S. constantly refusing to pay him unless he would consent on the receipt of two thirds to sign an acquittal for the whole, as the other creditors had done. But on this point Monsieur M. was inflexible, and had an undoubted right to be so; he was the best judge of his

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own affairs, and whether he could, or would, make the sacrifice desired; nor did it necessarily follow because the other creditors had shown great forbearance towards Monsieur S. that he must do the same: the sacrifice made was a voluntary act on their part, one to which Monsieur S. had not even the shadow of a claim. The truth was, that he had expected the purchase of the estate to prove a very profitable speculation, in which he found himself mistaken; but this was his own fault entirely, and it was hard upon the creditors that they were to suffer for his folly.

At length, after repeated visits made by Monsieur M. to demand his money, Monsieur S. ordered his servants if he should call again not to admit him into the house. Monsieur M. hearing of this, was extremely incensed, and went out one morning, saying, as he quitted his own house, that he would have his money, or it should be worse for Monsieur S. He repaired to the house of the latter, where, knocking at the door, he was told that Monsieur S. was not at home. He said he knew that was not true, and without further ceremony proceeded onwards to the door of the room in which Monsieur S. usually sat, and opening it found him there. What passed between them, as there was no witness present, rests only on the affirmations of the two gentlemen, which were in direct opposition to each other. The only thing known for certain is, that the report of a pistol was heard in the room, and in a moment after Monsieur S. rushed out of his own house in great agitation, and, ringing violently at the door of his next neighbour, begged some of the people of the house to come to his assistance, for Monsieur M. had shot himself.

A concourse of people was soon assembled at Monsieur S.'s, where Monsieur M. was found lying on the floor desperately wounded, but still alive, and in his perfect senses, with a discharged pistol lying by him. On being asked how he came into that situation, he said that Monsieur S. had murdered him. A surgeon and the magistrate were instantly sent for, and, on the wound being examined, it was found that a ball had entered between the fifth and sixth rib, on the right side, which had passed through the body in a diagonal direction, and come

out at the left hip. Monsieur M. was carried to his own house, and Monsieur S. was taken into custody, on the charge of having fired the pistol which had given the wound. Monsieur M. lived for thirty-six hours and then expired, retaining his senses almost to the last moment, and constantly affirming that Monsieur S. had murdered him. Monsieur S. strenuously denied the charge, and as constantly affirmed that Monsieur M. was his own murderer. He had, he said, demanded his money with violent threats and imprecations, and on his (Monsieur S.'s) still refusing to pay more than the same proportion which had been paid to the other creditors, Monsieur M. drew a pistol from his pocket and shot himself.

An affair of such a nature of course became instantly the universal topic of conversation at Marseilles, and inexpressible was the warmth with which persons espoused the cause of the one or the other party. Monsieur S. had till this affair maintained a very respectable character, and the advocates for him condemned Monsieur M. with great severity for not accepting the same compromise as had been accepted by the other creditors, saying that it was highly unreasonable in him to expect to receive more than they had done: that he was a man of a very violent temper, whereas Monsieur S. was remarkably mild and placid; and that it was much more probable that in a fit of passion, on finding he could not accomplish his purpose, he should destroy himself, than that Monsieur S. should be guilty of an act of violence so contrary to his nature. They alleged, besides, that Monsieur M. though he knew that he could not live, constantly refused to confess himself and to receive the last sacraments, which afforded a strong presumption that he dared not go through this solemn act of devotion, conscious as he was at the moment, that he was guilty of an offence so heinous as to ascribe to another the crime which he himself had perpetrated.

The partisans of Monsieur M. contended, that, as to the matter of confessing, the deceased had not peremptorily refused it. When asked if he would not have a confessor sent for, he answered that he was then too much agitated to go through an act of such solemnity, and that he must wait till he should be more composed. That, be-

sides, in order to receive absolution, he must say that he heartily forgave Monsieur S. and should he say this, he must be guilty of falsifying his real sentiments: that the complicated injuries he had received from Monsieur S. were so great and so recent, that he had really not had time to bring his mind into such a state as that he could say with sincerity he forgave him. Nor indeed could it be expected, all the circumstances considered, that Monsieur M. should attain any degree of composure of mind in the short time that he lived after he received the wound;—how must his feelings as a husband and a father be awakened at the idea of leaving a wife and three young children, with no other means of support than this very money, which he had not been able to obtain from his unfeeling debtor? It was besides a thing wholly incredible that Monsieur M. should make away with himself; for, what end was it to answer? on the contrary, he had strong reasons for wishing to live; whereas there was an obvious reason why Monsieur S. should wish to get rid of him. That at any rate Monsieur S. was acting dishonestly towards him, in withholding from him money which was legally his due; and a man who would persist in such an act of dishonesty, rendered himself very liable to the suspicion, that he might not scruple to proceed to another act still more atrocious.

Thus was the affair discussed in private companies, while in the mean time Monsieur S. was detained in confinement till the time of his trial arrived. The court was uncommonly crowded on the occasion, and all the friends and relations of Monsieur S. even to his son and daughter, made a point of attending to show that they considered him as an innocent and injured man. The criminal tribunal consisted of five judges, with the Procureur Imperial, as he was then called, the officer who carried on the prosecution. The prisoner was conducted into court between two gens-d'armes, who sat on each side of him during the trial, the gaoler of the prison in which he had been confined attending. As there was a vast number of witnesses to examine, the trial lasted between seven and eight hours.

The principal evidence against the prisoner was the deposition of the deceased, which had been taken before

the proper magistrates, and which was clear and circumstantial,—that of the surgeon who had attended upon him,—and that of a man who was one of the first that entered the room where the wounded man was lying, after assistance had been called. The deposition of the deceased was, that on the morning of the fatal affair, when he had made his way to Monsieur S.'s room, in spite of the opposition of the servants, he again demanded his money, menacing Monsieur S. with a legal prosecution if he should persist in refusing to pay it; that after some altercation, Monsieur S. rose from his seat and went into a closet, whence he returned almost immediately with a pair of pistols in his hands; that he (Monsieur M.) alarmed at seeing the pistols, turned short round, intending to lay hold on Monsieur S. when at the same instant he received the contents of one in his body; that he instantly fell, when Monsieur S. threw the discharged pistol on the floor, and ran hastily out of the room, nor did he see him any more till after a crowd of people were assembled in the house. The surgeon said, that the place where the ball had entered was in such a position, and the direction it had taken was such, that it was impossible the deceased could have fired it himself. The third evidence deposed, that, besides the discharged pistol, which was lying by the side of the deceased, there was, when he went into the room, another pistol loaded, lying on the ground at a little distance from him, which it was impossible to suppose could have been laid there by the deceased; it had much more the appearance of having been thrown down in haste by the prisoner, eager to get out of the room, and not considering what appearance a pistol so found would have. Many other witnesses were called on the part of the prosecution; but their evidence in general consisted only of trifling circumstances, tending to corroborate the belief that Monsieur S. was the person who had fired the pistol.

The most material evidence brought in favour of the prisoner, was that of a centinel who was upon guard at a house near his, and that of a young man, a clerk in some public office, who lodged also very near. The centinel said, that he saw Monsieur S. come out of his house in appearance extremely agitated, and ring violently at the

house of his next door neighbour; that he heard the report of a pistol, which seemed to come from the house of the prisoner, but that the prisoner himself was already at the door of his own house when the pistol was fired. The clerk lived but two doors from Monsieur S.'s house, the latter being the last house on one side of a square, forming the corner house to a street that led out of the square, and the house in which the clerk lodged being the second on the side that formed the angle of the square with that Monsieur S. This young man said, that as he was sitting in his room writing, he was alarmed by hearing the report of a pistol, when, instantly hastening to the window, he saw Monsieur S. then ringing violently at his neighbour's door, and that it was impossible, from the very short interval which had elapsed between hearing the pistol and seeing Monsieur S. that the latter should have been in the room when the pistol was fired.

A very eloquent defence was made for him by a very able advocate, which remained unanswered by the other side, they declining to employ counsel. The event was that Monsieur S. was acquitted, and discharged in the court.—*Ibid.*

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

LORD S. was the favourite of George II. and one of the Generals of the English army at the battle of Dettingen. The dispositions of Marshal de Noailles were so judicious, that nothing but the impetuosity of a subordinate French officer saved the Allied Army from destruction, and even gave them an unexpected victory. The consequence was, that Lord S. who was the only person that seemed to be sensible of the unskilful movements of the allies, but whose sentiments were disregarded, lost the favour of his sovereign, and retired from the army in disgust. On his arrival in London, he proposed to reside on his estate in Scotland; but some days before his intended departure, he received a letter in a very extraordinary stile, calculated at once to stimulate curiosity, in a mind not easily

daunted. It desired an interview at a particular time and place, upon business of the utmost importance, and requiring him to come unattended. His Lordship, who did not pay immediate attention to this letter, received a second, the next day, in terms still more energetic. This second summons appeared too singular to be disregarded. Lord S. therefore, went to the place appointed, without any attendants, but not unarmed; nor was he absolutely devoid of fear, when he entered one of the bye-places, in the metropolis, that most commonly indicate the residence of poverty and wretchedness. He went up a dirty staircase into a garret, where, by the glimmering light, he perceived a man, stretched upon a bed, with every appearance of extreme old age. "My Lord," said this unexpected object, "I was impatient to see you. I have heard of your fame. Be seated: you have nothing to apprehend from a man a hundred and twenty-five years old." Lord S. sat down, waiting with the utmost impatience for the unravelling of this extraordinary adventure, while the centenary proceeded to inquire, whether his Lordship had not occasion for certain writings that related to his family and his fortune. 'Yes,' replied his Lordship with emotion, 'I want certain papers, the loss of which has deprived me of a great part of my inheritance.'—"There," returned the old man, giving him the key of a small casket, "there are these writings deposited."—"To whom," said his Lordship, the moment he discovered the treasure, 'to whom am I indebted for this inestimable favour?'—"Oh, my son," replied the old man, "come, and embrace your great grandfather."—"My great grandfather!" interrupted his Lordship, with inexpressible astonishment. But how much more was he astonished, when this ancestor informed him that he was the masked executioner of King Charles I. "An insatiable thirst of vengeance," continued he, "impelled me to this abominable crime. I had been treated, as I imagined, with the highest indignity by my sovereign. I suspected him of having seduced my daughter. I sacrificed every sense of loyalty and virtue to revenge this imaginary injury. I entered into all the designs of Cromwell and his associates: I paved the way to his usurpation: I even refined on vengeance: I solicited Cromwell to let me be the

executioner, to fill up the measure of my guilt: unhappy King knew, before the fatal blow, the man was to inflict it. From that day my soul has been a to distraction and remorse. I have been an exile, a voluntary outcast, in Europe and Asia, near fourscore years Heaven, as if to punish me with severer rigour, has longed my existence beyond the ordinary term of man. This casket is the only remains of my fortune. I am here to end my wretched days: I had heard of your grace at court, so much the reverse of what your virtue merited; and I was desirous, before I breathed my last, to contribute thus to your welfare. All the return I can make, is, that you leave me to my wretched fate, and add a tear to the memory of one, whose long, long repentance I hope, may at last expiate his crime."—Lord S. earnestly pressed his hoary ancestor to retire with him to Scotland and there to live, for the remainder of his days, under his own name. He long withstood all these entreaties, wearied out, at length, by importunity, he consented; rather seemed to consent. The next day, however, his Lordship returned, he found that his repentant grandfather had quitted the spot; and, notwithstanding all the researches that were made, his fate remains a mystery to this day.—*Recreations of the Man of Letters*

Circumstantial Evidence.

JOHN CALAS.

murder of Calas, committed at Toulouse, by the justice, on the 9th of March, 1772, is one of the singular events which can be offered to the attention of the present age, or of posterity. We soon forget the names that perish in battle, not only because their lot is the inevitable consequence of war, but because those who die in the heat of arms might have slain their enemies, and yet not perished without defending themselves. When the danger and the advantage are equal, our compassion ceases, and even our pity is weakened; but if the father of an innocent family is delivered into the hands of error, of passion, or of fanaticism; if the accused is innocent of the offence but his virtue; if his judges have nothing to defend from his death but the imputation of error; if they condemn an innocent man to die by their sentence with impunity, if a public voice is raised; every one fears for himself, and sees that no man can hold his life in any security. A tribunal erected with a view to guard the lives of the innocent; and we all unite in demanding vengeance. This is a strange affair, religion, suicide, and parricide are all blended. The questions were, whether a father had strangled his own son to obtain the favour of God? Whether a brother had strangled his brother, or a friend his friend; and whether the father had the guilt of having broken on the wheel an innocent son, or of having saved a guilty mother, brother, or friend?

Calas, at the age of sixty-eight, had been in the

business of a merchant at Toulouse for forty years, and was considered by all those who had lived with him as a good father. He and his wife were protestants, and so were all his children except one, who had abjured heresy, and to whom he allowed a small annuity. He was so far removed from that absurd fanaticism which breaks all social bonds, that he approved the conversion of his son Louis Calas, and had kept in the house for thirty years a female servant who was a zealous catholic, and who had brought up all his children.

One of the sons of John Calas, called Mark Anthony, was a man of letters. He was deemed a person of a restless, melancholy, and violent disposition. This young man, not being able to manage or to succeed in mercantile business, for which he was not qualified, and not being admitted as advocate or counsel, because a certificate of his being a catholic was necessary, resolved to put an end to his life, and communicated his design to one of his friends. He strengthened his resolution by reading every thing that had been written on suicide.

In short, having lost his money one day at play, he was determined by that circumstance to execute his design. A friend of his, as well as of the family, called Lavaisse, arrived from Bourdeaux in the evening. He was a youth of the age of nineteen, remarkable for the candour and sweetness of his manners, and the son of a celebrated advocate at Toulouse. He supped, by a kind of accident, at the house of Calas. The father, the mother, Mark Anthony, the eldest, and Peter the second son, were of the company. After supper, they withdrew into a little hall, and Mark Anthony disappeared. When the young Lavaisse had taken his leave, and Peter Calas was accompanying him down stairs, they found Mark Anthony stripped to his shirt, and hanging at the door of the warehouse. His clothes were folded and laid on the counter; his shirt was but a little discomposed; his hair was carefully combed, and his body had neither wounds nor bruises*.

* After the body was carried to the town-house, it had only a scratch on the tip of the nose and a spot on the breast, occasioned by the inadvertance of those who carried it.

We shall not here repeat the details of what passed on this occasion, given by the advocates; we shall not attempt to describe the grief and despair of the father and mother, whose cries were heard through the neighbourhood. Lavaisse and Peter Calas, in a state little short of distraction, ran to bring surgeons and officers of justice.

While they were acquitting themselves of this duty; while the father and mother were sobbing and shedding tears from the bitterest grief, the people of Toulouse crowded round the house. They are superstitious and passionate; each of them would regard as a monster, a brother who was not of the same religion with him. It was at Toulouse that solemn thanks were offered up to God for the death of Henry III. and that an engagement was entered into upon oath, to cut the throat of the first person who should speak of acknowledging the title of the great and good Henry IV. That city continues a yearly solemnity, in which, by a procession, and by *feux de joie*, they celebrate the day in which, two centuries ago, they massacred four thousand citizens for the misfortune of heresy. Six edicts of council have been issued in vain to forbid these odious festivals. The inhabitants of Toulouse continue to rejoice in them, as those of a better disposition would in the *Games of Flora*.

Some fanatic among the populace exclaimed, that John Calas had hanged his own son. That exclamation being repeated, was unanimously assented to in a moment. It was added by some persons, that the deceased young man was to have made his abjuration the following day, but that his family, assisted by the young Lavaisse, had put him to death out of hatred to the Catholic religion. This was admitted beyond doubt. The whole city was persuaded, that it is a principle of religion among the protestants, that a father and mother should assassinate their son, when he entertained any thoughts of being converted.

When the minds of men are once set in motion, it is not easy to stop them. It was supposed, that the protestants of Languedoc had assembled the preceding evening; that they had chosen by a plurality of voices an executioner of their sect; that the choice had fallen on young Lavaisse; that the young man, in four-and-twenty hours, had received the news of his election, and had travelled

from Bourdeaux to aid John Calas, his wife, and his son Peter, to murder a friend, a son, and a brother.

Sieur David, sheriff of Toulouse, roused by these rumours, and wishing to have the merit of a prompt execution, instituted a process contrary to the rules and laws observed on such occasions. The family of Calas, Lavaisse, and the catholic servant, were put in irons.

A monitory letter enjoining those who knew any thing of this affair to reveal it, and which was no less iniquitous than the process, was published. They went further—Mark Anthony Calas died a Calvinist; and if he had put an end to his own life, his body should have been dragged through the streets; but he was buried with the greatest pomp in the church of St. Etienne, though the curate protested against it as the greatest profanation.

There are in Languedoc four fraternities of penitents, the white, the blue, the grey, and the black. These brothers wear a large cowl and a mask of cloth, with two holes to see through. They had hopes to engage Duke Fitz-James, the commandant of the province, to become one of their body, but he refused them. The order of white brothers celebrated a solemn service at the interment of Mark Anthony Calas, as if he had died a martyr. No festival sacred to a real martyr was ever observed with more solemnity; but the pomp of it was terrible: they placed on a magnificent scaffold a skeleton, which they could cause to move, that represented Mark Anthony Calas holding a palm in one hand, and in the other a pen, with which he was to have signed his abjuration of heresy, but which, in effect, wrote the death-warrant of his unhappy father.

There was but one step further to be taken with the poor youth who had put an end to his life, and that was canonization. The people considered him as a saint; some invoked; some prayed at his shrine; others requested miracles, and others related those which he had performed. A monk drew out some of his teeth, in order to be in possession of durable relicks. A devotee, who had been deaf, said he had heard the sound of the bells; and a priest, who had received a stroke of an apoplexy, was cured on taking only an emetic. They prepared narratives of these miracles. The author of this

account has an attested case of a young man who lost the use of his understanding by remaining whole nights in prayer on the tomb of this new saint, and not obtaining any of the miracles which he implored.

Some of the magistrates were of the fraternity of white penitents. This circumstance insured the death of John Calas.

The minds of men were particularly inclined to his punishment by the approach of that singular festival, in which the inhabitants of Toulouse recognized the massacre of four thousand Huguenots; the year 1762 was their secular year. They prepared throughout the city the apparatus of this solemnity. This fired the imaginations of the people, which were already warmed. They publicly said, that the scaffold on which Calas was to be broken on the wheel, would be the greatest ornament of the festival, and that Providence had prepared this victim as a sacrifice to our holy religion. Many persons have heard and attested this kind of discourse. It seems hardly credible at this time, when philosophy has made so great a progress, and when a hundred academies are writing to meliorate our manners. Fanaticism, irritated by the success of reason, struggles under it with uncommon rage.

Thirteen judges assembled every day to try that cause. There was no proof of guilt; indeed, there could be none against the family of Calas: but false religion furnished what would serve as such. Six judges insisted long and violently, that John Calas, his son Peter, and young Lavaisse, should be broken on the wheel, and that the wife of Calas should be burnt. The other seven, something more moderate, wished to have the affair examined into. This occasioned long and repeated debates. One of the judges, convinced of the innocence of the accused, and even of the impossibility of their having committed the crime, spoke warmly in their favour; he opposed the zeal of humanity to that of cruelty. He became the public advocate of the family of Calas, throughout Toulouse, where the constant clamour of false religion required the blood of those unfortunate persons. Another of the judges, remarkable for his violence, was provoked by their being defended, and used more zeal and industry in

inflaming the city against them. In short, this contest grew so warm, that both the judges were obliged to decline their attendance on business, and to retire into the country.

But unfortunately, the judge most favourable to Calas, had the delicacy to persist in his absence; and the other returned to give his voice against persons whom it had not been decent for him to sit in judgment upon. His voice was fatal to the pretended criminal, who was condemned by eight against five; one out of the six judges favourable at the commencement, after long persuasion, being brought over to the more severe and cruel party.

It might be expected, when parricide was the crime under consideration; or when the father of a family was to be delivered up to a horrible punishment, that the judgment against him should have been unanimous, because the proofs of so extraordinary a crime should be evident to all the world. The least doubt in such a case should make a judge tremble, who was preparing to pronounce a sentence of death. The weakness of our reason, and insufficiency of our laws, are daily perceived. But in what instance can we point out and lament the wretched tenure of human happiness, if not where the preponderance of a single voice condemns a citizen to be broken alive on the wheel? At Athens, a sentence of death could not be pronounced, but by the judgment of a majority of fifty voices. This only proves what we have long known without effect, that the Greeks were wiser and more humane than we are.

It must appear impossible, that John Calas, a man sixty-eight years old, whose legs had long been swollen and feeble, should alone have strangled or hung up a son who was but eight-and-twenty, and who was a youth of uncommon strength. He must have been assisted in the execution of such a design by his wife, by his son Peter, by Lavaisse, and by the servant. They had been together the whole of the evening in which the fatal event took place. But this supposition was as absurd as the former; for how could it be supposed, that a servant who was a zealous catholic, would suffer Huguenots to assassinate a young man brought up by her, as a punishment for being attached to the religion of that very servant?

How could it be supposed, that Lavoisse should come with the utmost expedition from Bourdeaux to murder his friend, of whose conversion he was ignorant? Who will imagine, that a tender and affectionate mother should lay violent hands on her own son? And how, even supposing them all agreed, could they put to death by hanging, a young man, whose strength was equal to that of all of them, without long and violent struggles; without cries or groans, which would have brought the neighbourhood together, and without leaving marks of violence on the bodies or even the clothes of the combatants?

It must have been evident, if the crime was committed, that all the persons accused were equally culpable, for it appeared they had been together the whole evening. It was evident, the father alone could not have committed it; and yet the decree of the judges¹ condemned the father alone to perish on the wheel.

The motive of this proceeding was as inconceivable as that the crime should have been committed. The judges who were resolved on the punishment of John Calas, endeavoured to persuade the others, that the feeble old man would not be able to sustain the torments inflicted on him; and that under the hands of the executioner, he would confess his crime, and that of his accomplices. They were confounded when the old man dying on the wheel appealed to God as the witness of his innocence, and prayed that he would pardon his judges.

They were obliged to issue a second decree, which contradicted the first, and by which the mother, her son Peter, young Lavoisse and the servant, were to be enlarged. But, being told that the one discredited the other, that they condemned themselves, that all the accused had been together during the whole time in which the murder was supposed to have been committed, they discharged the surviving prisoners, and thereby plainly proved the innocence of the father who had been executed. To preserve some appearance of consistency, they banished Peter Calas. This seems to have been as absurd as the rest of their conduct; for Peter Calas was either guilty or innocent of the death of his brother: if he was guilty, he should have been broken on the wheel as well as his father; if he was innocent, it was wrong to

banish him. But the judges, alarmed by the unjust punishment of the old man, and affected by the tender piety with which he died, imagined they might save their honour, by inducing the world to believe they shewed mercy to the son; as if this pretended mercy could appear otherwise than an act of prevarication; and they believed that the banishment of this young man, who was poor and friendless, would be a matter of no consequence, and could be but a small act of injustice, in comparison with that which they had the misfortune of committing.

They began by menacing Peter Calas in his dungeon, by treating him as his father had been treated, in order to induce him to change his religion. This is what the young man has attested upon oath. His words were, "A Dominican came into my dungeon, and said I should undergo the same kind of death with my father, if I did not abjure my religion. This I attest before God. July 23, 1762."

As Peter Calas was leaving Toulouse, he met a zealous abbé, who obliged him to return into the city. He was shut up in a convent of Dominicans, and forced to go through the several ceremonies and duties enjoined by the catholic religion. This seemed to be an equivalent to the blood of the father, and religion appeared satisfied, when it thought itself amply revenged.

The daughters were taken away from the mother and placed in a convent. This unhappy woman, who had lately pressed in her arms the breathless corpse of her eldest son, while, as it were, sprinkled with the blood of her murdered husband, saw her other son banished, was deprived of her daughters, stripped of her goods, and left alone in the world, without bread, without hope, and sinking under the weight of her miseries. Some persons who had attentively examined the circumstances of this horrible affair, were so struck with their iniquity, that they advised the widow Calas to quit the place, and to demand justice at the very foot of the throne. At the time she was so reduced, as to have but few and short intervals from fainting; besides, being a native of England, and brought over to that part of France very young, the very thought of Paris alarmed her. She imagined,

that the cruelty and barbarity which influenced the magistrates of Toulouse, must be more dreadful in those who governed the capital. At last, however, the duty of doing justice to the memory of her husband prevailed over her weakness. She arrived at Paris almost expiring under her wretchedness, and was astonished at the reception she had, and the tenderness with which she was countenanced and supported. At Paris, reason prevails over fanaticism, though it be extremely powerful; in the province, fanaticism has always prevailed over reason.

Mr. de Beaumont, a celebrated advocate of the parliament of Paris, immediately undertook her cause, and stated an opinion on it, which was signed by fifteen advocates. Mr. Loiseau, a man no less eloquent than Mr. de Beaumont, wrote a memorial in favour of the family; and Mr. Mariette, advocate of the council, drew up a petition on the principles of law and justice, which struck the minds of all men with conviction.

Those generous defenders of innocence and of the laws, gave up to the widow all the profits arising from the several editions of their memorials, petitions, &c. Paris, and even Europe, was moved with compassion, and joined this unfortunate woman in demanding justice. Judgment was given by the public in her favour long before the decree was signed by the council.

Compassion forced its way even to the minister; in spite of the continual torrent of affairs which often exclude it, and against the habit of seeing the unhappy, which has still a greater effect in hardening the heart. The daughters were restored to the mother; and they were seen, dressed in crape, and bathed in tears, to draw tears from their judges.

This family had still some enemies; for religion was involved in their case. Several persons, who are called in France devotees, said publicly, it was much better that an old calvinist, admitting that he was innocent, should be broken on the wheel, than that eight counsellors of Languedoc should submit to the indignity of confessing they had been mistaken. It was the cause of the whole magistracy, which consisted of much greater numbers, and persons of greater importance, than the family of Calas, which ought to be sacrificed to the honour of ma-

gistracy. They did not consider that the honour of a judge, like that of any other man, consisted in repairing the effects of his faults. The people of France do not believe, that the pope, assisted by his cardinals, is infallible: it might be imagined, that eight judges of Toulouse could never have been thought so. All disinterested and sensible men said, that the edict at Toulouse would be reprobated throughout Europe, though particular considerations might prevent its being repealed in the council.

On the 7th of March, 1763, the council of state being assembled at Versailles, the ministers assisting, and the chancellor presiding at it, M. De Crosne, master of requests, reported the affair of Calas, with the impartiality of a judge, the precision of a man perfectly informed, and with the simple and real eloquence of a senatorial orator which alone is suitable to such an assembly. In the gallery a prodigious crowd of persons of all ranks waited with impatience the decisions of the council. In a short time, a message was sent to the king, that it was the unanimous opinion of the council, the parliament of Toulouse should send up the minutes of their proceedings, and the motives of their judgment, which had caused John Calas to be broken alive on the wheel. His majesty approved of the decree of the council.

From the 7th of March, to the time in which the definitive judgment was pronounced, two years elapsed; so easy is it for fanaticism to take away the life of an innocent person, and so difficult for reason to obtain justice to his memory. Those long delays it was necessary to bear because they were occasioned by forms. The less those forms had been observed in the condemnation of Calas they were to be the more rigorously attended to by the council of state. It took up more than a year to compel the parliament of Toulouse to send the minutes of the proceedings, in order to be examined, and to be reported by the council. M. de Crosne was entrusted with this laborious undertaking. An assembly of near eighty judges reversed the decree of the parliament of Toulouse, and ordered a revival of the whole process.

The king committed the final decision to a tribunal called *Les Requetes de l'Hotel*. This chamber was composed of masters of requests, who sat on processes between

the officers of the court, and on causes which the king referred to their determination. A tribunal could not have been fixed upon, better instructed in this affair. It consisted of the same magistrates, who had twice given judgment on the preliminary steps to the revision, and who were perfectly acquainted with the merits and forms of this business.

The widow of John Calas, her son, and young Lavoisier, surrendered themselves, and were put in prison; the old catholic woman, who had been the servant of the family, and who would not quit it, at a time, when it was supposed she had murdered a child and a brother: this poor creature was brought to Paris from the centre of Languedoc. The court deliberated on the same evidence, which had served to condemn John Calas to the wheel, and his son Peter to exile.

It was then a new memorial appeared, drawn up by the eloquent M. de Beaumont, and another by the young Lavoisier, so unjustly included in the criminal procedure by the judges of Toulouse, and whom, to complete their absurdity, they had not acquitted. That young man himself drew up a state of his case, which was deemed worthy to appear with that of M. de Beaumont. He had a double advantage in speaking for himself, and in behalf of a family in whose sufferings he had shared. He might have been set at liberty, if he had only said, he would desert the family of Calas, when the father and mother were accused of having assassinated their son. He was menaced with punishment; the rack and death had been held before him; a word would have set him at large; he chose to expose himself to punishment, rather than pronounce that word, which would have been a falsehood. His detail of facts was given with a candour so noble, so simple, and so free from ostentation, that it affected those whom it could not convince, and conferred on him a reputation which he did not seek. His father, an advocate of character, had no share in this work; and he saw himself suddenly rivalled by his son, who had never practised at the bar.

In the mean time, persons of the first consideration resorted in crowds to visit the widow Calas in prison, where her daughters were shut up with her. They were

affected even to tears. Humanity and generosity were lavish of their assistance. What is called charity afforded them none. Charity, which is so often niggardly and insulting, is the virtue of devotees; and the devotees were inimical to the family of Calas.

The day at last arrived, when innocence obtained a full triumph. M. de Baquancourt having reported the procedure, and having stated the minutest circumstances of the affair, all the judges unanimously declared the family innocent; cruelly and wrongfully condemned by the parliament of Toulouse. They did justice to the memory of the father. They permitted the family immediately to commence actions against their judges, in order to be reimbursed their expences, and obtain damages for their injuries, which the magistrates of Toulouse ought to have offered themselves.

This occasioned an universal joy in Paris; people crowded the public squares and walks; they ran to behold a family which had been so cruelly injured, and so ably justified; they cheered the judges as they passed, and loaded them with benedictions. And to render the spectacle still more affecting, it was the 9th of March, the same day of the month on which John Calas perished by the most cruel punishment.

The judges of the court of requests had done complete justice to the family of Calas; and in that they had only done their duty. There is a further duty, that of beneficence, rarely practised by tribunals, who seem to think themselves instituted merely to be equitable. The masters of the court of requests resolved to draw up a petition to his majesty, in the name of their whole body, praying he would repair, by his bounty, the ruin of the family. The letter, or petition, was written. The king answered it, by ordering thirty-six thousand livres to be paid to the widow, who was to give three thousand to that virtuous woman her servant, who had persisted in defending the truth, by defending her master and his family.—*Voltaire on Toleration.*

ELIZABETH CANNING.

I WAS in London in the year 1753, when the adventures of Elizabeth Canning made so much noise. Elizabeth had quitted the house of her parents, and disappeared for a month; when she returned thin, emaciated, and her clothes in rags—"Good God! in what condition are you returned! where have you been? whence are you come? what has befallen you?"—"Alas, my dear aunt, as I passed through Moorfields, in order to return home, two strong ruffians threw me down, robbed me, and carried me off to a house ten miles from London." Her aunt and her neighbours wept at this tale. "Oh, my dear child! Was it not to the house of that infamous Mrs. Webb, that the ruffians conveyed you? For she lives about ten miles from town." "Yes, aunt, it was to Mrs. Webb's." "To a great house on the right?" "Yes, aunt." The neighbours then described Mrs. Webb; and the young Canning agreed, that she was exactly such a woman as they described her. One of them told Miss Canning, that people played all night in that woman's house; that it was a cut-throat place, where young men resorted to lose their money and ruin themselves. "Indeed it is a cut-throat place," replied Elizabeth Canning. "They do worse," said another neighbour, "those two ruffians, who are cousins to Mrs. Webb, go on the highway, take up all the pretty girls they meet, and oblige them to live on bread and water until they consent to abandon themselves to the gamblers in the house." "Good God! I suppose they obliged you, my dear niece, to live upon bread and water?" "Yes, aunt." She was asked, whether the ruffians had not offered violence to her chastity, and whether she had not prostituted herself? She answered; "That she had resisted them; that they beat her to the ground, and put her life in danger." Then the aunt and the neighbours began to cry out and weep.

They conducted the little girl to the house of one Adamson, who had been long a friend of the family; he was a man of fortune, and of great consequence in the parish.

He mounted his horse, and took with him some friends, as zealous as himself, to reconnoitre the house of Mrs. Webb. On viewing the house, they thought there could be no doubt of the girl's having been confined there; and on perceiving an out-house where there was some hay, they concluded that to have been the place of her confinement. The pity of the good man Adamson was engaged; he described the place on his return, which Elizabeth acknowledged she had been confined in. He interested the whole neighbourhood in her behalf, where a subscription was set on foot, in favour of a young woman so cruelly treated.

In proportion as Canning recovered her appearance and beauty, the people grew warm in her interest. Mr. Adamson presented a formal complaint to the sheriff in behalf of injured innocence. Mrs. Webb, and all those who lived in her house, while tranquil and unapprehensive in the country, were arrested and thrown into a dungeon. The sheriff, in order to be the better informed of the truth of this transaction, commenced his proceedings by inticing amicably to him a young woman who was a servant to Mrs. Webb; and engaging her by gentle words to say all that she knew. The servant, who had never seen or heard of Miss Canning, answered ingenuously at first, that she knew nothing of the person he spoke of. But when the sheriff told her, she must answer in a court, and that she would certainly be hanged if she did not confess; she said every thing he wished her to say. In short, a jury was assembled, and nine persons were condemned to be hanged!

The time drew near in which these nine persons were to be executed; when the paper, called the *Session-Paper*, fell into the hands of a philosopher, named Ramsay. He read the account of the trial, and found the whole of it absurd. He was moved with indignation; and sat down to write a pamphlet, in which he stated it as a principle, that it is the first obligation of a juryman to be possessed of common-sense. He shewed, that Mrs. Webb, her two cousins, and the rest of the family, must have been different from the rest of mankind, if they obliged young girls to fast on bread and water with a view to prostitute them; for, on the contrary, they should have

l and dressed them well, in order to render them able; because, in all cases, merchants who have to dispose of, take care not to injure or tear them. renewed, that Miss Canning had never been at the of Mrs. Webb, and that she had only repeated the h things which her aunt had suggested to her, and the good Mr. Adamson had, by the excess of his occasioned this extravagant prosecution: in short, in all probability, the lives of nine of his majesty's cts would be sacrificed, because Miss Canning was some and would tell falsehoods. The servant, who been induced in an amicable manner, to say before heriff what was not true, could not safely contradict elf before the court. A person, who has given false nony through passion or fear, commonly adheres to he has said, and lies, from fear of passing for a liar. is in vain, said Mr. Ramsay, the law has ordained two witnesses should be sufficient to prove a capital e, and to take away the life of a citizen. If the Lord cellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury should r. that they have seen me assassinate my father and er, and in half an hour eat them all for my breakfast, hancellor and the Archbishop should be put in Bed- rather than I should be burnt upon their evidence. the one hand a thing be impossible and absurd, and he other there be ten thousand witnesses and a thou- reasoners, the impossibility of the thing should de- ine it against the evidences and reasonings. his little pamphlet opened the eyes of the sheriff and ury. They were obliged to revise the proceedings. as alledged, that Miss Canning was a little impostor, had retired to lie in, while she pretended to have in prison at Mrs. Webb's; and all the city of Lon- which had espoused her cause, was as much ashamed had been when a wag proposed to jump into a quart le, brought two thousand people to see the spectacle, ed off their money, and left them the bottle.—*Ibid.*

LE BRUN.

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In the year 1689, there lived in Paris a woman of fashion called Lady Mazel: her house was large, and four stories high; on the ground floor was a large servants hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun: the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company, which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor up one pair of stairs was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase; the key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber also were two doors, one communicated with a back staircase, and the other with a wardrobe which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbé Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chamber-maids and two foot-boys: the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open: the cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept: an old woman in the kitchen; and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received; but as she was going to church to afternoon service she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself: after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from



the bowling-green he went to several places; and after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbé Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her, Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day; after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it: they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughter's, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with every body he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his customary business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven; he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; when one observed, that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject; Le Brun said, "it must be something worse; my mind misgives me, for I found the street-door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself." They then sent for the lady's son, M. de Savoniere; who hinting to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy, "It is certainly something worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street-door open last night after the family were in bed." A smith being now brought, the door was broke open, and Le Brun entering first, ran to the bed; and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said, "Oh! my lady is murdered!" he then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said, "she has not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds; they found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace,



and a napkin made into a night-cap which was bloody, and had the family-mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands, it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted round the frame of the teaster, so that they were out of reach and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes, almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all the marks of blood; the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money, and all the lady's jewels, were found in the strong box, and other places.

Le Brun being examined, said, that "after he left the stairs on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street-door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street-door, he found it open; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber." On searching him, they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were new filed, and made remarkably large; and on trial it was found to open the street-door, the anti-chamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody night-cap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some person who had fled, and who was let in by Le Brun for that purpose. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes, nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling; but that it was Le Brun who let him in, seemed very clear: none of the locks were forced, and his own story of finding the street-door open, the circumstances of the key, and the night-cap, also a ladder of ropes being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun, to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was



red not to be like his; but the maids deposed they washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been man to the lady, and was turned away about four days before for robbing her: there was also found in the room at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt bloody, but which was not like the linen of Le Brun nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances, but a uniform good character, which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his master, and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was, therefore, resolved to put him to the torture, in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such success on February 23, 1690, that he died the week after the tortures he received, declaring his innocence with his last breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost to a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Le Brun, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the judges. On searching him, a gold watch was found, which proved to be Lady Mazel's: being brought to a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's house the night she was killed; and a barber swore to seeing him next morning, who, on observing his hands much scratched, Berry said he had been killing a cat. In these circumstances, he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed, that by the direction and instigation of Madame de Savoniere (Lady Mazel's daughter) he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel; and that Le Brun murdered her, whilst he stood by the door to prevent a surprize. In the truth of this declaration he persisted, till he was brought to the place of execution; when, begging to speak with one of the judges, he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere, and confessed, that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went



into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, he tried to get under her bed; but it being too low, he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed: and being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay in a chair, secured the bell-strings, and then sat down by the fire; where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the court-yard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there; that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under the bed and demanded her money; she began to cry out, and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her: and she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about six hundred livres; that he then locked the cupboard and replaced the key at the bed's head; threw his knife into the fire; took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it; took the key of the chamber out of the chair, and let himself out; went to the loft, where he pulled off his shirt and cravat; and leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and finding the street-door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let himself down from a window, if he had found the street-door double-locked; but finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found."

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness; and all the circumstances which condemned Le Brun, were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story, the reader will perceive how fallible hu-



man reason is, when applied to *circumstances*; and the humane will agree, that, in such cases, even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned, who may possibly be innocent.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. and Sept. 1768.

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### RICHARD COLEMAN.

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RICHARD COLEMAN had received a decent education, and was clerk to a brewer. He had a wife and several children, who were reduced to accept the bounty of the Parish, in consequence of his having been, though innocent, found guilty at the Assizes held at Kingston, in Surry, in March, 1749, of the murder of Sarah Green, on the 23d of July, preceding. Sarah Green having been with some acquaintance to a bean feast, in Kennington-lane, staid till a late hour, and, on her return towards Southwark, she met with three men, who had the appearance of brewer's servants, two of whom lay with her by force, and otherwise used her, in so inhuman a manner as will bear no description.—Such was the ill-treatment she had received, that it was two o'clock in the morning before she was able to reach her lodgings, and on the following day was so ill, that she informed several people how she had been treated: on which she was sent to St. Thomas's Hospital. While in the Hospital, she declared, that a clerk in the (then Berry's) brew-house, was one of the parties who had treated her in such an infamous manner; and it was supposed Coleman was the person to whom she alluded. Two days after the shocking transaction had happened, Coleman and one Daniel Trotman happened to call at the Queen's Head alehouse, in Bandy-leg walk, where the latter was perfectly sober, but the former in a state of intoxication. Having called for some rum and water, Coleman was stirring it with a spoon, when a stranger asked him what he had done with the pig? meaning a pig that had been lately stolen in the neighbourhood. Coleman, uncon-



scious of his guilt, and conceiving himself affronted by such an impertinent question, said "D—n the pig, what is it to me?" The other, who seems to have had an intention to ensnare him, asked him if he knew Kennington lane? Coleman answered that he did, and added, "what of that?" The other then asked him if he knew the woman that had been so cruelly treated in Kennington-lane? Coleman replied yes; and again said, "what of that?" The other man asked, "Were not you one of the parties concerned in that affair?" Coleman, who, as before observed, was intoxicated, and had no suspicion of design, replied, "If I had you dog, what then?" and threw at him the spoon with which he was stirring the liquor. A violent quarrel ensued; but at length Coleman went away with Trotman. On the following day, Coleman calling at the Queen's Head above mentioned, the landlord informed him how imprudently he had acted the preceding day. Coleman, who had been too drunk to remember what passed, asked if he had offended any person; on which the landlord informed him of what had happened: but the other, still conscious of his innocence, paid no regard to what he said. On the 29th of August, Daniel Trotman and another man went before Mr. Clarke, a magistrate in the Borough, and charged Coleman on suspicion of having violently assaulted and cruelly treated Sarah Green, in the Parsonage-walk, near Newington church, in Surry. The magistrate, who does not seem to have supposed that Coleman was guilty, sent to him, and hired a man to attend him to the hospital where the wounded woman lay; and a person pointing out Coleman, asked if he was one of the persons who had used her so cruelly. She said she believed he was: but as she declined to swear positively to his having any concern in the affair, Justice Clarke admitted him to bail. Sometime afterwards Coleman was again taken before the magistrate, when nothing positive being sworn against him, the justice would have absolutely discharged him; but Mr. Wynne, the master of the injured girl, requesting that he might once more be taken to see her, a time was fixed for that purpose, and the justice took Coleman's word for his appearance. The accused party came punctually to his time, bringing with him the landlord of an



alehouse where Sarah Green had been on the night of the affair, with the three men who really injured her: this publican, and the other people, declared on oath, that Coleman was not one of the parties. On the following day, Justice Clarke went to the hospital, to take the examination of the woman on oath. Having asked her if Coleman was one of the men who had injured her, she said she could not tell, as it was dark at the time; but Coleman being called in, an oath was administered to her, when she swore that he was one of the three men that abused her. Notwithstanding this oath, the justice, who thought the poor girl not in her right senses, and was convinced in his own mind of the innocence of Coleman, permitted him to depart, on his promise of bringing bail the following day, to answer the complaint at the next assizes for Surrey; and he brought his bail, and gave security accordingly. Sarah Green dying in the hospital, the coroner's jury sat to inquire into the cause of her death; and having found a verdict of wilful murder against Richard Coleman, and two persons then unknown, a warrant was issued to take Coleman into custody. Though this man was conscious of his innocence, yet such were his terrors at the idea of going to prison on such a charge, that he absconded, and secreted himself at Pinner, near Harrow on the Hill. King George the Second being then at Hanover, a proclamation was issued by the Lords of the Regency, offering a reward of 50*l.* for the apprehension of the supposed offender; and to this the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, added a reward of 20*l.* Coleman read the advertisement for his apprehension in the Gazette, but was still so thoughtless as to conceal himself; though, perhaps, an immediate surrender would have been deemed the strongest testimony of his innocence; however, to assert his innocence, he caused the following advertisement to be printed in the newspapers:—"I, Richard Coleman, seeing myself advertised in the Gazette, as absconding on account of the murder of Sarah Green, knowing myself no way culpable, do assert that I have not absconded from justice; but will willingly and readily appear at the next assizes, knowing that my innocence will acquit me." Strict search being made after him, he was apprehended at Pinner, on the 22d of



November, and lodged in Newgate, whence he was removed to the new gaol, Southwark, till the time of the assizes at Kingston, in Surrey; when his conviction arose principally from the evidence of Trotman, and the declaration of the dying woman. Some persons positively swore that he was in another place at the time the fact was committed; but their evidence was not credited by the jury. After conviction he behaved like one who was possessed of conscious innocence, and who had no fear of death for a crime which he had not committed. He was attended at the place of execution by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, to whom he delivered a paper, in which he declared, that he was altogether innocent of the crime alleged against him. He died with great resignation, lamenting only the distress in which he should leave a wife and two children. This unhappy victim to erroneous evidence, suffered the sentence of the law at Kennington Common, on the 12th of April, 1749.

About two years after Coleman's death, it was discovered that James Welch, Thomas Jones, and John Nichols, were the persons who actually treated Sarah Green in the inhuman manner, which occasioned her decease. These offenders had been acquainted from their childhood, and had kept the murder a secret, till it was discovered in the following manner:—While Welch and a young fellow named James Bush, were walking on the road to Newington Butts, their conversation happened to turn on the subject of those who had been executed without being guilty; and Welch said, “among whom was Coleman; Nichols, Jones, and I, were the persons who committed the murder for which he was hanged.” In the course of conversation, Welch owned that, having been at a public-house called Sot's hole, they had drank plentifully, and on their return through Kennington-lane, met with a woman, with whom they went as far as the Parsonage-walk, near the church-yard of Newington, where she was so horribly abused by Nichols and Jones, that Welch declined offering her any farther insult. Bush did not at that time appear to pay any particular attention to what he heard; but soon afterwards, as he was crossing London-bridge with his father, he addressed him nearly as follows:—“Father, I have been extremely ill;



and as I am afraid I shall not live long, I should be glad to discover something that lies heavy on my mind." Accordingly, they went to a public-house in the Borough, where Bush related this story to his father, which was scarcely ended, when seeing Jones at the window, they called him in, and desired him to drink with them. He had not been long in their company, when they told him they heard he was one of the murderers of Sarah Green, on whose account Coleman suffered death. Jones trembled and turned pale on hearing what they said; but soon assuming a degree of courage, said, "What does it signify? The man is hanged, and the woman dead, and nobody can hurt us?" to which he added, "We were connected with a woman, but who can tell that was the woman Coleman died for?" In consequence of this acknowledgement, Nichols, Jones, and Welch, were soon afterwards apprehended, when all of them steadily denied their guilt, and the hear-say testimony of Bush was all that could be adduced against them: Nichols, however, was admitted evidence for the crown; in consequence of which, all the particulars of the horrid murder were developed. The prisoners being brought to trial at the next assizes for the County of Surry, Nichols deposed, that himself, with Welch and Jones, having been drinking at the house called the Sot's hole, on the night that the woman was used in such an inhuman manner, they quitted the house in order to return home, when meeting a woman, they asked her if she would drink; which she declined, unless they would go to the king's head, where she would treat them with a pot of beer. Hereupon they went, and drank both beer and geneva with her; and then all the parties going forward to the Parsonage-walk, the poor woman was treated in a manner too shocking to be described. It appeared that, at the time of the perpetration of the fact, the murderers wore white aprons; and that Jones and Welch called Nichols by the name of Coleman; circumstances that evidently led to the prior conviction of that unfortunate man, as it caused the dying girl to mistake their persons. On the whole state of the evidence there seemed to be no doubt of the guilt of the prisoners; so that the jury did not hesitate to convict them, and sentence of death passed of



course. After conviction they behaved with the utmost contrition, being attended by the Rev. Dr. Howard, rector of St. George's, Southwark, to whom they readily confessed their offence. They likewise signed a declaration, which they begged might be published, containing the fullest assertion of Coleman's innocence; and, exclusive of this acknowledgement, Welch wrote to the brother of Coleman, confessing his guilt, and begging his prayers and forgiveness. Jones wrote to his sister, then living in the service of a genteel family at Richmond, requesting her to make interest in his favour: but the answer he received was, that his crime was of such a nature, that she could not ask a favour for him with any degree of propriety. She earnestly begged of him to prepare for death, and implore a pardon at that Tribunal where alone it could be expected.—They suffered at Kennington Common, on the 6th of September, 1751.

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### *JONATHAN BRADFORD.*

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JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1736. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's; he there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and the door being a-jar, saw a



light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him, with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was a stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer: he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford; Bradford was brought to trial, he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villainy transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and



the terrors he discovered, were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need left of comment, from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation! And the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman; who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished, that this account could close here; but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—he could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed-clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.—*Theory of Presumptive Proof.*



### JAMES CROW.

In the year 1727, Thomas Geddely lived as a waiter with Mrs. Hannah Williams, who kept a public-house at York. It being a house of much business, and the mistress very assiduous therein, she was deemed in wealthy circumstances. One morning her scrutoire was found broke open and robbed; and Thomas Geddely disappearing at the same time, there was no doubt left as to the robber. About a twelvemonth after, a man calling himself James Crow, came to York, and worked a few days for a precarious subsistence, in carrying goods as a porter. By this time he had been seen by many, who accosted him as Thomas Geddely.—He declared he did not know them; that his name was James Crow, and that he never was at York before. This was held as merely a trick, to save himself from the consequences of the robbery committed in the house of Mrs. Williams, when he lived with her as a waiter.

He was apprehended, his mistress sent for; and, in the midst of many people, instantly singled him out, called him by his name, Thomas Geddely, and charged him with his unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her.

He was directly taken before a justice of the peace; but, on his examination, absolutely affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddely, that he knew no such person, that he never was at York before, and that his name was James Crow. Not, however, giving a good account of himself, but rather admitting himself to be a petty rogue and vagabond, and Mrs. Williams and another swearing positively to his person, he was committed to York Castle for trial, at the next assizes.

On arraignment, he pleaded not guilty; still denying that he was the person he was taken for. But Mrs. Williams and some others swearing that he was the identical Thomas Geddely who lived with her when she was robbed, and who went off immediately on the commitment of the robbery; and a servant girl deposed, she saw the prisoner that very morning in the room where the scru-



toire was broke open, with a poker in his hand; and the prisoner being unable to prove an *alibi*, he was found guilty of the robbery. He was soon after executed, but persisted to his latest breath, that he was not Thomas Geddely, but that his name was James Crow; and so it proved: for some time after the true Thomas Geddely, who, on robbing his mistress, had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin, for a similar offence, and there condemned and executed.—Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddely who had committed the robbery at York, for which the unfortunate James Crow had been executed!

We must add, that a gentleman, an inhabitant of York, happening to be in Dublin at the time of Geddely's trial and execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs. Williams, declared, that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible for the nicest eye to have distinguished their persons asunder.—*Ibid.*

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### JOHN ORME.

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JOHN ORME resided at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he followed the humble occupation of a collier, and by his industry supported a large family. About the year 1785, two persons, named Lowe and Oakes, charged with coining, were apprehended at Macclesfield. Oakes was merely a carrier, and Lowe the actual maker of the base coin; but as the law admits of no accessary, every person assisting being a principal, Oakes was convicted and executed. Lowe was more fortunate: though found guilty, and sentence passed, in consequence of a flaw in the indictment (the omission simply of the particle *or*) his case was referred to the opinion of the twelve judges, and his life saved.

About this period a man, a stranger from Birmingham, arrived at Macclesfield, and took a room in the house of



Orme, under the pretext of keeping a school. Here he remained a few weeks, till a vacation time came on, when he told his landlord, Orme, he should go and see his friends at Birmingham, and on his return would pay his rent. Stopping, however, longer than he promised, Orme from necessity broke open his lodger's door; when on entering the room he found a crucible for coining, with a few base shillings, the latter of which he put carelessly into his pocket, but, as he solemnly protested, did not attempt to utter them.

A few days after this circumstance, some cotton having been stolen from a mill in the neighbourhood, a search-warrant was granted, when among others, the constables entered Orme's house, where they found the above article for coining. As might naturally be supposed, they concluded that Orme was a party with Lowe and Oakes, and seized the instrument, eagerly carrying it before a magistrate. A warrant was immediately granted to apprehend Orme on a charge of coining, and he was taken from his employment at the bottom of a coal-pit. On their way to the magistrate's office, he was informed by the constables of the nature of the charge against him; when recollecting the base money he had in his pocket, just as he was entering the office, his fears got so much the ascendancy over his prudence, that he hastily put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the shillings, crammed them into his mouth, from which they were taken by a constable. A circumstance apparently so conclusive against the prisoner, could not fail to have its weight with the jury at his trial, and the poor fellow was convicted. Judgment of death was accordingly passed by the late Lord Alvanly, then the Hon. Pepper Arden.

Orme was sentenced to die with Oakes; but a few days before that which was appointed to be his last, a brother of Orme's resident in London, a cheese-factor and hop-merchant in the Borough, arrived at Chester with a respite for a fortnight. In this interval a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances of the case, drew up a petition to the king, and principally assisted by the late Rolls Legh, Esq. procured the signatures of a considerable part of the grand jury to the same.—Orme's respite expired at one o'clock on Monday, the hour that was to



terminate his earthly existence. On the Saturday night preceding, his friends waited at the post-office with an anxiety and solicitude that words can but faintly describe: at the hour of eleven, the unpropitious and unwelcome information arrived that all had failed.

This failure had arisen in consequence of the prisoner attempting to break out of goal after sentence had been passed: and here the rough but honest bluntness of Mr. Rolls Legh ought not to be forgotten:—on applying to the foreman of the grand jury to sign the petition, the latter objected, saying, “he could not, as Orme had attempted to break out of the castle.” Mr. Legh exclaimed “by G—d and so would you, if you were under sentence of death.”

Not a ray of hope was now left, and the unfortunate prisoner had no expectation of living beyond the appointed moment. Accordingly the dreadful accompaniments of a public and ignominious death were prepared—a hurdle to take his body to the fatal tree (as in cases of petty treason), the sheriff's officers were all summoned, and a coffin was made to receive his remains. Supported by conscious innocence, never was a man better prepared to meet so awful an end than Orme; all the Sunday his mind was serene, placid, and comfortable—not the least emotion, not even a sigh escaped him; and when the news arrived of his deliverance from death, he silently received it with apparent disappointment. About ten o'clock on that night the king's special messenger arrived with a reprieve: the persevering and fraternal affection of his brother having ultimately succeeded. He suffered, however, five years incarceration in the castle, from the time of his reprieve. He survived his liberation (procured by the late Judge Bearcroft) nearly sixteen years; brought up a large family by honest industry, and died at Macclesfield in 1806.—*Ibid.*



*JOHN JENNINGS.*

A GENTLEMAN, travelling to Hull, was stopped late in the evening, about seven miles short of it, by a single highwayman, with a mask on, who robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The highwayman rode off a different road, full speed, and the gentleman pursued his journey. It, however, growing late, and he being already much affrighted and agitated at what had passed, he rode only two miles farther, and stopped at the Bell Inn, kept by Mr. James Brunell. He went into the kitchen to give directions for his supper, where he related to several persons present his having been robbed; to which he added this peculiar circumstance, that when he travelled he always gave his gold a particular mark; that every guinea in the purse he was robbed of, was so particularly marked; and that, most probably, the robber, by that means, would be detected. Supper being ready, he retired. He had not long finished his supper, before Mr. Brunell came into the parlour. After the usual inquiries of landlords, of hoping the supper and every thing was to his liking, &c. &c. "Sir," says he, "I understand that you have been robbed, not far from hence, this evening."—"I have, Sir." "And that your money was all marked?"—"It was."—"A circumstance has arisen which leads me to think that I can point out the robber."—"Indeed!"—"Pray, Sir, what time in the evening was it?"—"It was just setting in to be dark."—"The time confirms my suspicions!" Mr. Brunell then informed the gentleman that he had a waiter, one John Jennings, who had, of late, been so very full of money at times, and so very extravagant, that he had had many words with him about it, and had determined to part with him on account of his conduct being so very suspicious; that, long before dark that day, he had sent him out to change a guinea for him, and that he had only come back since he (the gentleman) was in the house, saying, he could not get change; and that Jennings be-



ing in liquor, he had sent him to bed, resolving to discharge him in the morning. That, at the time he returned him the guinea, he (Mr. Brunell) did not think it was the same which he had given him to get silver for, having perceived a mark upon this, which he was very clear was not upon the other; but that, nevertheless, he should have thought no more of the matter, as Jennings had so frequently gold of his own in his pocket, had he not afterwards heard (for he was not present when the gentleman was in his kitchen relating it) the particulars of the robbery, and that the guineas, which the highwayman had taken were all marked: that, however, a few minutes previously to his having heard this, he had unluckily paid away the guinea which Jennings returned him, to a man who lived some distance off, and was gone; but the circumstance of it struck him so very strongly, that he could not, as an honest man, refrain from giving this information.

Mr. Brunell was thanked for his attention and public spirit. There was the strongest room for suspecting of Jennings; and if, on searching him, any of the marked guineas should be found, as the gentleman could swear to them, there would then remain no doubt. It was now agreed to go softly up to his room: Jennings was fast asleep; his pockets were searched, and from one of them was drawn forth a purse, containing exactly nineteen guineas. Suspicion now became demonstration, for the gentleman declared them to be identically those which he had been robbed of! Assistance was called, Jennings was awaked, dragged out of bed, and charged with the robbery. He denied it firmly, but circumstances were too strong to gain him belief. He was secured that night, and the next day carried before a neighbouring justice of the peace. The gentleman and Mr. Brunell deposed the facts on oath; and Jennings having no proofs, nothing but mere assertions of innocence to oppose them, which could not be credited, he was committed to take his trial at the next assizes.

So strong were the circumstances known to be against him, that several of his friends advised him to plead guilty on his trial, and to throw himself on the mercy of the court. This advice he rejected, and, when arraigned, pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor swore to his being



robbed; but that, it being nearly dark, the highwayman in a mask, and himself greatly terrified, he could not swear to the prisoner's person, though he thought him of much the same stature as the man who robbed him. To the purse and guineas, which were produced in court, he swore—as to the purse, positively—and as to the marked guineas, to the best of his belief, and that they were found in the prisoner's pocket.

The prisoner's master, Mr. Brunell, deposed to the fact, as to the sending of the prisoner to change a guinea, and of his having brought him back a marked one in the room of one he had given him unmarked. He also gave evidence as to the finding of the purse, and the nineteen marked guineas in the prisoner's pocket. And, what consummated the proof, the man to whom Mr. Brunell paid the guinea, produced the same, and gave testimony to the having taken it that night in payment of the prisoner's master. Mr. Brunell gave evidence of his having received of the prisoner that guinea, which he afterwards paid to this last witness. And the prosecutor, comparing it with the other nineteen found in the pocket of the prisoner, swore to its being, to the best of his belief, one of the twenty guineas of which he was robbed by the highwayman.

The judge, on summing up the evidence, remarked to the jury, on all the concurring circumstances against the prisoner; and the jury, on this strong circumstantial evidence, without going out of court, brought in the prisoner guilty. Jennings was executed some little time after at Hull, repeatedly declaring his innocence to the very moment he was turned off. This happened in the year 1742.

Within a twelvemonth after, lo! Brunell, Jennings's master, was himself taken up for a robbery done on a guest in his own house; and, the fact being proved on his trial, he was convicted, and ordered for execution. The approach of death brought on repentance, and repentance confession. Brunell not only acknowledged the committing of many highway robberies, for some years past, but the very one for which poor Jennings suffered!

The account he gave was, that he arrived at home by a nearer way and swifter riding, some time before the



gentleman got in who had been robbed. That he found a man at home waiting, to whom he owed a little bill, and that, not having quite enough loose money in his pocket, he took out of the purse one guinea, from the twenty he had just got possession of, to make up the sum; which he paid, and the man went his way. Presently came in the robbed gentleman, who, whilst Brunell was gone into the stables, and not knowing of his arrival, told his tale, as before related, in the kitchen. The gentleman had scarcely left the kitchen before Brunell entered it; and being there informed amongst other circumstances of the marked guineas, he was thunder-struck! Having paid one of them away, and not daring to apply for it again, as the affair of the robbery and marked guineas would soon become publicly known,—detection, disgrace, and ruin, appeared inevitable. Turning in his mind every way to escape, the thought of accusing and sacrificing poor Jennings at last struck him. The rest the reader knows.—*Theory of Presumptive Proof.*

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### GIRL AT LIEGE.

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IN the year 1764, a citizen of Liege was found dead in his chamber, shot in the head. Close to him lay a discharged pistol, with which he had apparently been his own executioner. Fire-arms are the chief manufacture of that city; and so common is the use of pistols at that place, that every peasant, who brings his goods to the markets there, is seen armed with them: so that the circumstance of the pistol did not, at first, meet with so much attention as it might have done in places where those weapons are not in such common use. But, upon the researches of the proper officer of that city, whose duty, like that of our coroner, it is to inquire into all the circumstances of accidental deaths, it appeared, that the ball, which was found lodged in the head of the deceased, could never, from its size, have been fired out of the pistol which lay by him: thus it was clear that he had been

red; nor were they long in deciding who was the rarer. A girl, of about sixteen, the niece of the de-
fendant, had been brought up by him, and he had been
supposed to have intended to leave her his effects,
which were something considerable; but the girl had
secretly listened to the addresses of a young man whom
her uncle did not approve of, and he had, upon that occa-
sion, several times threatened to alter his will, and leave
his fortune to some other of his relations. Upon these,
and some other concurrent circumstances, such as having
been heard to wish her uncle's death, &c. the girl was
condemned to prison.

The torturing a supposed criminal, in order to force
a confession, is certainly the most cruel and absurd idea
ever entered into the head of a legislator. This be-
ing observed by the writer of this narrative, who was
at Liege, to a magistrate of that place, on this very
occasion, his defence was:—"We never condemn to the
galleys but upon circumstances on which you in England
condemn a convict; so that the innocent has really a better
chance to escape here than with you." But, until it is
known that pain has a greater tendency to make a per-
fect truth than falsehood, this reasoning seems to
have little weight.

The unhappy girl was, therefore, horridly and repeat-
edly tortured; but still persevering in asserting her inno-
cence, she at last escaped with life—if it could be called
life, when it was supposed she would never again
possess either health or the use of her limbs, from the effects
of torture.

The writer has since learned, that, some years after-
wards, her innocence became manifest, by the confession
of real assassins, who, being sentenced to the wheel
for their crimes, confessed themselves the authors of this
crime, which the girl had been suspected; and that, several
others having been discharged at the deceased's trial, they had,
knowing that it should appear a suicide, laid a pistol
in his hand, without adverting that it was not the same by
which he fell.—*Ibid.*

THOMAS HARRIS.

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THOMAS HARRIS kept the Rising Sun, a public house, about eighteen miles from York, on the road to Newcastle. Harris had a man and maid servant: the man, whose name was Morgan, he kept in the threefold capacity of waiter, hostler, and gardener. James Gray, a blacksmith, travelling on foot to Edinburgh, stopped at Harris's, supped, and lay there. Early in the morning, Morgan went secretly to a neighbouring magistrate, and gave information that his master, Harris, had just then murdered the traveller, James Gray, in his bed. A warrant was issued, and Harris was apprehended. Harris positively denied the charge, and Morgan as positively affirmed it; deposing, that he saw Harris on the stranger's bed, strangling him, but that he came too late to save him; and that Harris's plea was, the deceased was in a fit, and he was only assisting him. Morgan further deposed, that he instantly retired, and made a feint as if going down stairs, but creeping up very softly to an adjoining room, he there, through a key-hole, saw his master rifling the breeches of the deceased.

Harris peremptorily denied every part of this story from the beginning to the end; and the body having, by order of the magistrate, been inspected, and no mark of violence appearing thereon, Harris was nearly on the point of being discharged, when the maid servant desired also to be sworn. She deposed, that almost directly after her master came down in the morning, as she must conceive, from the traveller's room, she saw him go into the garden, (being, unknown to her master, in a back wash-house which overlooked it,) saw him take some gold out of his pocket, wrap it up in something, and bury it at the foot of a tree, in a private corner of the place.

Harris turned pale at the information! He would give no direct answer as to the circumstance of the money! A constable was dispatched with the girl, and the cash, to the amount of upwards of thirty pounds, was found! The accused acknowledged the hiding of that money,



but he acknowledged it with so many hesitations, and answered every question with such an unwillingness, such an apparent unopenness, that all doubts of his guilt were now done away, and the magistrate committed him for trial.

Harris was brought to the bar at York summer assizes, which happened about a week after his commitment, in 1642. Morgan deposed the same as when before the justice. The maid servant and the constable deposed to the *circumstance* of the money; the first, as to the prisoner's hiding, and both as to the finding of it. And the magistrate gave testimony to the confusion and hesitation of Harris on the discovery of, and being questioned about, the hiding of the money.

Harris, on his defence, endeavoured to invalidate the charge by assertions, that the whole of Morgan's evidence was false; that the money which he buried was his own property, honestly come by, and buried there for his better security; and that his behaviour before the magistrate on this particular, arose from the shame of acknowledging his natural covetousness—not from any consciousness of guilt. The judge then summed up the evidence, remarking strongly on the *circumstance* of the hiding of the money, and the weakness of the prisoner's reasons for his so hiding of it; and the jury, just consulting together for *two minutes*, brought in their verdict—guilty.

Harris was executed pursuant to his sentence, persevering in his declarations of innocence, but desiring all persons to guard against the effects of an avaricious disposition: for it was that sordidness of temper which had led him, he said, into general distrustfulness, and that into the expedient of hiding his money; which *circumstance* had alone furnished the means to his enemies, (for what reason they were so, he said, he knew not, but whom he forgave,) for bringing him to an ignominious death.

The truth of the fact at last came out: Harris was indeed entirely innocent! Morgan and the maid were not only fellow-servants but sweethearts. Harris's suspecting covetous temper was well known to both, and the girl once, by accident, perceiving her master burying some-



thing, discovered the circumstance to Morgan; he, acting as gardener, took an opportunity when at work, to dig for it: it proved to be five guineas; he left it, and informed the girl of it. They settled it not to touch the money, but to keep watching their master, as they had no doubt but he would add to it; and, when it arose to a good sum, they agreed to plunder the hiding place together, marry, and with the spoil, set up in some way of business. As they imagined, so it happened; they got several occasions to see the stock encreasing, but (equally covetous with their master,) the golden harvest was not yet ripe.

One day, in a quarrel, Harris strikes his man Morgan several times. Morgan determines on revenge: at this fatal period arrives James Gray. Morgan finds him next morning dead in his bed. The diabolical thought strikes Morgan, of first charging Harris with the murdering and robbing of Gray, and then of plundering his master's hiding place, whilst he (the master) shall be in prison. Morgan communicates this intention to the maid: she approves of it; they consult and fix on the plan, and Morgan gives the information to the magistrate as before related. The girl, unexpectedly, finds the accusation not sufficiently supported, and fears that her sweetheart, of whom she is fond, will be punished for perjury, if her master is released; who indeed, unfortunately, had just hinted as much before the justice. The expedient, in a moment, strikes her to sacrifice the hidden money, and with her master, to the safety of her paramour; and the idea, as the reader already knows, fatally succeeds.

The whole of this stupendous piece of wickedness came to light in the beginning of the year 1643, on a quarrel between Morgan and the girl, who, after the death of Harris, had lived together as man and wife. They were taken up in consequence, and committed to prison, but escaped the public punishment due to their crime, by both of them dying of a jail disease.

Harris's innocence became afterwards further illustrated, by its being found out that James Gray, the supposed murdered person, had had two attacks of an apoplexy, some months previous to his death, and that he was never master of five pounds at one time in his life.—*Ibid.*



*JOHN MILES.*

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WILLIAM RIDLEY kept the Red Cow, a public house, in the street. John Miles was an old acquaintance of Ridley, but they had not seen each other for some time (living some distance off,) when they met one day, as the latter was going a little way to receive money. They adjourned to the next public-house, after drinking together, Ridley told Miles that he would go about the business which brought him from London, which was to receive a sum of money, but made promise to wait for his coming back. Ridley replied, and they drank together again. Ridley now invited upon Miles's accompanying him home to dinner.— They dined, they drank, they shook hands, repeated old jokes, drank and shook hands again and again, as old friends in the lower class, after long absences, usually do; in fine, they both got at last pretty much intoxicated. The room they sat in was backwards, detached from the house, with a door that went immediately into a yard, and had communication with the street without passing through the house.

As it grew late, Mrs. Ridley at length came into the room, and not seeing her husband there, made inquiry of him of Miles. Miles being much intoxicated, all that could be got out of him was, that Ridley went out into the yard some time before, as he supposed, on account of there being no chamber-pot in the room, and not returned. Ridley was called, Ridley was searched, by all the family; but neither answering, nor appearing to be met with, Miles, as well as he was able for the occasion, went his way.

Ridley not coming home that night, and some days passing without his returning, or being heard of, suspicion began to arise in the mind of Mrs. Ridley, of some play against her husband, on the part of Miles; and were not a little increased on the recollection that her husband had received a sum of money that day, and Miles had replied to her inquiries after him in a very

incoherent, unintelligible, broken manner, which at the time she had attributed to his being in liquor. These suspicions went abroad, and at length a full belief took place in many, that Miles was actually the murderer of Ridley; had gone out with him, robbed and murdered him, disposed of the body, and slid back again to the room where they were drinking, unseen by any one.

The officers of justice were sent to take up Miles; and, he giving before the magistrate a very unsatisfactory relation of his parting with Ridley, which he affirmed was owing to his having been intoxicated when Ridley went out of the room from him, but which the magistrate ascribed to guiltiness, he was committed to Exeter gaol for trial.

Whilst Miles was in confinement, a thousand reports were spread, tending to warp the minds of the people against him. Supernatural as well as natural reasons were alledged in proof of his guilt. Ridley's house was declared to be haunted! frequent knockings were heard in the dead of the night; two of the lodgers avowed they had seen the ghost! and, to crown the whole, an old man, another lodger, positively affirmed, that once at midnight his curtains flew open, the ghost of Ridley appeared all bloody! and, with a piteous look and hollow voice, declared he had been murdered, and that Miles was the murderer.

Under these prepossessions amongst the weak and superstitious, and a general prejudice even in the stronger minds, was John Miles brought to trial for the wilful murder of William Ridley. *Circumstances upon circumstances* were deposed against him; and, as it appeared that Miles was with Ridley the whole day, both before and after his receiving the money, and that they spent the afternoon and evening together alone, the jury, who were neighbours of Ridley, found Miles guilty, notwithstanding his protestations, on his defence, of innocence; and he was shortly after executed at Exeter.

It happened, that, some time after, Mrs. Ridley left the Red Cow to keep another ale-house, and the person who succeeded her making several repairs in and about the house, in emptying the necessary, which was at the end of a long dark passage, the body of William Ridley was

vered. In his pockets were found twenty guineas, whence it was evident he had not been murdered, the robbing of him was the sole circumstance that he and was ascribed to Miles for murdering of y. The truth of Miles's assertions and defence now ne doubly evident; for it was recollected that the of the necessary had been taken up the morning e the death of Ridley, and that, on one side of the a couple of boards had been left up; so, that, being i in liquor, he must have fallen into the vault, which uncommonly deep; but which, unhappily, was not rted to at the time of his disappearance!—*Ibid.*



MAN was tried for and convicted of the murder of wn father. The evidence against him was merely mstantial, and the principal witness was his sister. proved that her father possessed a small income, h, with his industry, enabled him to live with com- that her brother, the prisoner, who was his heir at had long expressed a great desire to come into the ssion of his father's effects; and that he had long ved in a very undutiful manner to him, wishing, as witness believed, to put a period to his existence by siness and vexation; that, on the evening the mur- was committed, the deceased went a small distance the house, to milk a cow he had for some time kept, hat the witness also went out to spend the evening o sleep, leaving only her brother in the house; that, ning home early in the morning, and finding that father and brother were absent, she was much ed, and sent for some neighbours to consult with , and to receive advice what should be done; that, mpany with these neighbours, she went to the hovel hich her father was accustomed to milk the cow, e they found him murdered in a most inhuman ier, his head being almost beat to pieces; that a cion immediately falling on her brother, and there ; then some snow upon the ground, in which the teps of a human being, to and from the hovel, were ved, it was agreed to take one of the brother's shoes

and to measure therewith the impressions in the snow: this was done, and there did not remain a doubt but that the impressions were made with his shoes. Thus confirmed in their suspicions, they then immediately went to the prisoner's room, and after a diligent search, they found a *hammer* in the corner of a private drawer, with several spots of blood upon it, and with a small splinter of bone, and some brains in a crack which they discovered in the handle. The circumstances of finding the deceased and the hammer, as described by the former witness, were fully proved by the neighbours whom she had called: and upon this evidence the prisoner was convicted and suffered death, but denied the act to the last. About four years after, the witness was extremely ill, and understanding that there were no possible hopes of her recovery, she confessed that her father and brother having offended her, she was determined they should both die; and, accordingly, when the former went to milk the cow, she followed him with her brother's hammer, and in his shoes; that she beat out her father's brains with the hammer, and then laid it where it was afterwards found; that she then went from home to give a better colour to this wicked business, and that her brother was perfectly innocent of the crime for which he had suffered. She was immediately taken into custody, but died before she could be brought to trial.—*Ibid.*

WILLIAM SHAW.

WILLIAM SHAW was an upholsterer, at Edinburgh, in the year 1721. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alledging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

Shaw had, for some time, pressed his daughter to give the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson and neighbour; and one evening, being not with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, she preferred death to being young Robertson's father grew enraged, and the daughter more so that the most passionate expressions arose, and the words, "*barbarity, cruelty*, and were frequently pronounced by the daughter!

He left her, locking the door after him. The nearest part of the buildings at Edinburgh are on the plan of the chambers in our inns of court; many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, and one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in these, and a single partition only divided his room from that of James Morrison, a watch-case. This man had indistinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father; he was particularly struck with the repetition of the words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically! For some little time after the father went out, all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed! he went to the door of his neighbours under the same roof. Entering Morrison's room, and listening attentively, he heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine shout, two or three times, faintly exclaim—"Father, thou art the cause of my *death*!" Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; but no answer was given. The knocking was repeated—still no answer. Suspicious had before been against the father; they were now confirmed: the door was procured, an entrance forced; Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal wound on her side! She was alive but speechless; but, on asking her as to owing her death to her father, she was unable to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

At the critical moment, William Shaw returns to the room. All eyes are on him! He sees his daughter and a constable in his apartment, and seems startled thereat; but, at the sight of his daughter

ter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise, and the succeeding horror, leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all the parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when, in his defence, he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying of Robertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed: but he averred, that he left his daughter unarmed and untouched; and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions, of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, thou art the cause of my death,"—together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances, was William Shaw found guilty, was executed, and was hanged in chains, at Leith Walk, in November, 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one! notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August, 1722, as a man, who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments, was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on opening, contained the following:—"Barbarous Father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burthen to me. I doubt not I shall find

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mercy in another world ; for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this ! My death I lay to your charge : when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy.—CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shewn, the hand-writing was recognized and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's, by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk ; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment ; and, as the only reparation to his memory and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave, in token of his innocence.—*Ibid.*

SIRVEN.

WE have had in France two accusations in one year, of assassination on account of religion ; and two families have been judicially sacrificed by fanaticism. The same prejudice which broke Calas on the wheel at Toulouse, would have dragged to the gallows the whole family of Sirven, in a jurisdiction of the same province. And the same friend of innocence, M. Elie de Beaumont, an advocate of parliament, who had justified Calas, appeared in defence of Sirven, whom he also justified in a memorial signed by several advocates—a memorial, which proves the judgement against Sirven still more absurd than that against Calas. The following, in a few words, is the fact ; an account of which may be acceptable to strangers, who may not have had an opportunity of perusing the memorial of the eloquent M. de Beaumont.

In 1761, while the family of Calas was in irons, accused of having assassinated Mark Anthony Calas, who was supposed to have been inclined to embrace the Ro-

man Catholic religion, it happened that a daughter of Paul Sirven, land-surveyor in the district of Castres, was brought to the Bishop of Castres, by a woman who superintended his house. The bishop, understanding that the girl was of a Calvinist family, ordered her to be shut up in a kind of convent, which they call *maison des regentes*. The girl was disciplined with so much severity, in order to be instructed in the Roman Catholic religion, that she lost her senses, got out of her prison, and some time afterwards threw herself into a well, in the open country, at some distance from the house of her father, and near a village called Mazamet. The magistrate of the village reasoned in the following manner: "At Toulouse, they mean to break John Calas alive on the wheel, and to burn his wife; who, no doubt, have hanged their son, lest he should go to mass. I ought, therefore, in imitation of my superiors, to do the same by the Sirvens, who, without doubt, have drowned the little girl on the same account. It is true I have no proof that the father, mother, and two sisters of this girl, have assassinated her. But, I hear there were no proofs against the family of Calas. I therefore run no risque. Perhaps, however, it may be too much for the judge of a village to burn or break on the wheel. I may at least have the pleasure of hanging a whole Huguenot family; and I shall be paid my fees out of their forfeited goods."

To proceed methodically and safely, that weak fanatic caused the corpse to be visited by a physician, who was as learned in physic, as the judge was in jurisprudence. The physician, astonished at not finding the stomach of the girl filled with water, and not knowing that water could not enter where the air had not an opportunity of escaping, concluded that the girl had been first suffocated and then thrown into the well. A devotee of the neighbourhood averred it was the custom of all Protestant families. At last, after many proceedings as irregular as those reasonings were absurd, the judge ordered the father, mother, and sisters of the deceased, to be taken into custody. On hearing this, Sirven assembled his friends. All were sure of his innocence; but the fate of Calas had filled the whole province with terror. They advised Sirven not to expose himself to the mad-

ness of fanaticism. He fled, accompanied by his wife and daughters, in a rigorous season. This wretched company were under a necessity of traversing, on foot, mountains covered with ice. One of the daughters, who had been married about a year, was delivered of a child on the way, and among hills of ice; and, in a dying condition herself, was obliged to carry her dying infant in her arms. And, when this wretched family had got into a place of safety, the first news they received was, that the father and mother had been condemned to death, and that the two daughters, judged equally guilty, were banished for ever; that their goods were confiscated, and that nothing remained for them in this world but infamy and wretchedness.

Providence, which permitted that the first efforts to produce the justification of Calas, should arise in those mountains and deserts which border on Switzerland, had also ordered, that the vengeance due to the injured Sirvens should originate from the same solitude. The children of Calas took refuge there; and the family of Sirven sought an asylum at the same time. Persons of real humanity and religion, who have had the consolation of serving these unfortunate families, and who were the first to respect them for their disasters and their virtues, could not then apply in favour of the Sirvens, as they did for the children of Calas; because the criminal process against the family of Sirven was carried on more slowly, and continued a longer time. Besides, how could a wandering family, four hundred miles from home, procure testimonies necessary for their justification? What could be done by the father overwhelmed with grief, the mother at the point of death, or the daughters who were equally unfortunate? It became necessary to make a legal application for a copy of their proceedings; but forms prevented their obtaining it, forms which perhaps may be necessary, but which are often in their effects oppressive to the innocent and poor. Their relations intimidated, durst not write to them. All that could be known by that unfortunate family in a distant country, was, that it had been condemned to a capital punishment in its own. If it were known what cares and pains became necessary to obtain any legal proofs in their favour, many

persons would be astonished and discouraged. It was not practicable to have recourse to the same forms of justice which had been used in the case of Calas; because Calas had been condemned by a parliament, and the family of Sirven by subordinate judges, from whose sentence there lay an appeal to that parliament.

We have taken the above interesting particulars, respecting the family of Sirven, from "Original Pieces," by Voltaire. In these, there is a letter from that celebrated writer to M. Beaumont, advocate of parliament, dated 20th March, 1767, from which it appears that Voltaire himself was the person who had given an asylum to the injured Sirvens. In that letter, after stating that "the attested opinion of nineteen celebrated advocates of Paris, who had met in consultation, appears decisive in favour of an innocent family, as well as respectful to the parliament of Toulouse," he goes on to say:—

"I shall send to you, in proper time, the Sieur Sirven and his daughters: but I must inform you, that you may not perhaps find in that unfortunate parent, the same presence of mind, the same firmness and vigour, and the same resources which were admired in the widow Calas. Five years of misery and of opprobrium have fixed in him a dejection which will not permit him to explain himself before his judges. I have had much trouble to calm his despair at the delays and difficulties we have experienced in obtaining from Languedoc the few papers I have sent you, which place in the clearest light, the madness and iniquity of that subaltern judge who condemned him to death, and robbed him of his fortune. None of his relations, and much less those who are called friends, had the courage to write to him, so much were fanaticism and fear in possession of all their minds!

His wife, a respectable woman, condemned with him, and who sunk under their sorrows as they were coming to me; one of his daughters overwhelmed with despair for more than five years; a grand-daughter born among the ice, and infirm ever since her unfortunate birth: all these things tear the heart and weaken the head of the father. He does nothing but weep; but your reasons, joined to his tears, will properly affect his judges

The King of Denmark, without being solicited by me,

condescended to write to me, and sent a considerable benefaction. The Empress of Russia has had the same goodness. She displayed that generosity which astonishes others, and which to her is common. She accompanied her benefaction with these energetic words, written with her own hand, "*Malheurs aux persecuteurs!*" (May all persecutors be accursed!) The King of Poland, upon hearing of the affair from Madame de Geoffrin, who was then at Warsaw, sent a present worthy of him; and Madame de Geoffrin has given an example to the French, in following that of the King of Poland.

MONSIEUR D'ANGLADE.

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THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rue Royale, at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the Sieur d'Anglade. The Count and Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion. Monsieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of an inferior rank to the Count) and his wife lived with less splendour, but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage, and were admitted into the best companies, where probably M. d'Anglade increased his income by play; but, on the strictest enquiry, it did not appear that any dishonourable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, and, without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September, 1687, the Count and Countess proposed passing a few days at Villebousin, one of their country houses: they informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party. They accepted it; but the evening before they were to go,



they for some reason or other (probably because Madame d'Anglade was not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the Count and Countess set out without them, leaving in their lodgings one of the Countess's women, four girls, whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footmen. They took with them the priest, Francis Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other servants.

The Count pretended that a strange presentiment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On their coming to their hotel a few moments before their servants (who followed them on horseback) they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor, where their men-servants slept, was ajar, though the almoner, who had always kept the key, had double-locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock, bringing with him two friends, with whom he had supped at the President Roberts's. On entering, he was told that the Count and Countess were returned, at which, it is said, he appeared much surprized.—However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted. The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from whence had been taken thirteen small sacks, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, besides double pistoles; and an hundred louis d'ors, of a new coinage, called *au cordon*; together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The Count, as soon as he made this discovery, went to the Police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The Lieutenant of the Police went directly to the hotel, where, from circumstances, it clearly ap-



peared that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined: and, from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the Lieutenant of the Police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets, and boxes; unmade the beds, and searched the mattresses and the paillasses\*. On the floor they themselves inhabited, nothing was found: he then proposed ascending into the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However, her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk, filled with clothes, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors au cordon, wrapt in a printed paper, which printed paper was a genealogical table, which the Count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the Lieutenant of the Police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though, as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible for him to swear to *them* as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his own people; and that on this occasion he could not but recollect, that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited

\* Straw closely stuffed into a coarse cloth, in form of a bed, which is placed under the mattresses.



at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was, therefore, the Count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of seventy louis d'ors the Lieutenant of the Police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them; he did so, but, terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal consequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it; he was sensible of it, and said, "I tremble."—This emotion, so natural even to innocence, appeared, in the eyes of the Count and the Lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt. After this examination they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and valet-de-chambre were accustomed to sleep together, in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the Police to remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet-de-chambre probably knew why, of whom therefore enquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation, yet to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it; when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the sacks were discovered, which the Count had lost, in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sixth, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken. After this, no farther enquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained, in the opinion of the Lieutenant of the Police and the Count de Montgomery; and, on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shewn by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized. Monsieur d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Châtelet; and his wife, who was with child, and her little girl, about four years old, were sent to fort l'Eveque; while the strictest orders were given that no person whatever should be admitted to speak to them. The prosecution now commenced, and the Lieutenant of the Police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be



his judge. D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken against Anglade. Witnesses were examined; but, far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purposes of those who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admitted against Anglade; and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotion of his soul, and to perform a mass, which the Count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for the discovery of the culprits.

The Lieutenant of the Police, elate with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inspire in a vindictive spirit. In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs against d'Anglade were still insufficient; therefore he determined to have him put to the tortures, in hopes of bringing him to confess the crime. Anglade appealed, but the Parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence, till, covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him; his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, as is always the case where law presses with its iron hand; his character was blasted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robust, and always accustomed, not only to the comforts, but the elegancies of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon, had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came—without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind, though it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medicinal help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the ma-



lignant influence of the officer of justice, in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened, that though the *Sieur d'Anglade*, amidst the most dreadful pains, had steadily protested his innocence—and though the evidence against him was extremely defective—sentence was given to this effect:—That *Anglade* should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should, for the like term, be banished from Paris, and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the *Count d'Montgomery* as damages, and make restitution of twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace or pay four thousand livres more. From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres, found in the sacks in the servants' room, were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole, and seventeen louis d'ors found on the person of *Anglade*, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on such slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution. *Anglade*, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of *Montgomery*, there to remain, without assistance or consolation, till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them—a situation, how dreadful! for a gentleman, whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered the least hardship or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labour, without any support but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with that patient firmness which nothing but conscious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but

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when he reflected on the situation of his wife, and his infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had, from his first confinement, preyed on his frame; its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable; when the galley-slaves being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife, and to give his last blessing to his child—but it was denied him! He submitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand, he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted of a night, when they stopped, and laid on straw in a barn or out-house, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles. It was asserted, but for the honour of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure, notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass, and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings.—The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry. Long fainting fits succeeded; and she had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as she was, endeavoured to recal her dying mother by bathing her temples, and by making her smell to bread dipt in wine. But as she believed every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the jailor to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one, and by his means the poor woman received succour and sustenance; but while she slowly gathered strength her little girl grew ill. The noisome damp, the want of proper food and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the distraction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter, they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damp only lined the wall; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had, and the smoak was so offensive and dangerous, that it increased rather than diminished their sufferings. In this dismal place the mother saw her child sinking under a disease, for



which she had no remedies. Cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, or fire to warm her; and, as even their food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place less damp, to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however, (Providence having prolonged their lives,) for four or five months.—Monsieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to the hospital of the convicts at Marseilles; his disease still preyed on the poor remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weakness seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles, that, being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments: before they were administered to him, he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the searcher of hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and his child exposed to the miseries of poverty, and the disgrace of his imputed crime: but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved: and then, after having received the Eucharist with piety and composure, he expired—a martyr to unjust suspicion, and hasty or malicious judgment.

He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons, who had known him, received anonymous letters: the letters signified, that the person who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himself in a convent for the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the Sieur d'Anglade was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count de Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Belestre, the son of a tanner of Mans; and a priest named Gag-

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nard, a native also of Mans, who had been the Count's almoner. The letters added, that a woman of the name of De la Comble could give light into the whole affair. One of these letters was sent to the Countess de Montgomery, who however had not generosity enough to shew it; but the Sieur Loysillon, and some others who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to enquire into the affair: while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated, if his prosecution of d'Anglade should be found unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade; who hoped by this artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium which rested on it, and herself and her child from the dungeon in which they were still confined.—An enquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the Count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier, had killed his serjeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his own country, had been a wandering vagabond, going by different names, and practising every species of roguery; that he had sometimes been a beggar, and sometimes a bully, about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman: and that suddenly, from the lowest indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; had bought himself rich clothes, had shewn various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of the gaoler of Mans, had come to Paris without either cloaths or money, and had subsisted on charity, or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive; when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service, as wages, could enrich him: yet, immediately after quitting it, he was seen clothed neatly in his clerical habit; his expenses for his entertainments were excessive; he had plenty



of money in his pocket; and had taken a woman out of the street, whom he had established in handsome lodgings, and clothed with the greatest profusion of finery.—These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery, which might have saved the life, and redeemed the honour of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard, being in a tavern in the street St. André des Arcs, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed; he was sent to prison, with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the Marechaussee. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice, for other crimes, underwent an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery: They betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended; and the whole affair now appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could ever have been mistaken.—The guardians of Constantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Belestre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade, and the character of his widow, justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardian, prosecutrix of the two villains; the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbé de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves of which Belestre was a member. This man said, that he had written the anonymous letters which led the discovery; for that, after the death of d'Anglade, his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belestre had obtained from Gagnard the impressions of the Count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He said, that soon after the condemnation of



d'Anglade to the gallies, he was in a room adjoining to one where Belestre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, "Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves, while this fine fellow, this Marquis d'Anglade, is at the gallies." To which Gagnard replied, with a sigh, "Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him; he was a good kind of man, and was always very civil and obliging to me." Belestre then exclaimed with a laugh, "Sorry! what sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune!" Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated.—And De la Comble deposed, that Belestre had shewn her great sums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this? he answered, that he had won it at play.—These, and many other circumstances related by this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond a doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was supposed) caused it to be inserted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans—hoping by this means to stop any farther inquiry. A letter was also found on him from Gagnard, which advised him of the rumours which were spread from the anonymous letters; and desiring him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbé Fontpierre.

The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and, being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Belestre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the Lieutenant of the Police had pressed him with questions the day that d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion, he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guillemont d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery, for the unjust accusation he had made; who endeavoured, by the chicane which his fortune gave him the power to command, to evade the restitution: at length, after a



very long process, the court decided—that the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the sum which their effects, and all the property that was seized, had produced—that he should farther pay them a certain sum, as amends for the damages and injuries they had sustained, and that their condemnation should be erased, and their honours restored;—which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel prosecution.

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous persons about the court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to an hundred thousand livres; which, together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her; and she was married to Monsieur des Essarts, a Counsellor of Parliament.—*Causes Célèbres.*

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### JOAN PERRY AND HER TWO SONS.

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ON Thursday, the 16th day of August, 1660, William Harrison, steward to the Lady Viscountess Campden, in Gloucestershire, being about seventy years of age, walked from Campden aforesaid, to Charringworth, about two miles from thence, to receive his lady's rent; and not returning so early as formerly, his wife, Mrs. Harrison, between eight and nine o'clock that evening, sent her servant, John Perry, to meet his master on the way from Charringworth; but, neither Mr. Harrison, nor his servant, John Perry, returning that night, the next morning early, Edward Harrison, William's son, went towards Charringworth to enquire after his father; when, on the way, meeting Perry coming thence, and being informed by him he was not there, they went together to Ebrington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, where they were told, by one Daniel that Mr. Harrison



called at his house the evening before, in his return from Charringworth, but staid not; they then went to Paxford, about a mile thence, where, hearing nothing of Mr. Harrison, they returned towards Campden; and on the way, hearing of a hat, band, and comb, taken up in the highway, between Ebrington and Campden, by a poor woman then leeing in the field; they sought her out, with whom they found the hat, band, and comb, which they knew to be Mr. Harrison's; and being brought by the woman to the place where she found the same, in the highway, between Ebrington and Campden, near unto a great furz-brake, they there searched for Mr. Harrison, supposing he had been murdered, the hat and comb, being hacked and cut, and the band bloody; but nothing more could be there found. The news hereof, coming to Campden, so alarmed the town, that men, women, and children, hasted thence in multitudes, to search for Mr. Harrison's supposed dead body, but all in vain.

Mrs. Harrison's fears for her husband, being great, were now much increased; and having sent her servant Perry, the evening before, to meet his master, and he not returning that night, caused a suspicion that he had robbed and murdered him; and thereupon the said Perry was, the next day, brought before a Justice of Peace, by whom being examined concerning his master's absence, and his own staying out the night he went to meet him, he gave this account of himself: that, his mistress sending him to meet his master, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he went down to Campden field, towards Charringworth, about a land's length, where meeting one William Reed, of Campden, he acquainted him with his errand; and further told him, that, it growing dark, he was afraid to go forwards, and would therefore return and fetch his young master's horse and return with him; he did to Mr. Harrison's court-gate, where they parted, and he staid still. One Pierce coming by, he went again with him about a bow's shot into the fields, and returned with him likewise to his master's gate, where they also parted; and that he, the said John Perry, saith, he went into his master's heuroost, where he lay about an hour, but slept not; and, when the clock struck twelve, rose and went towards



Charringworth, till, a great mist arising, he lost his way, and so lay the rest of the night under a hedge; and, at day-break, on Friday morning went to Charringworth, where he enquired for his master of one Edward Plaisterer, who told him, he had been with him the afternoon before, and received three and twenty pounds of him, but staid not long with him; he then went to William Curtis, of the same town, who, likewise, told him he heard his master was at his house the day before, but not being at home, did not see him; after which he saith, he returned homewards, it being about five o'clock in the morning, when, on the way, he met his master's son, with whom he went to Ebrington and Paxford, &c. as hath been related.

Read, Pearce, Plaisterer, and Curtis, being examined, affirmed what Perry had said concerning them to be true.

Perry, being asked by the Justice of Peace how he, who was afraid to go to Charringworth at nine o'clock, became so bold as to go thither at twelve? answered, at nine o'clock it was dark, but at twelve the moon shone.

Being further asked, why, returning twice home, after his mistress had sent him to meet his master, and staying till twelve o'clock, he went not into the house to know whether his master were come home, before he went a third time, at that time of night, to look after him? answered, that he knew his master was not come home, because he saw a light in the chamber-window, which never used to be there so late when he was at home.

Yet, notwithstanding this that Perry had said for his staying forth that night, it was not thought fit to discharge him till further enquiry were made after Mr. Harrison; and accordingly he continued in custody at Campden, sometimes at an inn there, and sometimes in the common prison, from Saturday, August the eighteenth, until the Friday following; during which time, he was again examined at Campden, by the aforesaid Justice of Peace, but confessed nothing more than before; nor, at that time, could any further discovery be made what was become of Mr. Harrison. But it hath been said, that during his restraint at Campden, he told some, who pressed him to confess what he knew concerning his master, that a tinker had killed him; and to others, he said, a gentleman's servant of the neighbourhood had



robbed and murdered him ; and others, again, he told, that he was murdered, and hid in a bean-rick in Campden, where search was in vain made for him ; at length he gave out, that, were he again carried before the Justice, he would discover that to him he would discover to no body else ; and thereon, he was, on Friday, August the twenty-fourth, again brought before the Justice of Peace, who first examined him, and asking him whether he would yet confess what was become of his master, he answered, he was murdered, but not by him ; the Justice of Peace then telling him, that, if he knew him to be murdered, he knew likewise by whom he was ; so he acknowledged he did ; and, being urged to confess what he knew concerning it, affirmed, that it was his mother and his brother that had murdered his master. The Justice of Peace then advised him to consider what he said, telling him, that he feared he might be guilty of his master's death, and that he should not draw more innocent blood upon his head ; for what he now charged his mother and his brother with, might cost them their lives ; but he affirming he spoke nothing but the truth, and that if he were immediately to die he would justify it, the Justice desired him to declare how and when they did it.

He then told him, that his mother and his brother had lain at him, ever since he came into his master's service, to help them to money, telling him, how poor they were, and that it was in his power to relieve them, by giving them notice when his master went to receive his lady's rents ; for they would then way-lay and rob him ; and further said, that, upon the Thursday morning his master went to Charringworth, going of an errand into the town, he met his brother in the street, whom he then told whether his master was going, and, if he way-laid him, he might have his money ; and further said, that, in the evening his mistress sent him to meet his master, he met his brother in the street, before his master's gate, going, as he said, to meet his master, and so they went together to the church-yard about a stone's throw from Mr. Harrison's gate, where they parted, he going the foot-way, cross the church-yard, and his brother keeping the great road, round the church ; but in the highway, beyond the



church, met again, and so went together, the way leading to Charringworth, till they came to a gate about a bow's shot from Campden church, that goes into a ground of the Lady Campden's, called the conygree (which to those, who have a key to go through the garden, is the next way from that place to Mr. Harrison's house;) when they came near unto the gate, he, the said John Perry, saith, he told his brother, he did believe his master was just gone into the conygree (for it was then so dark they could not discern any man, so as to know him) but perceiving one to go into that ground, and knowing there was no way, but for those who had a key, through the gardens, concluded it was his master; and so told his brother, if he followed him, he might have his money, and he, in the mean time, would walk a turn in the fields, which accordingly he did; and then, following his brother about the middle of the conygree, found his master on the ground, his brother upon him, and his mother standing by; and being asked, whether his master was then dead? answered, no, for that, after he came to them, his master cried, "ah, rogues, will you kill me?" at which he told his brother, he hoped he would not kill his master; who replied, "Peace, peace, you are a fool," and so strangled him; which having done, he took a bag of money out of his pocket, and threw it into his mother's lap, and then he and his brother carried his master's dead body into the garden, adjoining to the conygree, where they consulted what to do with it; and, at length, agreed to throw it into the great sink by Wallington's-mill, behind the garden; but said, his mother and brother bade him go up to the court next the house, to hearken whether any one were stirring, and they would throw the body into the sink; and being asked whether it were there, he said he knew not, for that he left it in the garden; but his mother and brother said they would throw it there, and, if it were not there, he knew not where it was, for he returned no more to them, but went into the court-gate, which goes into the town, where he met John Pearce, with whom he went into the field, and again returned with him to his master's gate; after which, he went into the hen-roost, where he lay till twelve o'clock that night, but slept not; and having, when he came from



his mother and brother, brought with him his master's hat, band, and comb, which he laid in the hen-roost, he carried the said hat, band, and comb, and threw them, after he had given them three or four cuts with his knife, in the highway, where they were after found; and being asked, what he intended by so doing? said, he did it, that it might be believed his master had been there robbed and murdered; and, having thus disposed of his hat, band, and comb, he went towards Charringworth, &c. as hath been related.

On this confession and accusation, the Justice of Peace gave orders for the apprehending of Joan and Richard Perry, and for searching the sink where Mr. Harrison's body was said to be thrown, which was accordingly done, but nothing of him could be there found; the fish-pools likewise, in Campden, were drawn and searched, but nothing could be there found neither; so that some were of opinion, the body might be hid in the ruins of Campden-house, burnt in the late wars, and not unfit for such a concealment, where was likewise search made, but all in vain.

Saturday, August the twenty-fifth, Joan and Richard Perry, together with John Perry, were brought before the Justice of Peace, who acquainted the said Joan and Richard with what John had laid to their charge; they denied all, with many imprecations on themselves, if they were in the least guilty of any thing of which they were accused: but John, on the other side, affirmed to their faces, that he had spoken nothing but the truth, and that they had murdered his master; further telling them, that he could never be at quiet for them, since he came into his master's service, being continually followed by them to help them to money, which they told him he might do, by giving them notice when his master went to receive his Lady's rents; and that he meeting his brother Richard in Campden Town, the Thursday morning his master went to Charringworth, told him whither he was going, and upon what errand. Richard confessed he met his brother that morning, and spoke to him, but nothing passed between them to that purpose; and both he and his mother told John he was a villian to accuse them wrongfully, as he had done; but John, on the other side,



affirmed he had spoken nothing but the truth, and would justify it to his death.

One remarkable circumstance happened in these prisoner's return from the Justice of Peace's house, to Campden, viz.—Richard Perry, following a good deal behind his brother John, pulling a clout out of his pocket, dropped a ball of inkle, which one of his guard taking up, he desired him to restore, saying, it was only his wife's hair lace; but the party opening it, and finding a slip-knot at the end, went and showed it to John, who was then a good distance before, and knew nothing of the dropping and taking up of this inkle; but being shewed it, and asked, whether he knew it, shook his head, and said, "Yea, to his sorrow, for that was the string his brother strangled his master with." This was sworn to upon the evidence at their trial.

The morrow, being the Lord's-Day, they remained at Campden, where the minister of the place designing to speak to them (if possible to persuade them to repentance and a further confession) they were brought to church; and in their way thither, passing by Richard's house, two of his children meeting him, he took the lesser in his arms, leading the other in his hand; when, on a sudden, both their noses fell a bleeding, which was looked upon as ominous.

Here it will be no impertinent digression, to tell how the year before, Mr. Harrison had his house broken open, between eleven and twelve o'clock at noon, upon Campden market day, whilst himself and the whole family were at the lecture; a ladder being set up to a window of the second story, and an iron bar wrenched thence with a ploughshare, which was left in the room, and seven score pounds in money carried away, the authors of which robbery could never be found.

After this, and not many weeks before Mr. Harrison's absence, his servant, Perry, one evening, in Campden garden made an hideous outcry; whereat, some who heard it, coming in, met him running, and seemingly frightened, with a sheep pick in his hand, to whom he told a formal story, how he had been set upon by two men in white, with naked swords, and how he defended himself with his sheep pick; the handle whereof was cut



in two or three places, and likewise a key in his pocket, which, he said, was done with one of their swords.

These passages the Justice of the Peace having before heard, and calling to mind, upon Perry's confession, asked him first concerning their robbery, when his master lost seven score pounds out of his house at noon day, whether he knew who did it? Who answered yes, it was his brother. And being further asked whether he were then with him? He answered no, he was at church; but that he gave him notice of the money, and told him in which room it was, and where he might have a ladder that would reach the window; and that his brother after told him he had the money, and had buried it in his garden, and that they were, at Michaelmas next, to have divided; whereupon search was made in the garden, but no money could be there found.

And being further asked concerning that other passage of his being assaulted in the garden, he confessed it was all a fiction; and that, having a design to rob his master, he did it—that rogues being believed to haunt the place, when his master was robbed, they might be thought to have done it.

At the next Assizes, which were held in September following, John, Joan, and Richard Perry, had two indictments found against them; one for breaking into William Harrison's house, and robbing him of one hundred and forty pounds, in the year 1659; the other for robbing and murdering of the said William Harrison, the 16th of August, 1660. Upon the last indictment, the then Judge of Assizes, Sir. C. T. would not try them, because the body was not found; but they were then tried upon the other indictment for robbery, to which they pleaded not guilty; but some whispering behind them, they soon after pleaded guilty, humbly begging the benefit of his Majesty's gracious pardon, and act of oblivion, which was granted them.

But though they pleaded guilty to this indictment, being thereunto prompted, as is probable, by some who were unwilling to lose time, and trouble the court with their trial, in regard the act of oblivion pardoned them; yet they all afterwards, at their deaths, denied that they were guilty of that robbery, or that they knew who did it.



Yet at this Assize, as several creditable persons have affirmed, John Perry still persisted in his story, that his mother and brother had murdered his master ; and further added, that they had attempted to poison him in the jail, so that he durst neither eat nor drink with them.

At the next Assizes, which were the spring following, John, Joan, and Richard Perry, were, by the then Judge of Assize, Sir B. H. tried upon the indictment of murder, and pleaded thereunto, severally, not guilty ; and, when John's confession, before the justice, was proved, *vis voce*, by several witnesses who heard the same, he told them he was then mad, and knew not what he said.

The other two, Richard and Joan Perry, said they were wholly innocent of what they were accused, and that they knew nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what was become of him ; and Richard said that his brother had accused others, as well as him, to have murdered his master ; which the Judge bidding him prove, he said, that most of those who had given evidence against him, knew it ; but naming none, not any spoke of it, and so the jury found them all three guilty.

Some few days after, being brought to the place of their execution, which was on Broadway-hill, in sight of Campden, the mother (being reputed a witch, and to have bewitched her sons, they could confess nothing while she lived) was first executed ; after which, Richard, being upon the ladder, professed, as he had done all along, that he was wholly innocent of the fact for which he was then to die, and that he knew nothing of Mr. Harrison's death, nor what was become of him ; and did, with great earnestness, beg and beseech his brother, for the satisfaction of the whole world, and his own conscience, to declare what he knew concerning him ; but he, with a dogged and surly carriage, told the people he was not obliged to confess to them ; yet immediately before his death, said he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him, but they might hereafter possibly hear.—Some few years afterwards, Harrison was heard of, and the following is his reply to a letter from Sir Thomas Overbury, of Burton, County of Gloucester, Knt. and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, inquiring the particulars of this most mysterious affair.



*For Sir T. Overbury, Knt. \**

“HONOURED SIR,

“In obedience to your commands, I give you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas, my continuance there, and return home. On a Thursday, in the afternoon, in the time of harvest, I went to Charringworth to demand rents due to my Lady Campden, at which time the tenants were busy in the fields, and late before they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening; I expected a considerable sum, but received only three-and-twenty pounds. In my return home, in the narrow passage amongst Ebrington furzes, there met me one horseman, and said, “Art thou there?” and I, fearing that he would have rid over me, struck his horse over the nose; whereupon he struck at me with his sword several blows, and run it into my side, while I, with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could; at last another came behind me, run me into the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge, near to the place; then came in another: they did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them, drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring-lock, as I conceived by hearing it give a snap as they put it on; then they threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away. In the night they alighted at a hay-rick, which stood near to a stone pit by a wall side, where they took away my money; about two hours before day, as I heard one of them tell the other he thought it to be then, they tumbled me into the stone-pit; they staid, as I thought, about an hour at the hay-rick, when they took horse again; one of them bade me come out of the pit; I answered, they had my money already, and asked what they would do with me; whereupon he struck me again, drew me out, and put a great quantity of money into my pockets, and mounted me again after the same manner; and on the Friday, about sun-setting, they brought me to a lone house upon a heath, by a thicket of bushes, where they took me down almost dead, being sorely bruised with the carriage of the money. When

\* Nephew to his accomplished but ill-fated name-sake.



the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them, whether or no they had brought a dead man? They answered no, but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a surgeon; she answered, if they did not make haste, their friend would be dead before they could bring him to one. There they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl; there we staid all night, they giving me some broth and strong waters, in the morning, very early, they mounted me as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night, on cushions, by their bed-side; on Sunday morning they carried me from thence, and, about three or four o'clock, they brought me to a place by the sea-side, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and, one of them staying me, the other two walked a little off, to meet a man, with whom they talked; and, in their discourse, I heard them mention seven pounds; after which they went away together, and about half an hour after returned. The man, whose name, as I after heard, was Wrenshaw, said, he feared I would die before he could get me on board; then presently they put me into a boat, and carried me on ship-board, where my wounds were dressed. I remained in the ship, as near as I could reckon, about six weeks, in which time I was indifferently recovered of my wounds and weakness. Then the master of the ship came and told me, and the rest who were in the same condition, that he discovered three Turkish ships: we all offered to fight in defence of the ship and ourselves; but he commanded us to keep close, and said he would deal with them well enough; a little while after he called us up, and, when we came on deck, we saw two Turkish ships by us; into one of them we were put, and placed in a dark hole, where how long we continued before we landed, I don't know; when we were landed, they led us two days' journey; and put us into a great house, or prison, where we remained four days and a half; then came eight men to view us, who seemed to be officers; they called us, and examined us as to our trades and callings, which every one answered: one said he was a surgeon, another that he was a broad-cloth weav-



er, and I, after two or three demands, said, that I had some skill in physic. We three were set by, and taken by three of those eight men that came to view us. It was my chance to be chosen by a grave physician, of eighty-seven years of age, who lived near to Smyrna, who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland, in Lincolnshire, which he preferred before all other places in England; he employed me to keep his still-house, and gave me a silver bowl, double gilt, to drink in. My business was most in that place; but once he set me to gather cotton-wool, which I not doing to his mind, he struck me down to the ground, and after drew his stiletto to stab me; but I, holding up my hands to him, he gave a stamp, and turned from me, for which I render thanks to my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who staid his hand, and preserved me. I was there about a year and three-quarters, and then my master fell sick, on a Thursday, and sent for me; and, calling me, as he used, by the name of Boll, told me he should die, and bade me shift for myself; he died on the Saturday following, and I presently hastened with my bowl to a port, (almost a day's journey distant) the way to which place I knew. I enquired for a ship for England—I procured one, which landed me at Dover.

Yours,

WILLIAM HARRISON."

(*From Hargrave's State Trials.*)

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### LA PIVARDIERE.

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Louis de la Pivardiere, Sieur du Bouchet, was a gentleman of a very ancient family; but, being a younger brother, and his family having lost much of its former opulence in the convulsions that had agitated the kingdom, his fortune was hardly enough to support him with decency, in the province of which he was a native; and it must have been inconsiderable indeed, if the small possessions of the woman he married, induced him to unite himself with her, for they did not amount to above



a thousand livres a-year; and she had the five children of her former husband to maintain, being the widow of the Sieur de Menou, and about five and thirty years of age. Her income arose from the estate and chateau of Nerbonne, where she resided; and whither, on his marriage with her, Monsieur de la Pivardiere went to reside also.

In 1689, on the Arriere ban being called out, the Sieur de la Pivardiere served as Lord of Nerbonne, which he possessed in right of his wife, and obtained a lieutenantancy in a regiment of dragoons. This absence was no doubt equally agreeable to Monsieur and Madame de la Pivardiere, for they had long lived very uneasily together. On his return their dissensions increased; for the tongue of malice had been very busy with the fame of the lady. The Prior of a neighbouring monastery had been too assiduous in his attentions to Madame de Pivardiere; and though there was a chapel in the castle of Nerbonne, where his duty obliged him to say mass every Saturday, the neighbourhood would not allow that to be a sufficient reason for his passing almost every day there, on a footing of familiarity with Madame de la Pivardiere, which might be very innocent, but could hardly fail of being thought otherwise. The observations which this intimacy had excited, in a place where people, having little to engage their attention, are obliged to bestow much of it on their neighbours, were soon communicated to the husband on his return, and increased the disgust he had conceived towards his wife. But disdaining to appear jealous of the honour of a woman whom he had probably never loved, and now thoroughly disliked, he determined to quit his house again, and leave her to the society of the Prior, or whoever else she preferred. After a short stay therefore at Nerbonne, he took his horse, and for some time wandered from one town to another, till chance led him to Auxerre, where, in strolling on the ramparts of the town, he saw a party of girls dancing: one of them was uncommonly pretty, and La Pivardiere followed her home, where he found that she was the daughter of a Huissier\*, who had kept a little

\* An inferior post in the law or police, something resembling the Bailiffs or Sheriffs' officers.



in the suburbs, where his widow still lived. It was not difficult for an inhabitant of such a place as Auxerre to find a lodging in the house, and board the widow, under the name of Du Bouchet. But he found that the object of his wishes, though of fortune, had principles too strict to listen to him on other terms than those of honour, and that he could not marry her, or quit her. After a short struggle with pride, and his apprehensions of detection, love and duty were the better of both. He determined to forget that he was a gentleman, and, as far as he could, to obliterate the remembrance of his name, and (what he was desirous of burying in oblivion) his marriage with Marie de Menou. He took upon him the charge of the estate, by the recent death of the girl's father, married her, and became, jointly with her mother, keeper of the house, where they all resided. He lived for some time perfectly happy with his new wife, who became a virtuous woman; a circumstance that probably made La Pivardiere more steadily of fixing his present establishment on the surest basis it would admit. He determined to go back to Nerbonne, to receive what money he could from the tenants, and to return with it as soon as possible to his new family at Auxerre. On his arrival at Auxerre, he found the Prior with the Count de Pivardiere; of which, being wholly occupied with the purpose of his journey, he took no notice. She received him with extreme coldness; and, as he told her he must come from his regiment, to which he must soon return, she was more desirous of procuring the money he wanted, to hasten his departure, than to make his stay agreeable. As soon as he had all the money he could, he returned impatiently to Auxerre, where his young wife soon after lay in. In the first, second, third, and fourth year, in every one of which years he brought her a child, La Pivardiere made the same with the same view of obtaining money, and the same cruel and unfeeling treatment (he had at least one daughter by her) their subsistence to support his new connections, and his increasing



Though this commerce had been carried on for four years without discovery, it could not always continue concealed. Madame de la Pivardiere was at length informed, that her husband lived with another woman; but though she had gained this information, she was ignorant of the name and residence of this person, so carefully had M. de la Pivardiere eluded the eyes of curiosity, in his various tours to Nerbonne.

The fourth of these journeys, however, was less fortunate than the preceding three. Just before he arrived at his chateau, his wife had received the intelligence of his infidelity, and knew how to account for his yearly visit, which she found was not to obtain money to support his rank in the army, but to bestow on another family. Though already estranged from him, the mortifying assurance of his preference of another, was too painful to her vanity, and she determined not to conceal the bitterness and anger which she felt. It happened that he arrived at Nerbonne on the fête of Notre Dame, in the month of August; on occasion of which festival Madame de la Pivardiere had entertained a party of friends at dinner, among whom her constant attendant, the Prior of Mezaray, was not forgotten. They were yet in the height of their social entertainment when La Pivardiere entered, about sun-set. The company received him, with great marks of respect, and the Prior was particularly polite, and affected the greatest satisfaction at his return. But Madame de la Pivardiere looked so coldly on him, and answered his enquiries with so sullen and discontented an air, that the company began to grow uneasy, and one of the ladies said aside to M. de la Pivardiere, "Is it thus that a husband is received, after so long an absence?" To which he answered, "I am indeed her husband, but her affections are another's." The party soon after broke up, and left Monsieur and Madame de la Pivardiere alone. She remained some time with him, but was obstinately silent; and when she arose, and went to her chamber, he followed her, and insisted on knowing the reason of such a reception. "Go (said she, in an angry tone) go, ask of the woman you live with, and to whom you



pretend to be married, the reason of my rage and indignation." All La Pivardiere could say to erase the idea of his having another wife, only irritated Madame de la Pivardiere; who, though she was totally indifferent to her husband, was stung to the soul at the thoughts of a rival. After some fruitless attempts to appease her, she flung from him, saying, that he should soon see whether he should with impunity insult and rob her. The husband, despairing to reconcile her, left her, and retired to a room prepared for him. But, alarmed at her threats, which he imagined meant that she would have him arrested and punished for bigamy, (which one of the servants, who was in her confidence, assured him she intended,) and not chusing again to expose himself to the fury of an enraged woman, he arose before break of day, and taking his gun with him, and a dog who always followed him, set out on foot for Auxerre. He had lamed his horse in coming from thence, and had been obliged to lead it by the bridle for some miles; he therefore thought it best to leave the horse behind him: and, as it was in the month of August, and he had little occasion for a cloak, which would, he thought, encumber him too much, he left that, together with his pistols, in his chamber.

The next morning Monsieur de la Pivardiere was missed, and no one knew whither he was gone; his horse, his cloak, and his pistols being left, made an extraordinary impression on the neighbours; and, after a few days, a report prevailed, that his wife, assisted by the Prior of Mezaray, had caused him to be assassinated. By degrees the rumour increased among the common people, who love the terrible and the marvellous, and at length it grew so loud, that justice affected to be obliged to notice it. Madame de la Pivardiere, informed of the storm that was gathering, secured the best of her furniture and effects, and retired to the house of Madame d'Auneuil, her friend, where she waited the event of the proceedings, which the officers of justice now began. One of them arrived at Nerbonne, where he examined fifteen witnesses. Two servants, who were more immediately employed about the apartments, were taken into custody. They, both, on being interrogated, owned that



Monsieur de la Pivardiere had been assassinated. The first, who was called Margaret Mercier, and who was her mistress's god-daughter, and a great favourite with her, declared that she had sent every body away, who was likely to prevent the murder, and had introduced two servants of the Prior of Mezaray into her master's bed-chamber, who had killed him; to which she added several circumstances which seemed to confirm the truth of her story. The other maid servant, named Catharine le Moine, corroborated this account; and, what appeared yet more convincing, the daughter of de la Pivardiere, a girl about eight or nine years old, said, that in the night she was alarmed by hearing her father's voice, who cried—"Oh, my God, have mercy upon me!"

In these accounts they all firmly persisted; and the neighbours declared that they remembered to have heard the report of a gun or pistol during the night.—Margaret Mercier being taken dangerously ill, and being about to receive the last sacraments, again protested that all she had said was true, and that the Prior had himself assisted, and had given the final blow which deprived de la Pivardiere of his life.

On receiving these depositions, the officers of justice, of whom the judge of Chatillon was chief, ordered Madame de la Pivardiere to be prosecuted; and, as the Prior of Mezaray was included in the accusation, a like order was issued against him. The judge of Chatillon was said to be the inveterate enemy of the Prior de Mezaray; and, from the circumstances that attended the affair, it seems probable that that enmity was the cause of all the measures which were taken, to fix on the Prior a share of a crime which had not been committed, and that the evidence given by the two maids, was in consequence of the rewards offered them by this officer, who wished to gratify, under the cloak of justice, his private hatred and revenge.

The circumstance of Madame de la Pivardiere's quitting her house, seemed to be a strong argument of her guilt. As soon as she was gone, the Lieutenant of the Police went thither to examine the chateau; and in his account he asserted, among other particulars which seemed to confirm the assassination, that blood was



found on the floor of the room where de la Pivardiere had slept. Madame de la Pivardiere then went to Paris, where she laid before a superior court an account of the prosecution that had been commenced against her, and desired that cognizance might be taken of it, by its being referred to an officer of the law more impartial than him who had instituted the process. Her request was granted, and the Judge of Remorentin was directed to investigate the whole.

In the mean time Madame de la Pivardiere assiduously employed herself in endeavours to discover the place of her husband's retreat. She traced him, by persons who had met him on the road, as far as Auxerre; but there they lost all intelligence. They therefore began to enquire narrowly into the probability of his being in that town, and with some difficulty discovered him keeping a little public-house, and, under the name of Du Bouchet, acting as a Huissier. He soon found that agents from his wife were in pursuit of him; and, fearing that she was now about to have him confined for bigamy, he fled from his house; but his pursuers overtook him at Flavigny, and quieted his fears on that account, by informing him that he had nothing to apprehend from his wife at present, in regard to his liberty, for that his appearance was absolutely necessary to save her life. He no sooner learned this, than, forgetting all their animosity, he hastened to clear her from the imputation of so horrid a crime. His second wife generously encouraged him to this exertion; and, far from resenting the injury he had done her by a feigned marriage, or wishing to destroy her rival, she was anxiously desirous of saving her from the fatal consequence of a false accusation.

De la Pivardiere went before a notary at Auxerre, where he signed a declaration of his being living and in health. He wrote also to his wife and to his brother, who in their answers informed him his presence was absolutely necessary at Nerbonne. Thither therefore he went, and found his chateau plundered of every thing: the best of his effects his wife had removed, to secure them; the rest, as she had foreseen, were the prey of the officers of justice.

He presented himself before the Judge of Remorentin,



and desired that the authenticity of his appearance might be testified by the proper persons, and that he would accompany him to Nerbonne. On their arrival, the inhabitants of the village, the tenants and neighbours of La Pivardiere, signed the testimonial of his being alive; he went from thence to the little town of Jeumaloches, and being desirous to shew himself as publicly as possible, he entered the church just as vespers began on St. Anthony's day, who being the tutelary Saint of the parish, and of the church, it was on that occasion very much crowded. Had the most frightful spectre entered, it could hardly have caused a greater alarm, or more sudden surprise; for so much pains had been taken to persuade the people of the death of La Pivardiere, that they could hardly believe he was living, though they saw him before them.

But notwithstanding the undoubted certainty of his being alive, such is the singular power lodged in the hands of the provincial judges in France, and such the abuse often made of it, that the judge of Chatillon still carried on the prosecution; the suspension of the Prior of Mezaray was continued, and his benefices for the time remained under confiscation.—To ruin him, seems to have been the sole reason for so extraordinary and so absurd a procedure, as that which still attempted to establish proof of the death of a man who was living and present.

The two servants were confined in the prison of Chatillon, where this magistrate had them entirely in his power, and where his offers of reward and threats of punishment were all employed to bring them to his purpose. The judge of Remorentin took De la Pivardiere to these women, who, being now consummate in perjury, alleged that the person they at present saw, pretending to be Monsieur de la Pivardiere their master, was an impostor, whom they knew not. But the judge of Chatillon, apprehending that they would not have strength of mind long to persist in a falsehood so glaring, forbade the judge of Remorentin and La Pivardiere admission to the prison; and he ordered De la Pivardiere to be stopped, that he might be examined.—La Pivardiere was by no means inclined to put himself in the power of a man who



had gone such lengths to prove him dead; he was besides apprehensive that the affair of his having two wives would be productive of fatal consequence, from which, if he were once in custody, he could not escape. For these reasons, he refused to obey the order of the judge of Chatillon, and went from thence with the judge of Remorentin, who afterwards accompanied him to all his relations; to those who were present when he arrived at the chateau of Nerbonne, the night of his supposed assassination; to his two sisters, nuns in the Ursuline convent at Valence: and his person was by all these people acknowledged and identified. Having taken all these methods to clear his wife from the imputation against her, and remained three weeks with her and his relations, he concluded that he should have no more trouble with this extraordinary affair.

But the judge of Chatillon would not so easily relinquish the prey he held with the strong grasp of authority. He found, that as he had gone so far, the boldest steps only could carry him on. He arrested the Prior of Mezaray, put irons on his legs, and threw him into the prison of Chatillon; and began a suit against the judge of Remorentin for interfering in his district; and at length obtained an arret against his future proceedings.

After various appeals and evasions, which, as the principal facts are known, it would be tedious and uninteresting to recapitulate, the cause was heard before the parliament of the province. The judge of Chatillon died before it came on; and his heirs, ashamed probably of a transaction that would throw infamy on his memory, petitioned for leave to withdraw; but M. de la Pivardiere, and the Prior of Mezaray now insisted on its being brought to an issue. It was heard accordingly. No damages were allowed M. de la Pivardiere for all the injury he had sustained, as the judge was supposed to have proceeded originally on good grounds. But Margaret Mercier, the principal witness, who had perjured herself in three or four instances, was to make the *amende honorable*, by standing in a sheet at the door of the church of Chatillon, holding a torch in her hand; and there, on her knees, and in an audible voice, to acknowledge that she had borne false witness, for which she



asked pardon of God and the injured parties; afterwards she was to be whipped, burnt with a hot iron, and banished the province for ever.

Madame de la Pivardiere, the Prior of Mezaray, and his servants, were declared innocent, and discharged from any future trouble.

This affair terminated, M. de la Pivardiere could not determine to reside with his wife, whose attachment to the Prior he still remembered—nor would he now return to his imaginary wife and her children, unless to bid them an eternal adieu. The Duke de Féuillade, whose distant relation he was, gave him an employment, such as we now call an office in the revenue, in exercising which he was killed in a skirmish with a party of smugglers. Not long afterwards, Madame de la Pivardiere was found dead in her bed; and his second wife married another person. The Prior of Mezaray lived to a very advanced age, and long survived those whose connections with him had been so fatal to their repose.—*Causes Célèbres.*

### CAPTAIN JOHN DONELLAN.

ONE of the strongest recent instances in England of a conviction on conjectural evidence, previously to the very late case of Elizabeth Fenning, took place in 1781, in the affair of Captain Donellan, who was condemned and executed for poisoning his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, Bart.

Probably a course of events never existed, which, in calling for an exercise of judgment, required a greater attention to the relative situation of the principal actors. For this reason, it is thought better to open the present narrative with a brief account of the family connexion, which a sudden death, whether a murder or not, so inauspiciously dissolved; and to do so it will be proper, in the first place, to begin with a few particulars, explanatory of its formation, and of the previous life and habits of the accused.



Captain Donellan, the son of Colonel Donellan, was educated at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, for the regiment of artillery, in which he received a commission, and proceeded very young to the East Indies. Unfortunately for him, his views in the army were terminated by some military misdemeanour, which, either by the sentence of a court-martial, or otherwise, obliged him to retire from active service. Whatever were the particulars, which at this distant period we have not been able to ascertain, his demerits could not have been very flagrant, as he received half pay on the establishment of the 39th regiment of foot (for which he had left the artillery) until his conviction; and had thoughts of taking orders to enable him to enjoy two livings, which were in the gift of the Boughton family. It is but fair to observe, that the first of these facts presumes a mitigated *military* fault; and the second, that such fault was not aggravated by any notorious breach of moral duty. His marriage with Miss Boughton also took place with the general consent of her relations, which would scarcely have been the case had his character been materially impeached. Circumstances of this kind, however, operate most injuriously against a falling man; and so it proved with the professional disgrace of Captain Donellan, which effected much in his disfavour when he became suspected of the murder of his brother-in-law.

It was in the year 1777 that his marriage with Miss Boughton, the sister of Sir Theodosius, took place, the said brother and sister being the only surviving children of Sir Edward Boughton, Bart. of Lawford-Hall, in the county of Warwick. Sir Edward, by his will, left his son and daughter under the sole care and management of his widow, their mother, who called in the family aid of Sir Francis Skipworth and Sir William Wheeler, the former of whom died before Sir Theodosius; and as to Sir William Wheeler, he seldom acted but when Lady Boughton especially required his advice and assistance.

At the time of his sister's marriage, Sir Theodosius Boughton was just entering into his seventeenth year, and was a student at Eton, where Mr. and Mrs. Donellan paid him their nuptial visit, and soon after took up their residence at Bath. Although Captain Donellan



possessed little or no fortune of his own, it has been already observed, that the match was approved of by the friends of the lady; to conciliate whom, the Captain not only settled the whole of his wife's actual fortune upon herself, but also every thing which she might afterwards become entitled to, either by inheritance or legacy. Such was the apparently happy commencement of an alliance which ended so disastrously.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Donellan resided at Bath, they received a visit from Lady Boughton and the young baronet, who had been removed from Eton in consequence of ill health arising from youthful imprudence. During this visit, Sir Theodosius, being young and high spirited, engaged in one or two serious quarrels, from which, it was acknowledged on all sides, that the prudence and experience of Captain Donellan were exerted to extricate him without a duel. Upon Lady Boughton's return to Lawford-Hall, she wrote in the most pressing manner to invite the Captain and his Lady to join her there, an invitation which they at first declined, but subsequently accepted; most unfortunately, as under every view of the case, it produced very melancholy consequences. The arrival of Captain and Mrs. Donellan at Lawford-Hall, occurred in June 1778, about a year after their marriage; and it appears they continued resident and domesticated there from that time until the fatal catastrophe in 1780.

It is clear from the general tenor of the evidence produced upon the trial, that the Donellans were not only at home at Lawford-Hall, but that the influence of the Captain there was very great. When it is considered that he was in the maturity of active life, that is to say, in his seven or eight and thirtieth year; that Lady Boughton was aged, and that the baronet was barely twenty at his death, his ascendancy will not appear surprising. Other circumstances tended to give him this weight; Lady Boughton was not a very intellectual woman, and her ill-fated son appears to have been occupied entirely by his pleasures. During this trial, much stress was laid upon Captain Donellan's frequent prognostications of a fatal termination to the irregular course of his young brother-in-law, as if they were uttered by him,



to preface the catastrophe which he premeditated; but let the facts be fairly attended to, and what could be more natural than such predictions from an individual of his age and experience. The first visit he paid to the imprudent youth was at Eton; he had not then completed his sixteenth year, and yet was under the care of a medical gentleman, for a complaint which it is unnecessary to name. From Eton he was removed to Northampton, and placed under the private tuition of a Mr. Jones; and it is proved that he was attended there for something similar. It further appears, that he indulged in the dangerous habit of prescribing for himself, and that he was continually taking physic; and lastly, he was again infected at the time of his death, slightly, according to the apothecary who attended him—but what was the truth?—why, that the said apothecary treated his complaint rather slightly; but in a few days was called in again, upon the manifestation of a symptom, which although no adequate cause for immediate apprehension, was confirmatory of virulent disease. Such being the uncontradicted facts, in common candour, ought general expressions anticipating the premature death of so early a victim of intemperance, to be considered as at all remarkable, particularly when accompanied with advice both to his mother and to himself? Or is it wrong from such data to say, in narrative, that Sir Theodosius Boughton *was* what Captain Donellan, with truth, if not with delicacy, described him to be—a young man, whose early and repeated imprudence bade fair to shorten his existence?

Such, with the addition of the unhappy Mrs. Donellan, was the family circle at Lawford-Hall; and if to the foregoing particulars it be added, that the latter was heir-at-law to the larger part of her brother's fortune, if he died without legitimate issue; and that the ostensible views of Captain Donellan were to take orders to enable him to enjoy the two living in the gift of Sir Theodosius—the reader will be furnished with a tolerably faithful outline of the relative situation of this family, when the fatal circumstance occurred, which threw it into so much confusion, and which is now to be described from the testimony of Lady Boughton, as delivered be-



fore the Coroner. This particular deposition it will be proper to give at large, as it was the deponent's *first* account of the melancholy transaction; and in the subsequent trial she materially varied in her explanation of the identical fact which decided the fate of the prisoner at the bar.

"ANNA MARIA BOUGHTON, of Little Lawford, in the county of Warwick, widow, upon her oath, saith, That the deceased was her son; that for a considerable time before his death, he took various medicines which were sent to him from a Mr. Powell, a surgeon in Rugby, which sometimes occasioned the deceased to keep his room. That on the thirtieth of August last, this examinant went into his room to give him part of the medicines sent for him from the said Mr. Powell; and that about seven o'clock in the morning of the same day, this examinant, by the direction of the deceased, gave him the medicine contained in one of the phial bottles then standing upon the mantle-piece of the deceased; that she perceived, upon pouring it out into the bason to give to the deceased, a large quantity of powder or sediment at the bottom of the phial; that it had a *very offensive and nauseous smell*; that the deceased complained very much of the nauseousness of the medicine, and that he thought he should not be able to keep it upon his stomach; that there was a label upon the bottle, in which the medicine was contained, expressing the medicine to be the purging potion for Sir Theodosius Boughton. And this examinant saith, that she cannot tell whether there were any other bottles in the deceased's room containing the same medicine. That John Donellan, Esq. this examinant's son-in-law, *being informed by her of the situation the deceased was in, came up stairs to this examinant*; and after being informed by this examinant of the medicine she had given him, desired her to give him the bottle; and that he then *put water into the bottle, and poured it and the settling of the bottle out together; put his finger into it, and informed this examinant it had a nauseous taste*. And this examinant further saith, that the deceased, immediately after taking the medicine, seemed as if he was going into convulsions for a considerable time; but after



that appearance had subsided, the deceased seemed as if he was going to sleep; upon which this examinant left the room, and returned back in the space of about five minutes, when she found the deceased with his eyes fixed, his teeth set; and the froth running out of his mouth, and that he expired in a few minutes afterwards. And this examinant further saith, that the composition or mixture contained in the bottle given by her to the deceased, *was something in colour to that produced and shewn to her by the said Mr. Powell*, at this the time of her examination, but to the smell very different, to the best of this examinant's information and belief.

ANNA BOUGHTON."

One of the strangest circumstances attendant upon a death so alarming was the subsequent conduct of Lady Boughton: it would seem from her further deposition on the succeeding day, and on the trial, that the rinsing of the bottles by Captain Donellan struck her as exceedingly suspicious and improper, yet neither these suspicions, nor the suddenness of her son's death upon the swallowing of a medicine, induced the good lady to take the arrangement of the funeral out of his hands, or even to interest herself to have any surgical inspection of the body. In so calm a way, indeed, did this calamity pass over, that on the Saturday following the Wednesday on which it took place, the deceased was absolutely soldered up in his coffin. Public attention, however, had been strongly excited; and poison being very generally suspected, the tendency of these suspicions at length reached the ears of the assistant guardian, Sir William Wheeler, who wrote a polite note to Captain Donellan, informing him of the nature of the prevalent rumour, and the necessity there was to do it away by a professional examination of the body. The reply of Captain Donellan was prompt and acquiescent; and also expressed a wish, that Sir William Wheeler himself would attend. The three practitioners, with an assistant, however, arrived by themselves, and were informed by the Captain, that they were called upon to open the body of the deceased—for what?—"the satisfaction of us all;" but he did not mention the suspicion



of poison. It is remarkable that upon this intimation, the gentlemen, finding that owing to the putridity of the body, the operation would be attended with danger to themselves, declined it—on the ground, that in its then state, it would not determine the cause of the death; and Captain Donellan was blamed for not inducing them to operate, at all hazards, by resting on the suspicion of poison, or, in other words, on the suspicion that he was himself the murderer of his brother-in-law. More than this—in giving Sir William Wheeler an epistolary account of this visit, he left it ambiguous, whether the body had been opened or not; but then, on the other hand, he requested one of the gentlemen himself to call on the baronet, who promised to do so, but did not. It further told against him, that on the next morning Mr. Bucknill, a surgeon of Rugby, having heard that the former gentlemen had declined operating, called at Lawford Hall, and offered to take out the stomach at his own risk; but the Captain declined on the ground of unfairness to the other professional gentlemen, unless directly authorized by Sir W. Wheeler; and in consequence, Mr. Bucknill went away. Of this visit Sir William heard, and wrote again, requesting that Mr. Bucknill and his own apothecary, Mr. Snow, might do what it was so desirable should be done; but here another jostle of circumstances took place. Owing to their professional engagements, the two gentlemen missed of each other; Mr. Bucknill, who came first, was called away to a dying patient; and when he returned, Mr. Snow had arrived, and from a sense of danger, having declined opening the body, was departed, and therefore there was no more to be done. Captain Donellan, upon this, proceeded with the funeral, which took place the same day, between three and four o'clock.

In all these transactions, it is very remarkable that although the suspicion of poison could, and did, attach to Captain Donellan only, yet he was strangely permitted to arrange every proceeding which was to produce satisfaction, and that by the mother of the deceased, who was very early alarmed at his equivocal conduct.



But, although the interment was effected, when it became generally known that the body had not been opened, the minds of all orders of people were alarmed, and it was laudably insisted upon by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, that the deceased should be taken up, the Coroner be called, and a surgical examination take place by course of law. This was done accordingly, and the depositions on the first day of examination were in substance as follows.

That of Lady Boughton has already been given.

Mr. Powell, the apothecary, who supplied the draught, the taking of which was followed by the death of Sir Theodosius, deposed, that it was a mixture consisting of jalap, rhubarb, spirits of lavender, simple syrup, and nutmeg water.

Sarah Steane, who laid out the deceased, simply stated that to the time of the body being placed in the coffin, it appeared the same, in every respect, as any other corpse.

William and Samuel Frost, servants, deposed that the evening and morning preceding his death, the deceased appeared to them to be in good health and spirits.

Mr. Wilmer, a surgeon, one of the professional gentlemen who declined opening the body in the first instance, because its putridity rendered satisfaction from the operation *hopeless*, now deposed, that such had been his *expressed opinion*; and further, that being present at the opening of the body when disinterred, he found all the contents of the abdomen, or lower belly, more or less inflamed, and putrid; the upper part of the intestinal canal more inflamed than the lower part; the texture of the kidneys destroyed, and the internal substance bloody, and of a red colour; the omentum or caul tender in its texture, and inflamed; the liver smaller than usual, and soft in its texture; the stomach much altered from its natural state, but not so much inflamed as the parts in its neighbourhood; that it contained somewhat less than an ounce of brown coloured thick fluid, which, when taken out and examined in a bason, discovered no grittiness, or any metallic particles; that the midriff was particularly inflamed; the lungs putrid and inflamed, and in some parts black, *and on each side of the lungs, in the cavity of the thorax, or chest, was about a pint of extra-*



*vacated blood in a fluid state.* Mr. Wilmer further averred that he had seen the mixture furnished by Mr. Powell, and that such draught or mixture could not at any time occasion the death of the deceased; and that, for the reasons before suggested by him, he was induced to believe that it was "*then impossible to tell what occasioned the deceased's death.*"

Doctor Rattray corroborated the whole of the above; but added that he believed, from the deposition of Lady Boughton, that the medicine administered by her caused the death of her son.

Mr. Snow, a surgeon, merely confirmed the depositions of Mr. Wilmer and Doctor Rattray *generally*.

Mr. Bucknill deposed to the same purpose, with the additional confirmation of Doctor Rattray's opinion, as to the draught administered by Lady Boughton being the immediate cause of her son's death.

Such was the result of the first day's examination before the Coroner, which was thought to afford little that was conclusive against Captain Donellan; but an opinion was nevertheless formed there, that Lady Boughton was overawed by her son-in-law, and the next day at the adjourned examination, the result of some recent operation upon her mind was very manifest, for her first account of the conduct of Captain Donellan with respect to rinsing the phials, was thus materially, and for him, fatally modified.

Without reference to her former statement, "*that Mr. Donellan put water into the bottle, and poured it; and the settling of the water, out together; put his finger into it, and informed her that it had, a nauseous taste,*" Lady Boughton now declared, that when Captain Donellan was told of the effect of the medicine upon the deceased, he asked where the bottle was that had contained it; and upon it being pointed out to him, he "*swilled the bottle out with water, and threw the water and the medicine which was left at the bottom of the bottle, upon the ground.*" That upon her expressing her surprize that he should do so, he said, that it was in order to taste it; but that he *did not taste it*, but proceeded to empty a *second* bottle, which stood upon the deceased's mantle-piece, but what was contained therein she knew not. That

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after throwing away the contents of the second bottle, Captain Donellan ordered Sarah Blundell, who was then in the room, to take the same away; but that examinant objected to such removal, and desired the servant to leave them where they were; that Captain Donellan however still persisted in his orders; and she believed they were removed accordingly. Lady Boughton further observed, that upon her return home from the last examination, Captain Donellan, who had heard it taken, had expressed surprise and displeasure at her then deposing that he had rinsed the bottles, and told her that she was only obliged to answer such questions as should be asked. That she had heard Captain Donellan advise her son to keep his medicines in his first room, and not in an inner-room, which he kept locked; whereas any part of the family might have access to the former. Finally, she deposes that the circumstance of the said Captain Donellan's swilling the bottles, led her to suppose "*that some unfair dealings had been carried on respecting her son, and that he had died by the medicine she had given him.*"

The most trifling inconsistency of Captain Donellan was observed with an *animus* decidedly against him; but what can account for the conduct of this extraordinary old lady—not with respect to the manifest opposition of her two depositions—it may be admitted, that she was overawed in the first instance; but what is to be pleaded for a mother who imagined that her son died by a medicine administered by herself, who, from the deportment of Captain Donellan, was led to suspect "unfair dealings" on his part, and who yet left every subsequent arrangement which could advance or retard discovery, to the person so suspected, without the slightest remonstrance or interference!

This evidence, which was corroborated by Sarah Blundell, in the particular fact of her being ordered to take away the bottles and clean the room, by Captain Donellan, was conclusive; the Coroner's Jury, and it could do no otherwise, brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against him, and he was immediately committed for trial.



Unfortunately for Captain Donellan, in consequence of the assizes having been recently concluded, his trial did not come on until seven months after the alleged offence, during which interval the popular odium was excited against him to an unprecedented degree. The most virtuous emotions, when guided principally by impulse, are not unfrequently the most unjust, and so in the present instance they proved to be. The horror inspired by the probability of a domestic perfidy so atrocious, as the murder imputed to the unhappy prisoner, and an eagerness to punish it, seemed to overwhelm the impartiality of the whole community. They might be said to operate where they never should operate, in the Court of Justice itself; judge, jury, and witnesses seemed to be carried away by them; they appeared to animate the counsel for conviction, and to paralyse that for defence. To detail the whole of the proceedings upon a trial so complicated would be useless. This sketch will therefore confine itself to a species of commentary upon the evidence, not only as delivered, but as subsequently corrected by notorious fact, not with a view of rivalling the sagacious judge who presided, but for the honest purpose of adding to the weight of opinion now existing against a too great latitude of presumption, in convicting upon what is popularly termed *Circumstantial Evidence*.

Mr. Powell, the apothecary, who was first called, proved, as before, the nature of the draughts sent by him to Sir Theodosius Boughton, and described him to have been at the time slightly indisposed of a venereal complaint, and that he gave him nothing but cooling physic and an embrocation.

That when he reached Lawford Hall, in consequence of an express informing him of the dangerous state of Sir Theodosius, the latter had been dead an hour; that he met Captain Donellan in the Court Yard, who went with him to see the corpse, in which he observed nothing particular; that upon asking how the deceased died, the Captain replied *in convulsions*, but put no questions to him in return; and that the *general intent* of the prisoner seemed to be to carry an idea that Sir Theodosius had taken cold.



The evidence of Lady Boughton on the trial varied as materially from both her depositions before the Coroner, as one of them differed from the other. The general substance of her evidence, as affecting the prisoner at the bar, may be reduced to the following points :

That Mrs. Donellan would inherit £1200 per annum by the death of Theodosius.

That when Lady Boughton once talked of quitting Lawford Hall, the prisoner advised her not to do so, as her son was in a bad state of health, and she knew not what might happen—a prediction which her ladyship then understood to allude to the danger incurred by Sir Theodosius *in hunting*.

That her son was about to receive a week's visit from a Mr. Fonnereau, and to depart with him on a visit in return.

That one day Captain Donellan, in her hearing, advised Sir Theodosius to keep his medicines in his chamber, which was always open, rather than in an inner room, which was usually locked.

That Captain Donellan was absent from his wife and Lady Boughton on the evening when the medicines arrived, and accounted for his absence by saying he had been to see Sir Theodosius fishing.

That upon Captain Donellan's coming into the room, and asking in what manner Sir Theodosius was taken ill, he was shewn the two draughts sent by Mr. Powell, the last of which had proved so fatal; that he took up one of them, and said, "*is this it?*" and upon being answered *yes*, poured some water out of a water-bottle into the phial, shook it, and then emptied it out into some dirty water, which was in a wash-hand bason. That her ladyship observed to him, that he ought not to do so, but that he immediately snatched the other bottle, poured water into it, and shook it, and then put his finger to it and tasted it, saying, when remonstrated with upon the impropriety of meddling with the bottles, that he did it to taste the contents, but that he did *not taste the rinsings of the first phial at all*.

That the prisoner desired Sarah Blundell to take away the bason, the dirty things, and the bottles, and that he put the bottles into her hands; that her ladyship



directed the servant to let the things alone, and took them from her; but that the prisoner, while her back was turned, gave the bottles to her again, as the said servant, who is since dead, informed her—That, previous to this second order, he had also directed that the room might be cleaned, and the clothes thrown into an inner room.

That, during the whole of the foregoing scene, Sir Theodosius was not entirely dead.

That, some time afterwards, when her Ladyship went into the parlour, Captain Donellan observed to his wife, in her presence, that her mother had been pleased to take notice of his washing the bottles out, and that he did not know what he should have done if he had not thought of saying he put the water into it to put his finger to it to taste it. That her Ladyship turned away to the window without reply, upon which he repeated the foregoing observation, and rang for the coachman to prove the time of his going out that morning.

That, upon returning from the first examination before the Coroner, Captain Donellan said to his wife, before her ladyship, that she (Lady Boughton) had no occasion to have mentioned his washing the bottle; and that she should only have answered the questions put to her.

Mary Lynes, the house-keeper, proved, that Captain Donellan frequently amused himself with distilling roses; and Francis Amos, gardener, that he had brought him a still, with wet lime in it, to clean, a few days after the young baronet's death.

William Croft, one of the coroner's jury, swore that he saw the prisoner pull Lady Boughton by the sleeve when she first deposed that he had rinsed the phial.

Sir William Wheeler proved the tenor of his correspondence with Captain Donellan, relative to opening the body, as already related.

The three professional gentlemen who first attended to open the body, deposed that they would have done so, at all events, had they been informed that poison was suspected; they also described the poisonous nature of *laurel water*, and proved that its effects upon animal life were similar to those of the draughts given to Sir



Theodosius. They also gave a positive opinion that the deceased died by a poisonous draught administered by Lady Boughton, and that the appearance of the body was such as might follow the swallowing of a strong vegetable poison.

Doctors Ashe and Parsons, celebrated physicians, corroborated the opinions of the foregoing witnesses.

Mr. Bucknill, the surgeon who had volunteered to operate in the first instance, related his first and second visit to Lawford Hall, to open the body as already detailed.

Such was the tenor of the substantial evidence for the prosecution, the irrelevant it is unnecessary to notice.

To take the allegations in order—Mr. Powell, after proving the innocency of his own prescription, asserted, that the disorder of Sir Theodosius was slight, and that he gave him nothing but cooling physic and an embrocation. This testimony, though apparently indifferent as it regarded the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, materially injured him, as it seemed to contradict his frequent allusions to his brother-in-law's irregularity, and to suggest, that his motive for such imputation was to prepare expectation for his death. But the fact was, that this medical gentleman, though his answers in court seemed to confine his prescriptions to cooling physic and an embrocation, had administered bolusses of calomel—and, in fact, treated a venereal patient as venereal patients are usually treated. Respect for family feelings is *proper* in a medical man; but a regard to social justice is *necessary*. Neither was the behaviour of Captain Donellan to this gentleman, when called in by express, more remarkable than his own, or that of Lady Boughton, who joined them in the bed-room almost immediately. The Captain told him that the deceased died in convulsions, but put no questions in return, neither did her Ladyship: and the apothecary himself possessed similar apathy; for though death had apparently followed one of his own prescriptions, he acknowledged *in court*, that he did not enquire how soon the convulsions ensued. Moreover, this important visit and double conversation took up ten minutes.

With respect to the evidence of Lady Boughton, it first proves the interest of the prisoner in the death of



his brother-in-law :—this may be admitted ; but still it ought to be understood that it was not so great as the world imagined. He had only Mrs. Donellan's life in the estate, which was deeply encumbered, except as the guardian of his children ; on the other hand, by the survival of Sir Theodosius, he would have secured church preferment to the amount of five hundred pounds per annum.

The next point was, his advising Lady Boughton not to leave Lawford Hall on account of her son's ill health, as she knew not what might happen. Her Ladyship thought this prediction alluded to the danger incurred by Sir Theodosius in hunting—But what has ill health to do with hunting ? It is shocking to see a wish to conceal from the world, that an intemperate young man had injured his constitution, furnishing a foundation for surmises affecting the life of an individual. To say nothing of the absurdity of coupling ill health with hunting—what was there in this testimony to impeach Captain Donellan ? Her Ladyship deposed that upon another occasion, the prisoner recommended her not to drink after Sir Theodosius, on account of the nature of his medicines. Could he have thus addressed a mother who was unconscious of her son's irregularities—a mother, too, who frequently administered physic to that son herself ? Another conversation of the same tendency was deposed to by a clergyman of the name of Newsam ; but again, it may be said, what do these observations signify, backed as they were by facts ?—they may indicate a want of generosity and delicacy, probably, but certainly do not *prove* an intention, on the part of the prophet, to hasten the fulfilment of his own predictions.

The next point deposed to by Lady Boughton was, that her son was about to receive a visit from a Mr. Fonnereau, and to return it. Nothing can more clearly shew the shadowy nature of many of the surmises against the prisoner, than the inference sought for from this fact. It appears that a report existed in the county that Sir Theodosius admired Miss Fonnereau, and therefore Captain Donellan hastened to poison him before he went.



Then follows Captain Donellan's advice to Sir Theodosius to keep his medicines in his open chamber. The latter acknowledges to some such advice, but very naturally accounts for it; Sir Theodosius made up poisons for rats, &c. and told him and Lady Boughton that he had nearly taken some of it himself instead of physic, upon which he was recommended to keep his physic and his poison separate.

The succeeding allegation of Lady Boughton proved very fatal to the prisoner; namely, that he was absent during the afternoon the draughts arrived, and that when he returned, he said he had been to see Sir Theodosius fishing. That he had not been to see the fishing party was clearly proved; and Captain Donellan denied that he said so, and instructed his counsel to call two persons of the name of Dand and Matthews, to shew that he was in conversation with them during the whole of his absence; but this the counsel did not do, fearing they would not be able to prove *all* the time. Of this neglect the prisoner very bitterly complained; and his very respectable solicitors, in a publication given to the world after his execution, testified that the evidence of the men in question would have materially contradicted that of Lady Boughton.

The principal fact, however, deposed to by Lady Boughton, was the rinsing of the phials. Her various and contradictory accounts of this transaction before the Coroner and the Court have been detailed. The prisoner himself accounted for it, by saying, that when informed by Lady Boughton of what had happened, he asked her what she had given to her son, and where the bottle was, and, upon its being pointed out to him, took it, and held it up to the light; and finding it apparently clean and dry, put a tea-spoonful of water into it, rinsed it well, and poured it into a small white bason then on the table, in order to taste it with his finger, which he did several times, and declared it very nauseous. That he also tasted several more medicines, which stood on the mantle-piece, on which there were many phials, gallipots, &c. which smelt very offensively; and observing Lady Boughton begin to put the room in order, he told Sarah Blundell to help her Ladyship, and particularly to re-



move a chamber-pan. That happening to stand near the chimney-piece, when she began to take away the phials, he very innocently handed some to her, &c. &c.

Now it is not for a moment contended, that this account of an accused person is to be weighed against that of a competent and clear-headed witness; but could an elderly lady be called such, who on her first examination, mentions his rinsing *one phial only*, and on the second, swears circumstantially *to two*;—on the former, that he tasted the contents of the only phial that he rinsed, and declared the taste of them—on the latter, that he rinsed two and *tasted neither*. On that, she swore generally that he poured the water out, but with an apparent intimation, that it was poured into some vessel, into which he put his finger;—on this she expressly declares that the contents of the first phial were thrown upon *the ground*; and indefinitely, that the contents of another were thrown *away*—*there* he actually tastes the contents of the bottle, *here*, after rinsing the first, he only *says* that he did so to taste them.

So much for the contradictions before the Coroner; the testimony of Lady Boughton in court was equally inconsistent with the most formidable of these depositions. The only point in which these two last correspond is, that two phials were rinsed, and this correspondence serves only to make the other circumstances more plainly incompatible; for the water from both phials, by the written testimony, was thrown upon the ground; by the oral, was poured into a bason of dirty water: by that, *neither was tasted*; by this, the last certainly was.—On the former occasion, her Ladyship swore that Captain Donellan threw something out of a second bottle, which stood upon the deceased's mantle-piece, and that she did not know the contents. On the latter, that he poured water into the *OTHER BOTTLE* and emptied it out.—Finally, before the Coroner, she stated, that the apology, "*I did it to taste it*," was made by Captain Donellan on her remonstrance, after his rinsing the *first* phial; and on the trial swears, that he spoke those words after rinsing the *second*, in consequence of some words from her, which in the depositions are not mentioned at



all, and that he gave no answer whatever to her *first* expostulations.—Not one of which inconsistencies were pointed out, either by judge or counsel.

Of the fact, that Captain Donellan ordered Sarah Blundell to clear the room, his own account has been stated—that he was angry at her for not immediately obeying him, rests upon Lady Boughton's testimony, that Sarah Blundell told her so—all she herself could speak to was, that they were taken out, but she knew not exactly when.—Sarah Blundell's deposition before the Coroner only states generally, that Captain Donellan ordered her to clear the room, and assisted her to take away the bottles.—Sarah Blundell died before the trial.

The next circumstance deposed against the prisoner was, that he said to Mrs. Donellan, in her presence, that her Ladyship had found fault with him for rinsing the *bottles*, and that he did not know what he should have done if he had not *thought of saying* "he put the water into it to put his finger in to taste it."—That Captain Donellan used these exact words is very unlikely, as they are both ungrammatical and absurd, not to mention the weakness of such an admission. That he alluded, however, to the circumstance, is very probable; but how is it possible to rely on the memory of Lady Boughton for this event, who made no mention of the circumstance before the Coroner, and yet positively swore in court, both directly and on cross examination, that she had done so.

That Captain Donellan blamed Lady Boughton for deposing before the Coroner to his rinsing the phials, and that he told her she needed only to have answered such questions as were put to her, was not denied by him, though the testimony of the jurymen, as to his pulling her sleeve at that particular moment, he asserted to be incorrect. Lady Boughton could have decided the last point, but was not examined on it by either counsel; but, admitting both the facts, they prove but little. An innocent man, if not perfectly acquainted with the obligation of an oath in judicial enquiries, speaking to a supposed friend, might naturally so argue. Grant for a moment the unfortunate man was innocent—he had inconsiderately rinsed a phial to taste it,



and found it rendered him suspected of murder; he believes Lady Boughton satisfied of his innocence, and therefore thinks that, in divulging a fact which might subject him to unmerited imputation, she acted unfriendly. All this is as consistent with the warmth of innocence as with the alarm of guilt.

Mary Lynes, the house-keeper, proved that Captain Donellan sometimes distilled roses and lavender; and Francis Amos, gardener, that a few days after the death of Sir Theodosius, he brought him a still, with wet lime in it, to clean.—Of these points presently.

The tenor of the correspondence proved by Sir W. Wheeler has been already related. It certainly shews that Captain Donellan was not anxious to have the body opened, neither was Lady Boughton. Moreover, when the operators attended, he did not tell them that poison was suspected, or shew that letter from Sir William Wheeler which pointedly said so—but another, which conveyed the same meaning less forcibly—or, in other words, which simply stated that it was necessary to give the public satisfaction. Again, he did not accept of a voluntary offer to operate, after three gentlemen had declared such operation useless and dangerous; and, finally, when two gentlemen accidentally missed of each other, and one of them declined opening the body, and, as agent of Sir William Wheeler, authorised the funeral, that the prisoner sent the other away. In answer to all this, it is necessary to say little more, than that many persons, as well as Captain Donellan, might not like to expatiate upon a suspicion of poison, which could only attach to themselves; and that, after his imprudence with respect to the phials, even an innocent man would be glad to get the funeral over.

The testimony of the three medical gentlemen, that they would have opened the body, at all risks, if they had been aware of the suspicion of poison, must be implicitly admitted, though a little at variance with their declarations, that the body was too putrid to decide upon the case. That the same gentlemen, with Doctors Parsons and Ashe, *believed* that the draught administered by Lady Boughton, caused the death of her son, must also be admitted; and that laurel water is a poison,



cannot be denied. But the correctness of the opinions and deductions of this medical junta was controverted by a testimony of far greater weight than those of all of them united.

But first the reader will very naturally enquire, what laurel water has to do in this case? Briefly, then: Captain Donellan, as may be seen from the testimony of the house-keeper and gardener, sometimes amused himself by distilling from roses and lavender, with a still in the possession of the family. Lady Boughton, although she described the draught administered as smelling very nauseous, also resembled its odour to that of *bitter almonds*, which scent is not *nauseous*, but peculiarly characteristic of laurel water; and generally speaking, its effects upon animal life were proved not to be dissimilar to the sufferings of the deceased. Ergo, laurel water poisoned Sir Theodosius Boughton: the strangeness of this inference, at least as conclusive, will appear more strongly, when it is stated to have been so entirely an after-thought, that the indictment called the poison *arsenic*, and the most lively of the medical gentlemen had as strongly decided upon that presumption, as upon the one subsequently preferred. With respect to the distillation of laurel water by Captain Donellan, no proof of any kind was offered, other than that some days after the death of Sir Theodosius, he gave a still, with wet lime in it, to the gardener to clean, which wet lime was held to be placed there for the purpose of carrying away the smell of his poisonous operations. According to the prisoner himself, this lime water was intended to wet his bedstead, and those of his children, to kill the vermin, and the still was merely used as an utensil to hold it; for the truth of which statement he appealed to the female servants, who had often seen him so employ it. He also acknowledged, that he had sometimes used laurel leaves, with other ingredients, as a bath for his feet, agreeably to a printed recipe, in a book entitled "The Toilet of Flora."

Will it be credited that on such a string of negation and surmise, the employment of laurel water, against Sir Theodosius Boughton, seems on the trial to have been taken for granted!



The evidence for the prosecution alone has been yet attended to; that for the defence was very brief, but cogent. In the first place, it was proved that Captain Donellan had more than once interfered to make up quarrels for Sir Theodosius, which might have been attended with danger. In the second, there was the following testimony of the celebrated John Hunter, which may be held out as a beautiful specimen of the caution required in the delivery of professional opinions, and of the calm resolution with which science should maintain its decisions in the face of authority, whether partial, prejudiced, or overbearing.

MR. JOHN HUNTER *sworn; Examined by Mr. NEWNHAM.*

Q. Have you heard the evidence that has been given by these gentlemen?—A. I have been present the whole time.

Q. Did you hear Lady Boughton's evidence?—A. I heard the whole.

Q. Did you attend to the symptoms her Ladyship described, as appearing upon Sir Theodosius Boughton, after the medicine was given him?—A. I did.

Q. Can any certain inference upon physical or surgical principles be drawn from those symptoms, or from the appearances, externally or internally, of the body, to enable you, in your judgment, to decide that the death was occasioned by poison?—A. I was in London then; a gentleman who is in court waited upon me with a copy of the examination of Mr. Powell and Lady Boughton, and an account of the dissection, and the physical gentlemen's opinion upon that dissection.

Q. I don't wish to go into that—I put my question in a general way.—A. The whole appearances upon the dissection explain nothing but putrefaction.

Q. You have been long in the habit of dissecting human subjects? I presume you have dissected more than any man in Europe?—A. I have dissected some thousands during these thirty-three years.

Q. Are those appearances you have heard described such, in your judgment, as are the result of putrefaction in dead subjects?—A. Entirely.

Q. Are the symptoms that appeared after the medicine



was given, such as necessarily conclude that the person had taken poison?—A. Certainly not.

Q. If an apoplexy had come on, would not the symptoms have been nearly or somewhat similar?—A. Very much the same.

Q. Have you ever known or heard of a young subject dying of an apoplectic or epileptic fit?—A. Certainly; but with regard to the apoplexy, not so frequent: young subjects will perhaps die more frequently of epilepsies than old ones; children are dying every day from teething, which is a species of epilepsy arising from an irritation.

Q. Did you ever in your practice know an instance of laurel water being given to a human subject?—A. No, never.

Q. Is any certain analogy to be drawn from the effects of any given species of poison upon an animal of the brute creation, to that it may have upon a human subject?—A. As far as my experience goes, which is not a very confined one, because I have poisoned some thousands of animals, they are very near the same: opium, for instance, will poison a dog similar to a man; arsenic will have very near the same effect upon a dog as it would have, I take it for granted, upon a man; I know something of the effects of them, and I believe their operations will be nearly similar.

Q. Are there not many things which will kill animals almost instantaneously, that will have no detrimental or noxious effect upon a human subject; spirits, for instance, occur to me?—A. I apprehend a great deal depends upon the mode of experiment; no man is fit to make one, but those who have made many, and paid considerable attention to all the circumstances that relate to experiments:—it is a common experiment, which, I believe, seldom fails, and it is in the mouth of every body, that a little brandy will kill a cat: I have made the experiment, and have killed several cats, but it is a false experiment; in all those cases where it kills the cat, it kills the cat by getting into her lungs, not into her stomach; because, if you convey the same quantity of brandy, or three times as much, into the stomach, in such a way as the lungs shall not be ef-



fect, the cat will not die. Now, in those experiments that are made by forcing an animal to drink, there are two operations going on; one is a refusing the liquor by the animal—its kicking and working with its throat to refuse it; the other is, a forcing the liquor upon the animal, and there are very few operations of that kind, but some of the liquor gets into the lungs; I have known it from experience.

Q. If you had been called upon to dissect a body supposed to have died of poison, should you, or not, have thought it necessary to have pursued your search through the guts?—A. Certainly.

Q. Do you not apprehend that you would have been more likely to receive information from thence than any other part of the frame?—A. That is the tract of the poison, and I certainly should have followed that tract through.

Q. You have heard of the froth issuing from Sir Theodosius's mouth, a minute or two before he died; is that peculiar to a man dying of poison, or is it not very common in many other complaints?—A. I fancy it is a general effect, of people dying in what you may call health, in an apoplexy or epilepsy, in all sudden deaths, where the person was a moment before that in perfect health.

Q. Have you ever had an opportunity of seeing such appearances upon such subjects?—A. Hundreds of times.

Q. Should you consider yourself bound, by such an appearance, to impute the death of the subject to poison?—A. No, certainly not; I should rather suspect an apoplexy, and I wish, in this case, the head had been opened to remove all doubts.

Q. If the head had been opened, do you apprehend all doubts would have been removed?—A. It would have been still farther removed; because, although the body was putrid so that one could not tell whether it was a recent inflammation, yet an apoplexy arises from an extravasation of blood in the brain, which would have laid in a coagulum. I apprehend, although the body was putrid, that would have been much more visible than the effect any poison could have had upon the stomach or intestines.



Q. Then, in your judgment upon the appearances the gentlemen have described, no inference can be drawn from thence that Sir Theodosius Boughton died of poison?—A. Certainly not; it does not give the least suspicion.

The cross examination of this eminent surgeon was still more decided—simply admitting that death following the taking of a draught was suspicious, he wholly denied that it was necessarily caused by it; and asserted that any symptom and appearance on opening the body of the deceased, or, as described by Lady Boughton, might be furnished by the epilepsy or apoplexy. As the father of Sir Theodosius died of the latter disorder, he was asked if it were likely to attack a thin young man, under a course of cooling physic; he answered certainly not *so* likely; but that he had known two instances of young women dying of apoplexy.

This testimony, though that of a man whom all Europe regarded as an oracle in his profession, did not avail; the Judge chose to consider it as one to four, and Captain Douellan was convicted of poisoning by laurel water, because a draught smelt like bitter almonds, and executed for a death which no one had proved a murder.

It will be seen that all the presumptions formed against the prisoner, in this striking case, arose out of a conduct which exhibited what every one might term uneasiness, but which the multitude called conscious guilt. The truth was, Captain Donellan soon perceived that he was suspected; and indeed suspicion, on the ground that *interest* is the *rock* of the *accused*, could fall on no one else. The rinsing of the phials was, doubtless, a suspicious fact; but testified as it was, by a witness a thousand times more inconsistent than the prisoner; whether it was done to taste the fatal potion or not, is left wholly inconclusive. Lady Boughton says, that this foolish action—foolish, if he was innocent, but insane if he was guilty—alarmed her at the time, and something she doubtless said about it, but she must have been soon satisfied, for it neither induced her to act or to remonstrate any further. To have her son opened, even when a suspicion of poison became general, she thought of no



use; she never interested herself to talk with the professional gentlemen on the subject, but left every thing to the person suspected. When at last, set about recollecting every minute particular against Capt. Donellan, by the surrounding gentry; alarmed at the blame imputable to herself, she deposed to transactions in haste, and incoherently, and never agreed twice in the most important part of her testimony. That the inconsistencies of this Lady, though doubtless unintentional, should not have been urged on the trial, was peculiarly unfortunate for the prisoner; but Captain Donellan's Counsel strangely omitted to notice them.

All the other alleged instances of conscious guilt displayed by this unhappy gentleman, may be as naturally referred to the uneasiness of a mind, tortured by suspicion; and dreading imputation as to actual guilt, and consequently afford no conclusion. It is a fine thing to expatiate upon the security of conscious innocence; but every man of worldly experience knows how much it may be confounded by general suspicion, and consequently how tortuous and evasive it may become. The compiler of this article once saw a well-informed individual under a suspended accusation of several days, and he evinced every acknowledged sign of conscious guilt that can be named, even until his pretensions to innocence excited roars of laughter; and yet innocent he was, after all.

It is not, however, the object of this statement to assert the *innocence* of Captain Donellan, but to shew that he was convicted upon a species of evidence the most fallacious and inconclusive. It is pleasant for a judge to assert, as in this instance, that presumption from circumstance is as strong as positive testimony; while experience shows that innocence has frequently fallen a sacrifice to the one, and but seldom to the other.

A late very acute publication, on the theory of presumptive evidence, thus argues on the case of Captain Donellan.

“When the judgment of the law is passed in reference to a certain thing, the existence of that thing should be first clearly made to appear.



"The fact of poisoning ought to have been established, beyond a shadow of doubt, before any person was convicted as the poisoner.

"But the jury, it will be said, were satisfied on this point. Had the evidence been duly summed up by the judge; had they been told, as they ought to have been, that in experimental philosophy, such as tracing the effects of a particular poison, in tracing the causes, so many and so complicated, that lead to death, if the experiment is defective, if the process is vitiated in one instance, the result is also vitiated and defective. Every practitioner in philosophy is sensible and aware of this truth; and whenever he finds that he has erred in his experiment, he sets the case aside, as affording no satisfactory result, and renews his process in another subject.

"But, unfortunately, it is a matter of pride in some men to be always certain in their opinion, and to appear beyond the influence of doubt. Very different was the practice of that modest and eminent man who gave his evidence on this trial: he was accustomed to the fallaciousness of appearances, to the danger of hasty inferences from imperfect proofs, and refused to give his assent to an opinion, without facts being first produced to support it. 'If I knew,' said Mr. Hunter, 'that the draught was poison, I should say, most probably, that the symptoms arose from that; but when I don't know that the draught was poison, when I consider that a number of other things might occasion his death, I cannot answer positively to it.'

"During the whole course of this celebrated trial, there was not a single fact established by evidence, except the death, and the convulsive appearances at the moment. These appearances Mr. Hunter declared, afforded no suspicion whatever of poison, and were generally incident to sudden death, in what might be called a state of health; not only there was no fact proved, but there was not one single circumstance proved. One circumstance was supposed from another, equally suppositious, and from two fictions united a third was produced. All proof should commence at a fixed point; the law never admits of an inference from an inference. The question is never as to what a thing is like; but the witness must



swear to his belief, as to what it is. The circumstance is always a fact; the presumption is the inference drawn from that fact. It is hence called presumptive proof, because it proceeds merely on opinion. But the circumstance itself is never to be presumed, but must be substantively proved. If it was not laurel water that Sir Theodosius drank, the proof fails as to the effect; and, certainly, some of the usual proofs, some of the common *indicia*, or marks, should have been established. When did the prisoner procure it? From whom did he obtain it? Where, and at what time—and by whom, or how did he administer it?—Nothing of this kind was proved.

“But the accused, it is said, furnished the proof against himself, by his own distrust of his innocence. He no doubt betrayed great apprehensions of being charged with the murder; but is an innocent man never afraid of being thought guilty?”

“We readily recognise all the general truisms and common place observations, as to the confidence of innocence, and the consciousness of guilt; but we find from history, that innocence loses its confidence when oppressed with prejudice; and that men have been convicted of crimes which they never committed, from the very means which they have taken to clear themselves.”

The author then relates a celebrated instance from Hale's Pleas of the Crown, v. 2, p. 290.

It remains but to observe, that Capt. Donellan suffered, pursuant to his sentence, on the 1st of April, 1781, at Warwick; that he died with perfect resignation, and uttered solemn protestations of innocence to the last moments of his life. From papers left behind him for the purpose, a very elaborate and well written defence, was composed and published almost immediately after his death; it produced a great sensation at the time, and it is believed, the most eminent lawyers have latterly regarded this conviction with distaste. It is from the documents in question, and the authenticated trial, that this statement has been drawn up for the present work, in which it properly finds a place, but could not conscientiously be given, without protesting against the conviction as a precedent for the sound administration of justice.



# Voluntary Human Suffering.

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UNDER this head it is not intended to enter into any general description of the austerities and sufferings practised or endured from religious motives, which would occupy volumes, but simply to convey a few well-authenticated narratives of the self devotion of extraordinary individuals, and to relate some affecting instances of an almost inconceivable conquest over the feelings of nature and of reason, at the impulse of superstition or enthusiasm.

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## *SIMEON STYLITES.*

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THIS remarkable man, who is honoured with a niche in the Roman-Catholic Calendar, was the son of a poor shepherd of Cilicia, on the borders of Syria, and entered on his eccentric career towards the close of the fourth century. Simeon was brought up to keep his father's sheep, but at a very early age, the imagination of the poor boy was excited, or, more rationally speaking, disordered, into an extravagant admiration of the glory at that time to be acquired by bodily mortification and self-denial. To a wise and benevolent deity, the misery endured for his sake was thought to be peculiarly acceptable, and the voluntary rejection of his best gifts entitled the wretched devotee not only to the applause of heaven, but to a reverence of his fellow-creatures approaching to adoration. The mind of Simeon, thus prematurely stimulated, was so struck, in his thirteenth year, with the tenor of the text, "Blessed are they that mourn," that he instantly resolved to forsake all earthly employment, and to dedicate his future life to sorrow and suffering for the faith in Christ. In conformity to this holy resolution, the unfortunate youth first applied at the



gates of a neighbouring monastery, requesting to be received within its walls, and to be employed in the vilest drudgery for the service of the brotherhood. His offer was accepted; but it seems that the Order was not sufficiently strict for the devout ambition of Simeon, who at the end of two years removed to the monastery of Heliodorus, a person, says Theodoret, in the way of praise, who had spent sixty-two years so abstracted from the world, that he was ignorant of the most obvious things in it. Under the auspices of this judicious personage, the aspiring penitent first began to display that loftiness of spiritual conception, by which he was subsequently so eminently distinguished. The brothers of the community being restricted to one meal a day, which they took towards evening, Simeon improved the regulation in his own case to a single repast a week, but was obliged to moderate his rigour at the desire of the superior. This unpleasant restriction led him to adopt greater privacy in his subsequent mortifications; thus, esteeming the wearing of hair-cloth and other known body-tormenting apparatus as too lenient, he secretly appropriated the rough well-rope of the monastery to his own especial use. This ingenious substitute, which was formed of twisted palm-tree leaves, the saint tied so tightly round his naked body, that it ate into his flesh, and the fact was discovered by the noisomeness of the ulcer which it created. So successful was this sprightly sally, it was three days before the rope could be disengaged from the wound, and it was at last separated by the knife of the surgeon, at the immediate hazard of the holy man's life. However indicative of zeal and piety, these extraordinary penances were found exceedingly troublesome to the less gifted brethren; and a ray of good sense breaking in upon the Abbot, he dismissed Simeon, as either above or below monastic discipline.

Upon this event, the ungovernable saint repaired to an hermitage at the foot of Mount Thelaniassa, where, in imitation of the Saviour, he endeavoured to pass the forty days of Lent without food. This wonderful undertaking he is asserted not only to have accomplished at that particular time; but the learned Theodoret, a contemporary, vouches, upon his own knowledge, for the same



abstinence during twenty-six Lents of his subsequent life. His manner of passing the forty days is thus detailed by the above writer:—"The first part of his Lent he spent in praising God *standing*; growing weaker, he continued his prayer *sitting*; and towards the end, being exhausted, he *lay* upon the ground." In all these situations he was continually seen by thousands of devotees, who crowded to witness so edifying a spectacle.

After spending three years in this hermitage, Simeon removed to the top of the mountain on which it was situated, when, throwing together some loose stones in the form of a wall, he made for himself an inclosure, but without roof or shelter, and to confirm his resolution of passing his holy life in it, had his right leg fastened to a rock, with a great iron chain. The interference of the dignified clergy of his vicinity was never required to increase the vivacity of Simeon, but sometimes humanely stepped in to moderate it. In the present instance, Meletius, Vicar to the Patriarch of Antioch, considering the chain as rather out of saintly costume, told him that a firm will, supported by God's grace, was sufficient to make him abide in his solitary inclosure, without having recourse to bodily restraint, "Whereupon," says a modern clerical narrator. "the obedient *servant of God* sent for a smith, and had his chain knocked off."

In whatever form it exhibits itself, the love of fame is a very restless propensity; it rendered the life of Simeon a continual progression in his own line of sanctity. The multitudes of people who flocked to receive his benediction, most of whom were desirous of touching so holy a personage, became at length a great annoyance; and to remove so obvious a cause of distraction without offence, he projected for himself a manner of life, altogether new and unprecedented. The result of this bright thought was, the erection of a pillar within his inclosure, six cubits high, in the summit of which he resided *four* years; on a second, twelve cubits high, he perched himself for *three* years; on a third, twenty-two cubits high, for *ten* years; and finally, on a fourth, forty cubits high, built for him by the people, he abode *twenty* years. Thus, in the whole, he lived *thirty-seven*



years on *pillars*, receiving the name of Stylites, from the Greek word *Stylos*, which signifies pillar, and hence his usual appellation of Simeon Stylites.

The various pillars of this poor lunatic, did not exceed a few feet in diameter at the top, which was inclosed round with rails; on which, and on his staff, the wretched man reclined when he slept. The space being so small, it was impossible for him to lie down, and a seat he wholly declined. His usual food was vegetables and water, with which he was supplied as he required them, by admirers and disciples. His garments were formed of the skins of wild beasts, an iron collar adorned his neck, and such was his ungallant tenacity, with respect to women he would never suffer one to come within the inclosure which surrounded his pedestal. From his elevated rostrum, this ghastly and frightful spectre regularly harangued the admiring multitude twice a day; when not addressing them they were equally edified by his significant acts of adoration and reverence. Gibbon quotes the still-existing account of a curious *spectator*, who counted twelve hundred and forty-four genuflections or bows, of the indefatigable Simeon on his pillar, during the time that he looked on. He sometimes prayed in an erect posture, with his outstretched arms, in the figure of a cross; but his most usual practice was that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet. The Eucharist was frequently conveyed to him by a *Saint Domus*; and during Lent, he often fasted on his pillar, as rigidly as he had done on *terra-firma*. During a few of the first and last years, indeed, he was obliged to attach himself to a pole, to support him under his abstinence; but in the zenith of his career he was frequently enabled to fast the whole time without requiring aid of any kind, so strong was his constitution, and so gradually had he habituated himself to a long endurance of inanition.

It is curious to observe the watchful tenacity of the hierarchy of that period, even with respect to the extravagances which it countenanced. Madness and folly were only roads to heaven, as coupled with obedience. When Simeon first took to his pillar, the singularity of his choice was universally condemned as vanity or ex-



travagance; and to make trial of his obedience an order was sent to him, in the name of the neighbouring bishops and abbots, to quit his new manner of life. The saint instantly prepared to comply, which when the messenger perceived, agreeably to his instructions, he informed him, that as he had shown so willing an obedience, he was at liberty to follow his vocation in God. The result has been narrated, Simeon spent thirty-seven years in the air—a monument of human folly and degradation, disgraceful to the Christian name. He died at last of a mortification produced by an ulcer in his foot, which brought him to his end on the 2d of September, A. D. 459, when the poor man bowing on his pillar, as if intent on prayer, silently expired, in the sixty ninth year of his age.

Were the above particulars verified only by the Catholic legends, or even by writers like Theodoret, Cosmo, and Simeon's own disciple, Anthony, who wrote his life, they would be undeserving of credit; but this poor maniac's extraordinary manner of living has been attested by witnesses of all kinds, in consequence of the impression made by it on the whole Christian world of his day. Pilgrims of all ranks visited Syria to obtain his prayers; the Emperors Theodosius and Leo sought his inspired advice in religious difficulties; and another Emperor, Marcian, even went to behold him in disguise. These are facts; the legends, of course, go much farther: according to them, miracles of all kinds attended his prayers and benedictions; and even surrounding nations of barbarians sought the benefit of his intercession. When dead, he was carried to Antioch in solemn procession, attended by all the prelates of the neighbouring country; and even to this day, many Catholic writers refer to him, as a glorious Confessor of the cause of Christ.

But it is pleasant to see that the folly of such sanctity was not altogether invisible to some acute observers, even in the saint's own time: Gibbon relates a jocosé piece of scandal propagated at his expense, which proves that the latent cause of so much absurdity was not mistaken by *all* the world. The squib alluded to, took its rise from the ulcer in his foot that caused his death,



which was thus accounted for:—The ever-watchful Satan, it seems, discovered no small portion of spiritual vanity lurking in the heart of Simeon, which he was permitted to correct by assuming the form of the prophet Elijah. In this holy character the father of lies waited upon the saint, in a chariot of fire, and informed him that his merits were so regarded on high, that the penance of death would be spared him, and he had only to seat himself to be borne directly to heaven. The vanity of Simeon (continued these satyrists) leading him to give implicit credit to the plausible tale, he instantly put his foot into the chariot, and not only got laughed at for his credulity, but so burnt in the too ready limb, than an ulcer ensued, which brought him to his end—a fiction so far pleasant, as it proves the existence of a little humour and common sense in an age of superstition and extravagance.

So different, however, was the general impression in those dark and declining days, that the example of Simeon produced many imitators all over Eastern Christendom, where alone the mildness of the climate would admit of so insane a devotion. Magelli, a domestic prelate to Pope Benedict XIV. wrote a grave dissertation on these fanatics, and gave a plate in the work, representing the Pillar of Simeon, whose image on his column, carved in silver, or in ivory, was at one time very common among devotees. According to this author, the Stylites prevailed in the East until the conquests of the Saracens put an end to the degrading absurdity. The climate of the West rendered similar infatuation impracticable to any great degree. However, Gregory, of Tours, relates that one Vulfilaic, a Lombard, placed himself on a pillar in the neighbourhood of Trier, but after a short abode thereon, was ordered by his bishop to quit a life not endurable in that country. He is the only recorded Stylite of the West.

The 5th of January is the day appropriated to Simeon Stylites in the Roman Catholic Calendar.—*Theodorat—Butler—Gibbon.*

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*PRANPOREE.*

THE foregoing account of a wretched Christian mad-man can only be paralleled in the country which seems to have given birth to this species of superstitious infliction, namely India, where similar insanities were practised for ages before the Christian æra, and are continued to this day. But although the folly is the same, the theories upon which the respective devotees have acted, and now act, are very dissimilar. The wretched Christians, whom base and appalling ideas of their Deity and Saviour have led into so many extravagancies, always affected to consider themselves vile worms, who could only expiate the sin of existence by rendering it miserable, or become worthy of Heaven by turning earth into Hell. That acute lookers-on, even in the days of gross and abject superstition, in which the folly most abounded, could perceive the latent vanity and love of fame, which lurked under this lowly clamour, is evident, from the tendency of the joke upon poor Simeon; but still the ostensible, and probably, only conscious motive, was to expiate for the sin and worthlessness of humanity. Not so the Hindu enthusiast; he marches as a warrior to conquest: by his horrible penances and sufferings, Heaven is assailed, and the alarmed deities occasionally tremble for their thrones. The poem of the Curse of Kehama, by Mr. Southey, is constructed on this singular mythology, the story being that of a performer of these awful doings, who is only defeated in an attack upon Heaven, and upon Hell, by the efficacy of one of his own charms against himself. Thus the pious suffering of the Indian Yogee, is not accompanied with the same prostration of spirit as that of the Catholic Confessor, although at the bottom a passion for earthly homage and posthumous honours have operated upon the one, and still continue to actuate the other. That this inference is correct, appears from the fact, that when the same admiration and reverence



are excited by these miseries, they still continue, and that they cease when they are regarded with contempt. Contempt itself is one of the finest penances for sinful man that can be imagined; yet no devotee seems disposed to incur it, though many profess to regard the follies which now excite it, as the godly deeds of saints and intercessors, each of whom enjoys an eternal crown of glory for his reward.

Be this as it may, the following account of an Indian Simeon, with whom the very judicious traveller quoted, himself conversed, may vie with that just given of the catholic saint; being equally curious as a recorded instance of the strength of the human energies, physical and intellectual, however absurdly exerted.

Pranporee, having been adopted by an Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground nor lay down to rest, for the space of twelve years. All this time, he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I enquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post, but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing without such support.

The complete term of this first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of twelve years. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that, before the term of this last vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India, through Guzerat; he then passed by Surat to Bussora, and thence to Constantinople; from Turkey he went to Ispanhan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language,



in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kussaucs (hordes of Cossacks) upon the borders of the Caspian sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery: at length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscow; he then travelled along the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and through Siberia, arrived at Pekin, in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomboo and Nepaul down to Calcutta. When I first saw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tangun horse from Bootau, and wore a satin embroidered dress given to him by Teshoo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale, and his complexion, contrasted with a long bushy black beard, appeared really florid. I do not suppose that he was then forty years of age.

Two Goseins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed, he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own, being fixed immoveable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless. The circulation of blood seemed to have forsaken his arms: they were withered, and void of sensation, and inflexible; yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understood that there still remained two other experiments for Pranporee to perform. In the first of these the devotee is suspended by the feet to the branch of a tree over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and swung backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pahr and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself for the last act of probation, which is to be buried alive, standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose, the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered; in this situation he must remain for one pahr and a



quarter, or three hours and three quarters; and, if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank, among the most pure of the Yogee."—*Turner's Embassy to the Teshoo Lama.*

### INDIAN WIDOWS.

THE barbarous self-devotion of Indian widows on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands, thanks to European influence, has at length began to yield to the voice of reason and nature. The long existence of the custom is a striking proof of the almost ineffaceable effect of religious prejudice, and of a keen sense of honour and shame, when implanted by early education. At the same time, it is exactly one of those appeals to sentiment and self-love, which are calculated to render one sex their victim, and the other the secret approver of a practice so apparently heroic. In the comparison, however, the woman, as she endures all the pain, with great justice engrosses all the éclat, reducing man to a poor contemptible schemer, solicitous only to ensure conjugal attention to himself, by rendering the life of another dependant upon his own. But although many unreflecting travellers have been led to regard the origin of this horrible ceremony as connected with male policy, it is infinitely more probable that superstition was the real parent of the monster, and that such policy is only incidentally mixed up in its direction. The operation of a similar species of left-handed wisdom is apparent in most semi-civilized nations, but if not in the present instance, in general its ingenious provisions are amply compensated by the irresistible influence of the female,—an influence, to her honour be it spoken, which increases with the improvement of man. As to the rest, the voluntary burning of widows, when performed disinterestedly and voluntarily, may produce a similar



melancholy regret to that engendered by the misappropriation of noble energies in any other way. How beautiful the calm self-possession of an Indian relict in death, presuming that death a painful duty. How admirable the endurance of a Simeon Stylites—not if a deity were propitiated by it, for such a deity would be a demon;—but admitting the dreadful sacrifice to be necessarily connected with good to be effected, or evil to be overcome. It is the application not the possession of great qualities, which distinguishes sense from madness, and heroism from delusion; but after all, the great capacity is present, and it is the most futile, although the most common thing in the world, to deny its existence, because existing to no salutary end.

Some accounts of the sacrifice of widows at the funeral piles of their husbands, by the older travellers, possess infinitely more *naïveté* than relations made subsequently to the checking of the practice by British influence. The following narrative is translated from the French of Bernier in the Harleian Collection:—

“Passing from Amadavād to Agra over the lands of some independent Rajahs, in the neighbourhood of a small town, where our caravans rested in the shade, waiting for the cool evening to pursue our journey, we were informed that a woman was on the point of burning herself with the body of her husband. I presently rose and hastened to the spot on which the ceremony was to take place, where I found a great pit dug, in which was placed a pile of wood, supporting a dead corpse, and near it was seated a very fair and goodly looking woman. Four or five Bramins were preparing to set fire to the pile on all sides; and five well-dressed women, of a middle age, holding one another by the hand, danced round about the pit, which was also surrounded by a great concourse of men and women. The pile of wood being smeared over with oil and butter, was presently on fire, and the flames soon reached the clothes of the woman, being anointed with well-scented oils, mingled with powder of sandal and saffron. All this I witnessed without perceiving the woman to be at all disturbed; on the contrary, those who were nearest



to the pit heard her pronounce, with great force, these words, *five, two*, which signified, according to the Indian doctrine of the soul's transmigration, that this was the *fifth* time she had burnt herself for the same husband; and that there remained but two more sacrifices to obtain perfection, as if at the awful moment of approaching dissolution, she had some mysterious remembrance of the past, and prophetic vision of the future. But this infernal tragedy did not end here: at first I thought it was only by way of ceremony that the five women sang and danced about the pit; but to my infinite surprize, in a short time, the ascending flames took hold of the clothes of one of these women, who immediately threw herself into the pit head foremost. After her, another being overcome with the flame and smoke, did the like; and my astonishment redoubled, when I saw the remaining three join hands again, and continue their dance without the least apparent concern, until at length they precipitated themselves into the fire, one after another, as their companions had done before them. I learned shortly afterwards that these five women were slaves, who having seen their mistress extremely afflicted at the sickness of her husband, and heard her promise him she would not survive him, but burn herself at his funeral, were so touched with compassion and tenderness to this their mistress, that they mutually engaged themselves in a promise to follow her in her resolution, and to burn themselves with her, which promise they had thus honourably performed.

"Many of the people, with whom I consulted about this custom of women burning themselves with the bodies of their husbands," continues the sagacious Bernier, "endeavoured to persuade me, that what they did was from an excess of affection; but I understood afterwards, that it was only an effect of opinion, prepossession, and education. From their youth their mothers, besotted with this cruel superstition as a most virtuous and most laudable action, and unavoidable in a woman of honour, did so infatuate the spirit of their daughters from their infancy, that they looked to it as an affair of course. At the bottom, however, it was nothing more than the act



of the men, the more to enslave their wives, and thereby make them have the greater care of their health, and refrain from poisoning them, a species of domestic perfidy very prevalent in the East.

“To represent the undaunted resolution of one whom I saw burnt at Surat would be impossible. I cannot do justice to the noble serenity with which she marched to the scene of suffering; the confidence with which she looked on us European spectators, and met the view of her little cabin, made up of dried millet straw and small wood, prepared for the catastrophe. The remembrance of the impressive manner in which she entered this receptacle—sat down upon the pile and took her husband's hand into her lap, will never desert me; nor can time ever efface the recollection of my feelings, when I saw her calmly take a torch, and with her own hand kindle the reeds within, whilst I know not how many Bramins were doing the same thing without. I can at present scarce think the scene possible, though it is but a few days since I beheld it; but, then, on the other hand, nature will sometimes prevail. I have seen some of these victims who, at the sight of the fire and pile, would have gone back, but it is often too late. Those demons, the attendant Bramins, with their great sticks astound them, and sometimes even thrust them into the fire, as I once saw them act to a young woman who retreated five or six paces from the pile; perceiving her much disturbed, they absolutely forced her into the flames with long poles. For my own part I have often been so enraged at these Bramins that, if I had dared, I would have strangled them. I remember, among others, that at Lahore I once saw a very handsome and very young woman burnt, who, I believe, was not more than twelve years of age. This poor unhappy creature appeared rather dead than alive when she came near the pile, and shook and wept bitterly, upon which three or four of those executioners, the Bramins, together with an old hag, who held her under the arm, pushed her forward, and made her sit down upon the wood; and lest she should run away, they tied her hands and legs, and so burnt her alive. I had enough to do to contain myself, but was obliged to be content with detesting this horrid



superstition, and to say to myself, what the poet once wrote, in reference to the sacrifice of Iphigenia:—

“Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!”


“This vile religion, however, strictly speaking, is not the only stimulus to self-sacrifices so dreadful, and still less are they produced by affection for the husband, as appears from a tragedy, the facts of which, although I did not witness them myself, are notorious in the East. It appears, that an Indian woman engaged in a love intrigue with a young Mahometan taylor, her neighbour, was so carried away by her passion, as to poison her husband to enjoy her lover without restraint. The murder effected, she hastened to her gallant, and told him it was time for them to be gone, as they had previously projected, or else she should be obliged to burn herself. The young man, either fearing to become the companion of such a woman, or dreading mischievous consequences, flatly refused to accompany her. Recovering from her surprise, without losing a moments time, our Clytemnestra immediately went to her relations, informed them of the sudden death of her husband, and openly avowed her intention of burning herself with his corpse. Her kindred, well satisfied with her resolution, and the great honour thereby accruing to the whole family, soon had a pit made and a pile prepared, upon which they exposed the corpse, and kindled the fire. All being ready, the widow went round the pit to embrace and take leave of her friends and relations, who stood by; among whom was also her taylor lover, who had been invited to play the tabor at the funeral, with others of that sort of men, according to the custom of the country. Being come to this young man, our heroine made as if she would bid him farewell, but instead of gently embracing him, with all the energy and strength of disappointed passion, she seized him with resistless force by the collar and precipitated him with herself into the flaming pit, where their bodies were quickly consumed with that of the murdered husband.”—*Bernier, Harleian Collection*, II. 100.

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THE following description of one of these funeral rites is given by Maudesio, a traveller of undoubted veracity, who was present on the occasion :—

“ A young woman, twenty years of age, having been informed that her spouse died two hundred leagues distance, resolved to celebrate his obsequies by burning herself alive. In vain was it represented to her, that the news was uncertain ; nothing was capable of making her change the resolution she had taken. We saw her arrive at the place of her suffering with such extraordinary gaiety and confidence, that I was persuaded she had stupified her senses with opium. At the head of the retinue which accompanied her, was a band of the country music, consisting of hautboys and kettle-drums ; after that came several virgins and married women, singing and dancing before the widow, who was dressed in her richest clothes, and whose neck, fingers, arms, and legs, were loaded with a profusion of jewels and bracelets. A troop of men, women, and children, followed, and closed the procession. She had previously washed herself in the river, that she might join her husband without any defilement. The funeral pile was made of apricot-wood, mixed with branches of sandal and cinnamon. She beheld it afar off with contempt, and approached it with apparent composure ; she took leave of her friends and relations, and distributed her ornaments amongst them. I kept myself near her on horseback, along with two English merchants. Judging, perhaps, by my countenance, that I was sorry for her, to comfort me, she threw me one of her bracelets, which I luckily caught hold of. When she was seated on the top of the pile, the attendants set fire to it, and she poured on her head a vessel of fragrant oil, which the flame immediately seized on ; thus she was stifled in a moment, without being observed to alter her countenance. Some of the assistants threw in several cruses of oil to increase the fire, and filled the air with frightful cries. When she was entirely consumed, her ashes were thrown into the river.”





THE infernal rites at the death of an Indian Prince are thus described in an extract of a letter from Tranquebar in the East Indies, written by a Danish Missionary, and dated February 2, 1750:—They dug without the walls of the city, where that prince, who died at the age of eighty, made his residence, a large pit, which they filled with wood, ranged and piled up as for a bonfire. The corpse of the deceased, richly habited and adorned, was brought forth in great pomp, and laid on the pile; after which the Bramins (heathen priests) kindled the fire, with abundance of superstitious ceremonies. The wives and concubines of the deceased, who, according to the law or custom of the country, ought to die with him, appeared there at the same time, and walked several times round the funeral pile. They were in number forty-seven, all finely decked with jewels, and adorned with flowers. The favourite wife or concubine carried the poniard of the defunct prince, which she delivered up to his successor, and made a short speech exhorting him to use it with moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the guilty. Then she boldly turned her face towards the pile, and, after invoking her gods, leaped into the midst of the flames. The second was the sister of a prince, named Tandamen, who was present at these horrid rites. She gave him the jewels she wore, and the prince, in receiving them, embraced her most tenderly, and poured out a flood of tears; but the princess, without betraying the least concern, looked alternately, with a steady countenance on the pile and on the spectators, and crying with a loud voice, "*Chiva! Chiva!*" which is the name of one of their gods, she jumped as cheerfully into the flames as the first did.

The others followed her close: some of them appeared resolute enough, but others looked wild and dejected. There was one, in particular, who, being more dismayed than her companions, ran to embrace one of the spectators, who was a Christian, praying him to save her; but this was not in his power to do, and the poor wretch was immediately tumbled headlong into the fire.

However intrepid most of those unhappy victims appeared before jumping into the pit, the note was vastly



altered when in the midst of the flames. There they shrieked hideously, tumbled one over another, striving to reach the edge of the pit, and get out of it; but they were kept in, by throwing heaps of billets and faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the head as to increase the fire. When they were consumed, the Bramins drew near the yet smoaking pile, and performed abundance of ridiculous ceremonies over the ashes of the poor wretches. The next day they gathered up the bones, and having wrapped them up in fine linen, carried them to a place near the isle of Ramesuren, where they cast them into the sea. After which, the pit was filled up, and a temple since erected on the spot, where sacrifices are offered up in honour of the prince and his wives, who from thenceforth are numbered among the saints or goddesses.—*Monthly Magazine*, 1751.

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### CONSCIENTIOUS MURDER.

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SOME of the instances of conviction under the British criminal law, in India, are peculiarly illustrative of the triumph of superstition and prejudice over the premature natural feelings, and of the tendency of humanity to create shackles for itself. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that an adherence to erroneous or perverted principles of action, has done much more mischief in the world than wrecklessness of any, because conscience assists the evil. The two following instances of cool self-sacrifice are upon record.—Some Mussulmen walking through a village near Baroche, where a family of Rajapoots resided, accidentally looked into a room where an elderly woman was eating: no insult was intended, they merely saw her at her meat, and retired; but this, in the Hindoo estimation, was a disgrace, for which there could be no expiation. The female lived with her grandson, a high-minded young man, who then happened to be absent. On his return, she told him what had passed, declared that she could not survive the circumstances, and entreated him to put her to death. He



reasoned with her calmly, his affection making him see the affair in its proper light; none but her own family, he said, knew the disgrace, and the very men who occasioned it were unconscious of what they had done. She made no reply, but waited until he went out again, and then fractured her skull by beating it against the wall: The young man found her in this state, but alive and in her senses; she implored him to finish the sacrifice which she had not strength to accomplish, and to release her from her sufferings, upon which he stabbed her to the heart. This was shocking, but the most painful part of the story remains behind; the parties were British subjects, and, by the British laws, the act of the young man was murder. He was therefore arrested, sent to Bombay for trial, and confined with common prisoners until the ensuing sessions: a true bill was found against him; the Jury, consisting half of Europeans and half of natives, brought him in guilty, and he was condemned to death.

The Rajapoots, in general, have a noble mien and dignified character; their high caste is stamped in their countenances. This young man, who possessed all the loftiness of his tribe, received his sentence, not only with composure, but with a mingled look of disdain and delight not easy to describe. Unconscious of the crime laid to his charge, he said he had nothing to accuse himself of but disobedience to his parent in the first instance, by permitting humanity and filial affection to supersede his duty and the honour of his caste—that life was no longer desirable to him, nor if acquitted by the English laws, could he survive the ignominy of having been confined with European culprits and criminals of the lowest order, with whom he had been compelled to eat and associate in a common prison—a pollution after which the sooner he was transferred to another state of existence the better. However inclined the government might have been to clemency in the present instance, it would have been fruitless. The young man would not survive the disgrace, and the sentence of the law was executed, in the hope of deterring others from following the same example.

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AN Hindoo devotee, who lived near Bombay, a man of amiable character, in the prime of life, married, and the father of four children, desired his wife, one afternoon, to prepare herself and her children for a walk on the beach, whence he said he intended to accompany them on a longer journey. The wife enquired whither, and he informed her that his God had invited him to Heaven, and to take his family with him; that they were to go by water, and set out from Back Bay.—Perfectly satisfied with this explanation, the wife proceeded with her children to the sacrifice. The parents drove the two elder children into the sea, and they were carried off by the waves; they then drowned the two younger, who were infants: the wife walked in and perished; and the husband was deliberately following her, when he suddenly recollected, that the disappearance of a whole family would occasion enquiry from the English government, and might involve his neighbours in some trouble; so he determined to step back, and inform them of the circumstance before he completed the sacrifice. His Hindoo neighbours heard the story with their characteristic insensibility, and perhaps admired the act; but a Mussulman was present, and he observed that the story was so extraordinary, it might be difficult to convince the government of the truth, and therefore the husband must accompany him to a magistrate, and relate the facts himself. In consequence the enthusiast was tried, condemned, and executed for murder—a sentence with which he was perfectly satisfied, and only regretted that it occasioned an unpleasant delay in his passing to that heaven which he claimed for his reward.

The torments which devotees inflict upon themselves in India, indeed, it would be endless to describe; and what renders their actions the more remarkable, is the false humanity with which such cruelty is contrasted. They who use force to keep the widow on the pile, from which she would sometimes escape—they who teach the mother to expose her infant to the ants and vultures, and children to accelerate the death of their aged parents by forcing them into the river, or stopping their



mouths with mud—they who grind in oil-mills the priests of a rival idolatry, and who pour boiling oil into the ears of a Sudra who has been unlucky enough to hear their scriptures—hold it a crime to destroy the insect that bites them. Some carry a light broom to sweep the ground before them, lest they should unwillingly crush any thing that has life; and others wear a cloth before their mouths, lest they should draw in an insect with their breath. A part of the Bramin Hospital at Surat is appropriated to animals disabled by accident, or worn out in the service of man, where they are provided with food, and suffered to die in peace; and to such an incredible extreme is this kind of humanity carried, that there are even wards appropriated to the most loathsome vermin, and beggars hired by the night to serve as food for them. The following very interesting anecdote strikingly displays the turn of mind which governs them in this particular:—

“A Bramin, far beyond his brethren in powers of mind and extent of knowledge, lived in habits of great intimacy with an Englishman, who was fond of natural and experimental philosophy; the Bramin, who had learned English, read the books of his friend, searched into the Cyclopædia, and profited by his philosophical instruments. It happened that the Englishman received a good solar microscope from Europe: he displayed its wonders with delight to the astonished Bramin, and convinced him by the undeniable evidence of his senses, that he and his countrymen, who abstained so scrupulously from any thing which had life, devoured innumerable animaculæ upon every vegetable which they ate. The Bramin, instead of being delighted, as his new friend had expected, became unusually thoughtful, and at length retired in silence. On his next visit he requested the gentleman would sell him the microscope: to this it was replied, that the thing was a present from a friend in Europe, and not to be replaced. The Bramin, however, was not to be discouraged by the refusal: he offered a very large sum of money, or an Indian commodity of equal value; until at length the gentleman, weary of resisting his importunities, gave him the microscope. The eyes of the Hindoo flashed with joy; he



seized the instrument, hastened from the viranda, caught up a large stone, laid the microscope upon one of the steps, and in an instant smashed it to pieces. Having done this, he said, in reply to the angry reproaches of his friend, that when he was cool, he would pay him a visit, and explain his reasons, which he did in the following words:—‘Oh, that I had remained in that happy state of ignorance in which you found me! yet, I confess, that as my knowledge increased, so did my pleasure, till I beheld the wonders of the microscope! from that moment I have been tormented by doubts—I am miserable, and must continue to be so, until I enter upon another stage of existence. I am a solitary individual among fifty millions of people, all brought up in the same belief as myself, and all happy in their ignorance. I will keep the secret within my own bosom; it will destroy my peace, but I shall have some satisfaction in knowing, that I alone feel those doubts which, had I not destroyed the instrument, might have been communicated to others, and rendered thousands wretched.—Forgive me, my friend, and bring here no more instruments of knowledge.’—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.*

### FEMALE INFANTICIDE.

INDIA, that fruitful parent of unnatural and monstrous customs, is probably the only country on earth which has produced a people, who, without any absolutely motive explainable, have organized a systematic murder of female infants by their parents. A description of this horrible practice will not improperly be classed under the head of *Voluntary Human Suffering*; for surely a willing sacrifice of the strongest of the human affections to precedent, religion, or convenience, may be so termed. The full evidence of the existence of the custom alluded to, was first obtained by Mr. Duncan, a civil servant of the East-India Company, when at Surat and Bombay, in the year 1800; and the prevalence of so monstrous



an anomaly was thought so doubtful, that every means was taken to ascertain the alledged facts. It is lamentable to add, that they were established beyond all controversy. The Jarejahs, a leading tribe in Guzzerat, acknowledged and defended the custom, the origin of which they attributed to a powerful Rajah of their caste, who had a daughter of singular beauty and accomplishments, whom he desired his Raj-Gur, or family Bramin, to affiance to a prince of desert and rank equal to her own. The Bramin endeavoured to negotiate this marriage, but could find no man of sufficient rank and merit to be her husband. To remain in celibacy, in the estimation of the Hindoos, is a grievous calamity and disgrace; and in this dilemma, the Raj-Gur advised the Rajah to put his daughter to death. The Prince was long averse to this savage expedient, both on account of affection and religion; and even cited some denunciations from their sacred books against the murderers of women. The Rajah's repugnance and fear were however in the end overcome by a general offer of the priest, to load himself with the guilt. Colonel Walker, the British military resident in Guzzerat, who was directed by the Company to enquire into the facts, in order to interfere for the abolition of so much barbarity, does not rest much on the foregoing statement, but thinks it probable, from an account which he received at Baroda, that the custom arose from a reluctance on the part of the Jarejahs, to give their daughters in marriage to the invading Mahometans. When the above gentleman, in the spirit of his instructions, interceded for the abrogation of a system so revolting and detestable, he found it extremely difficult to induce the Jarejahs to listen to him. The excuses made were, the trouble and expense of providing them with husbands of suitable rank. The Jarejahs themselves, it seems, procured wives from another tribe called Sada; and such was the barbarous inveteracy of these women, that when married even to Mahometans; they continued the same practice, against the inclination and religion of their husbands, destroying their own progeny without remorse, in view to the advantage of the tribe from which they were descended. The Jarejahs spoke freely of the custom of putting their



daughters to death, and without delicacy or pain; but were more reserved on the mode of their execution. They appeared at first unwilling to be questioned on the subject, and usually replied, it was an affair of the women—it belonged to the nursery, and made no part of the business of men. “What trouble in blasting a flower!” said one of them significantly. They at last, however, threw off their reserve, when it appeared that the most frequent methods were to drown them in milk, or put opium into their mouths; but no particular manner was laid down, except that they were to be dispatched immediately. To render the deed more horrible, the mother was commonly the executioner of her own offspring; for although women of rank had attendants and slaves to perform the office, the far greater number executed it with their own hands. They have even been known to pride themselves in the destruction of their daughters, and to consider their murder as an act of duty, though as they are mild, modest, and affectionate, if married in any other tribe, they would abhor it. But indeed the whole of the Jarejals at first rather piqued themselves on this custom, as an honourable distinction. They felt it, as proclaiming to the neighbouring nations, that *they* were too dignified a race, to set any value on such trivial things as females, and yet also, that *their* daughters were too respectable to be put in subjection to even the best of the superior sex in any other tribe. The more ordinary motives, however, combined with the powerful influence of general custom, were stated to be an aversion to the trouble of rearing and disposing of the children, and a mixture of pride, that would not affiancé a daughter, without giving her such a portion as would show from what an illustrious tribe she came; with the avarice that refuses to charge itself with the concomitant expense. Affection, humanity, or a sense of duty, were seldom found by Colonel Walker to be the inducements to the saving of the extremely few females who were permitted to escape the general fate. He met with only two instances that could be imputed to such motives, and the one of them was afforded by a professed robber—a kind of a sketch for the poetry of Lord Byron.



The name of this man, to whom sentiment and feeling might be supposed to be strangers, was Hutaji. The profession which he followed did not prevent Colonel Walker from conversing with him, and, with the aspect and manners of a Barbarian, he found him possess all the feelings of natural affection, which led him to cherish two daughters, in opposition to the usages and prejudices of his tribe. They were between six and eight years of age, when they were brought to Colonel Walker's camp to be vaccinated. He observed their father caressing them with pleasure, and exulting in them, with true parental satisfaction; and their persons and manners were very interesting. It deserves remark, as exhibiting a strong feature in the character of the Jarejahs, and of their feelings with respect to their daughters, that these girls wore turbans, and were habited like *boys*; and, as if afraid or ashamed to acknowledge their sex, assured the Colonel that they were not *girls*, and with infantine simplicity appealed to their father to corroborate the assertion.

The most pleasing part of the narrative is to follow. This relates to the expedients and proceedings adopted by Colonel Walker, to induce the Jarejahs of Guzzerat to relinquish infanticide. So rooted as the Hindoos are to their customs, bad or good, the most formidable obstacles were to be surmounted, and for a length of time he was amused and chagrined with promises and disappointments from a chief, whose interest it was to cultivate the favour of the company's agent; but, at length, in 1807, obtained from a Jarejah chief, named Jehaji, the following letter:—

“ You have often urged me to adopt some course to preserve my daughters, and I am convinced you look upon me as your own when you desire me to do this; but the Jarejahs have, from *ancient times killed their daughters*, and I cannot first set a new example. I am much annoyed by Mallia; if, therefore, you reduce Mallia, and keep it subject to the Company, or give it to me, as well as restore Huralla; if you should favour me so much, my present distress will be removed, and I will meet your wishes in preserving my daughters.”

By this paper the inviolability of the principle was



given up, and Colonel Walker was encouraged to apply to the mother of the Chief; but *she* contended for the ancient privilege of the caste—adding, at the same time, that the “Jarejalis have never reared their daughters, nor can it now be the case.” The Colonel, however, ceased not his attacks upon Jehaji, from whom, after much solicitation, and giving him to understand the advantages and credit which he would derive from the Company, by complying with their request, he obtained a writing to the following effect:—“From motives of friendship the Honourable Company have urged me to preserve my daughters; to this I consent, if the Chiefs of Nowa-naggar and Gondar agree.” By the influence of a Bramin, the Gondar Chief was at length prevailed upon to enter into a formal obligation, to renounce for ever the practice of infanticide. The following is a translation of this most curious instrument.

“Whereas, the Honourable English Company and *Anand Rao Gaikawar Sena Khasil Shumsher Bahader*, having set forth to us the dictates of the Sastras and the true faith of the Hindoos; as well as that the *Brahma-vaiverkeka Purana* declares the killing of children to be a heinous sin, it being written, that it is as great an offence to kill an embryo as a Bramin; that to kill one woman is as great a sin as a hundred Bramins; that to put one child to death is as great a sin as to kill a hundred women; and that the perpetrators of this sin shall be damned to the hell *Kulesoothela*, where he shall be infested with as many maggots as he may have hairs on his body; be born again a leper, and debilitated in all his members. We, *Jarejah Dewaji* and *Koer Nuthu*, *Zaninders* of Gondar (the custom of female infanticide having long prevailed in our *caste*) do hereby agree for ourselves and for our offspring, as also we bind ourselves in behalf of our relations and their offspring for ever, for the sake of our own prosperity, and the credit of the Hindoo faith, that we shall from this day renounce this practice; and that in default of this, that we acknowledge ourselves offenders against the *Sirkars*. Moreover, should any one in future commit this offence, we shall expel him from our *caste*, and he shall be punished



according to the pleasure of the two governments, and the rule of the Sastras."

This was readily signed by all the chiefs except one, who at length also consented, and the happiest effects were immediately experienced. The annual amount of female infanticides in Guzzerat had been estimated at *five thousand*; at the end of the year 1808, *three* only appeared to have been committed from the date of the above paper, and one of them rested merely on report.

In a subsequent expedition through that part of the country, Colonel Walker, on his halt at Dherole, had all the neighbouring Jarejahs, who preserved their children, brought to his tent. He well describes his emotions on the occasion, and the gratification he experienced in observing the triumph of nature, feeling, and parental affection, over prejudice and a horrid superstition; and that those, who but a short period before, would have doomed their infants to destruction without compunction, should thus glory in their preservation. The Jarejah fathers, who were with such difficulty brought to listen to the preservation of their daughters, *now* exhibited them with pride and fondness. Their mothers placed their infants in the hands of Colonel Walker, and called on him and their Gods to protect what he alone had taught them to preserve. These infants they emphatically called his children; and it is likely that this distinction will continue to exist for some years at least in Guzzerat.

These are, indeed, conquests which do honour to the British name, and the noblest employment of superior power and civilization. A monarch of antiquity has obtained everlasting fame, by making it an article of the peace granted by him to his enemies, that they should abstain from the inhuman sacrifice of their own children. May the history of India continue to afford repeated instances of the same exalted use of victory and ascendancy on the part of Great Britain.—*Col. Walker's Report to the East India Company.*

Text



## PROCESSIONS OF PENITENTS IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.



UNTIL the French revolution, an extraordinary procession took place in all the principal towns of Spain and Portugal. It is called the Procession of Penitents, and is composed of all the religious orders both regular and secular, of the several parishes in the city and their fraternities; of all the tribunals and corporations, and of the several companies of tradesmen. The players also bore a part with the rest; and, in Madrid and Lisbon, the whole of the royal family frequently attended.

The penitents in this procession walked each with a sword by his side, and a wax taper in his hand; and every nobleman was followed by a great many footmen with torches. An air of gloom appeared in every part of the ceremony; the several parties of soldiers had their uniforms in mourning, and the horses were led by grooms in black attire. There were also men clothed in black and masked, holding various musical instruments in their hands, such as trumpets, drums, flutes, &c. The drums were covered with black and beat a dead march. The crosses and banners of the several parishes were also covered with black crape. Heavy and cumbersome machines, raised on scaffolds, were drawn along, being painted with figures representing the mysteries of our Saviour's passion. At this ceremony, all the ladies appeared at their windows or balconies, dressed as on their wedding-day, and leaning on rich and sumptuous car-

ried the penitents, or *self-scourgers* of the city, of making a part in this procession. They wore on their heads a long-lawn cap, three foot long, in the shape of a cone, on which a piece of linen cloth was stretched and fell down and covered their faces. They moved themselves in cadence, with a scourge made of leather, at the ends of which were small round knobs, stuck full of pointed pieces of glass. He who scourged himself with the greatest courage and dex-



terity, was looked upon as the bravest man ; and such as did otherwise, were hooted by the women, who are so used to this cruel and bloody spectacle, that they cannot forbear breaking out into injurious expressions against those who do not whip themselves as severely as they would have them ; and these penitents sometimes had so little devotion in this part as to return the reproaches that were cast upon them, and even to insult the spectators as they passed along. Whenever they observed a fine woman, they were so dexterous at scourging as to make the blood spurt just upon them ; and the ladies who were thus distinguished never failed to return thanks for the honour. But they proceeded much further when in sight of their mistress' house ; for then they lay on with so much violence and fury, that they almost tore the flesh from their backs and shoulders ; and the lady who saw this from the balcony, and who was conscious that it is all done for her sake, was highly pleased with it, and very grateful for the favour. These penitents were persons of all degrees and conditions, from those of the highest quality to the meanest plebeian ; and some of them practice austerities of a much more severe nature than the above-mentioned. These go barefooted, and have a mat tied on tight about them, which covers their arms and part of their bodies to the waist. Some drew after them a cross of a prodigious weight, others carried drawn swords, fixed in the back and arms, which made very deep wounds every time they happened to stumble. Others, being stripped to their shirts, had themselves tied to a cross at the church door, when they broke out into long and doleful lamentations. The persons who practise these austerities were always masked, as were the servants who attended upon them ; and whether these penitents, or self-scourgers, whipped themselves from devotion or gallantry, it is certain that these mortifications were the death of a great many of them every year.—*Picant's Religious Ceremonies, Vol. II.*

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. PENANCE BY PROXY.

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IN Spain and Portugal many do penance by proxy, and formerly these proxies were prevalent in Provence, Italy, and the Netherlands. Little more than a century ago, one James Zeger exercised this charitable trade in some of the towns of Brabant. This man whipped himself, in the presence of the sinner, until the blood came, provided he gave him something to buy cordial liquors previous to the operation, besides what he gave for the penance. He had also two daughters, who undertook to perform penances for the ladies, or wives and maids of common rank, who had money to pay for them. Zeger had regular prices for their fasts in proportion to their difficulty. For a fast without animal food he charged only ten-pence; thirty for one of bread and water; but for penances wherein he was to whip himself, and endure other mortifications of that nature, there was no set price; a specific agreement was then necessary. He used to lay his register before the penitent, and shew him the agreement he was in the practice of making. A penance of four usual fasts; the repeating *fifty-two Ave Marias* a day; a penance of twenty-five lashes on Friday after midnight, with a *Misere mei Deus*; a fast of bread and water on Wednesday, with three *Magnificats* repeated before sun-rising; a penance of five rosaries repeated by twelve at noon, with the seven penitential Psalms, and the Litanies of all the Saints, all had their set prices. Some of these penances were of a still more formidable nature, and then the reward was proportionable; the following are some of them:—The penitent to hear three successive masses in the church of the Jesuits, bare knee'd on the marble; to stand upright with the two arms extended before an image of the Virgin, from one to two o'clock in the morning; to pull out a hundred and fifty hairs from the head, at the door of the Carmelites' Church, between two and three o'clock in the morning, and there



repeat one hundred and fifty *Ave Marias*; to give himself twenty-five lashes while he repeated the *Domine ne in furore*, and five times the *Laudate Dominum*, bare-knee'd, on a board strewed with sand; to lie three nights, naked and without a shirt, in cowhage, &c. &c. Such are a specimen of the performances of one man to expiate the sins of other men, and to propitiate a God of Majesty and Justice.—*Picart's Religious Ceremonies, Vol. I.*

### THE INDIAN PENANCE OF FIVE FIRES.

AT Surat, I saw a Fakir who was enjoined to endure for forty days the purgatory of the *five fires*. He was seated on the lower part of a four square stage, or altar, with three ascents, two feet high and as many feet square. While he was in a musing posture, other Fakirs beat gongs and performed on their rough musical instruments, until he fell to his prayers, which he continued until the sun became warm; the ceremony commencing at sunrise. He then ascended to the upper or last square, at each corner of which was kindled a fire, in the small space between which he sat, crowned with a great collar of wooden beads which he removed from his neck to his head. Then bowing in the midst of the flames, as it were to worship, with his head encircled between his arms, and his face opposite the blazing eastern sun, which is considered as the *fifth* fire, he poised himself on his head and continued in that posture steadily three hours, that is, from nine o'clock until twelve. After this feat he sat himself down cross-legged and remained without eating or drinking all the rest of the day, the fires being still nourished, and he perspiring until he was absolutely bathed in his own exudation; and this was to be repeated for forty days.—*Fryer's Travels.*



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*MATHEW LOVAT.*

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MATTHEW LOVAT presents an extraordinary and deplorable instance of religious melancholy. Born at Casale, a hamlet belonging to the parish of Soldo, in the territory of Belluno, of poor parents, employed in the coarsest and most laborious works of husbandry, and fixed to a place remote from almost all society, his imagination was so forcibly smitten with the view of the easy and comfortable lives of the rector and his curate, who were the only persons in the whole parish exempted from the labours of the field, and who engrossed all the power and consequence, which the little world wherein Matthew lived had presented to his eyes, that he made an effort to prepare himself for the priesthood, and placed himself under the tuition of the curate, who taught him to read and to write a little. But the poverty of his family was an effectual bar to his desire; he was obliged to renounce study for ever, and to betake himself to the trade of a shoemaker.

Having become a shoemaker from necessity, he never succeeded either as a neat or expeditious workman. The sedentary life, and the silence to which apprentices are condemned in the shops of the masters abroad, formed in him the habit of meditation, and rendered him gloomy and taciturn. As his age increased, he became subject in the spring to giddiness in his head, and eruptions of a leprous appearance showed themselves on his face and hands.

Until the month of July, 1802, Matthew Lovat did nothing extraordinary. His life was regular and uniform; his habits were simple, and nothing distinguished him, but an extreme degree of devotion. He spoke on no other subject than the affairs of the church. Its festivals and fasts, with sermons, saints, &c., constituted the topics of his conversation. It was at this date, that, in imitation of the early devotees he determined to disarm the



tempter by mutilating himself. He effected his purpose without having anticipated the species of celebrity which the operation was to procure for him; and which compelled the poor creature to keep himself shut up in his house, from which he did not venture to stir for some time, not even to go to mass. At length, on the 13th of November in the same year, he went to Venice, where a younger brother, named Angelo, conducted Matthew to the house of a widow, the relict of Andrew Osgualda, with whom he lodged, until the 21st of September in the following year, working assiduously at his trade, and without exhibiting any signs of madness. But on the above-mentioned day, he made an attempt to crucify himself, in the middle of the street called the Cross of Biri, upon a frame which he had constructed of the timber of his bed; he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by several people, who came upon him just as he was driving the nail into his left foot. His landlady dismissed him from her house, lest he should perform a like exploit there. Being interrogated repeatedly as to the motive for his self-crucifixion, he maintained an obstinate silence, except, that he once said to his brother, that that day was the festival of St. Matthew, and that he could give no farther explanation. Some days after this affair, he set out for his own country, where he remained a certain time; but afterwards returned to Venice, and in July, 1805, lodged in a room in the third floor of a house, in the street Delle Monache.

Here his old ideas of crucifixion laid hold of him again. He wrought a little every day in forming the instrument of his torture, and provided himself with the necessary articles of nails, ropes, bands, the crown of thorns, &c. As he foresaw that it would be extremely difficult to fasten himself securely upon the cross, he made a net of small cords capable of supporting his weight, in case he should happen to disengage himself from it. This net he secured at the bottom, by fastening it in a knot at the lower extremity of the perpendicular beam, a little below the bracket designed to support his feet, and the other end was stretched to the extremities of the transverse spar, which formed the arms of the cross,



so that it had the appearance in front of a purse turned upside down. From the middle of the upper extremity of the net, thus placed, proceeded one rope, and from the point at which the two spars forming the cross intersected each other, a second rope proceeded, both of which were firmly tied to a beam in the inside of the chamber, immediately above the window, of which the parapet was very low, and the length of these ropes was just sufficient to allow the cross to rest horizontally upon the floor of the apartment.

These cruel preparations being ended, Matthew stripped himself naked, and proceeded to crown himself with thorns; of which two or three pierced the skin which covers the forehead. He next, bound a white handkerchief round his loins and thighs, leaving the rest of his body bare; then, passing his legs between the net and the cross, seating himself upon it, he took one of the nails destined for his hands, of which the point was smooth and sharp, and introducing it into the palm of the left, he drove it, by striking its head on the floor, until the half of it had appeared through the back of the hand. He now adjusted his feet to the bracket which had been prepared to receive them, the right over the left; and taking a nail five French inches and a half long, of which the point was also polished and sharp, and placing it on the upper foot with his left hand, he drove it with a mallet which he held in his right, until it not only penetrated both his feet, but entering the hole prepared for it in the bracket, made its way so far through the tree of the cross as to fasten the victim firmly to it. He planted the third nail in his right hand as he had managed with regard to the left, and having bound himself by the middle to the perpendicular of the cross by a cord, which he had previously stretched under him, he set about inflicting the wound in the side with a cobbler's knife, which he had placed by him for this operation, and which he said represented the spear of the passion. It did not occur to him, however, at the moment that the wound ought to be in the *right* side, and not in the left, and in the cavity of the breast and not of the hypocondre, where he struck himself trans-



versely two inches below the left hypocondre, towards the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, without however injuring the parts which this cavity contains. Whether fear checked his hand, or whether he intended to plunge the instrument to a great depth by avoiding the hard and resisting parts, it is not easy to determine; but there were observed near the wound several scratches across his body, which scarcely divided the skin.

These extraordinary operations being concluded, it was now necessary, in order to complete the execution of the whole plan which he had conceived, that Matthew should exhibit himself upon the cross to the eyes of the public;—and he realised this part of it in the following way. The cross was laid horizontally on the floor, its lower extremity resting upon the parapet of the window, which was very low, then raising himself up by pressing upon the points of his fingers, (for the nails did not allow him to use his whole hand either open or closed,) he made several springs forward, until the portion of the cross which was protruded over the parapet, overbalancing what was within the chamber, the whole frame, with Matthew upon it, darted out at the window, and remained suspended outside of the house by the ropes which were secured to the beam in the inside. In this predicament, the poor fanatic stretched his hands to the extremities of the transverse beam which formed the arms of the cross, to insert the nails into the holes which had been prepared for them: but whether it was out of his power to fix both, or whether he was obliged to use the right on some concluding operation, the fact is, that when he was seen by the people who passed in the street, he was suspended under the window, with only his left hand nailed to the cross, while his right hung parallel to his body, on the outside of the net. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as he was perceived, some humane people ran up stairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. A surgeon of the neighbourhood was called, who made them plunge his feet into water, introduced tow by way of caddis into the wound of the hypocondre, which he assured them did



not penetrate into the cavity, and after having prescribed some cordial, instantly took his departure.

At this moment, Dr. Ruggieri, professor of clinical surgery, hearing what had taken place, instantly repaired to the lodging of Lovat, to witness with his own eyes a fact which appeared to exceed all belief. When he arrived there accompanied by the surgeon Paganoni, Matthew's feet, from which there had issued but a small quantity of blood, were still in the water:—his eyes were shut,—he made no reply to the questions which were addressed to him; his pulse was convulsive, and respiration had become difficult. With the permission of the Director of Police, who had come to take cognizance of what had happened, Dr. Ruggieri caused the patient to be conveyed by water to the Imperial Clinical School, established at the Hospital of St. Luke and St. John. During the passage, the only thing he said was to his brother Angelo, who accompanied him in the boat, and was lamenting his extravagance: which was, "*Alas, I am very unfortunate.*" At the hospital, examination of his wounds took place; and it was ascertained that the nails had entered by the palm of the hands, and gone out at the back, making their way between the bones of the Metacarpus, without inflicting any injury upon them: that the nail which wounded the feet had entered first the right foot, between the second and third bones of the Metatarsus towards their posterior extremity; and then the left, between the first and second of the same bones, the latter of which it had laid bare and grazed: and lastly, that the wound of the hypocondre penetrated to the point of the cavity. The patient was placed in an easy position. He was tranquil and docile: the wounds in the extremities were treated with emollients and sedatives. On the fifth day, they suppurated with a slight redness in their circumference: and on the eighth, that of the hypocondre was perfectly healed.

The patient never spoke. Always sombre and shut up in himself, his eyes were almost constantly closed. Interrogated several times, relative to the motive which had induced him to crucify himself, he always made this answer: "*The pride of man must be mortified, it*



*must expire on the cross.*" Dr. Ruggieri, thinking that he might be restrained by the presence of his pupils, returned repeatedly to the subject when with him alone, and he always answered in the same terms. He was, in fact, so deeply persuaded that the supreme will had imposed upon him the obligation of dying upon the cross, that he wished to inform the Tribunal of Justice of the destiny which it behoved him to fulfil, with the view of preventing all suspicion that his death might have been the work of any other hand than his own. With this in prospect, and long before his martyrdom, he committed his ideas to paper, in a style and character such as would be expected from his education, and the disorder of his mind.

Scarcely was he able to support in his hand the weight of a book, when he took the prayer book, and read it all day long. On the first days of August, all his wounds were completely cured; and as he felt no pain or difficulty in moving his hands and feet, he expressed a wish to go out of the hospital, that he might not, as he said, eat the bread of idleness. This request being denied to him, he passed a whole day without taking any food; and finding that his clothes were kept from him, he set out one afternoon in his shirt, but was soon brought back by the servants. The board of police gave orders that he should be conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, established at St. Servolo, where he was placed on the 20th of August, 1805. After the first eight days he became taciturn, and refused every species of meat and drink. It was impossible to make him swallow even a drop of water during six successive days. Towards the morning of the seventh day, being importuned by another madman, he consented to take a little nourishment. He continued to eat about fifteen days, and then resumed his fast, which he prolonged during eleven.

These fasts were repeated, and of longer or shorter duration, the most protracted, however, not exceeding twelve days.

In January 1806 there appeared in him some symptoms of consumption; and he would remain immoveable, exposed to the whole heat of the sun until the skin of his



face began to peel off, and it was necessary to employ force to drag him into the shade.

In April, exhaustion proceeded rapidly, labouring in his breast was observed, the pulse was very low, and on the morning of the eighth he expired after a short struggle.

*Pamphleteer.*

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## ECCENTRIC SELF DELUSION.

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THIS article exhibiting an instance of eccentric conduct from delusion of mind, was obtained after that portion of this work, wherein it would more properly range, was completed: hence its appearance at the close of the volume.

Mr. Stukeley, a gentleman of very ancient family and of an estate of a thousand pounds a year, was bred to the law. During this time he appeared to have more of that principle in his soul which the Newtonians call the *vis inertiae* in matter, than is to be found in almost any man; when put into motion he was extremely apt to continue so, and being at rest he hated moving.

On leaving London, he retired into the country, filled with the project of perfecting the perpetual motion; this study naturally secluded him, and his habit of persisting in one way kept him at home entirely. During thirty years, he never went abroad but once, which was, when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to king George the first; this was the only time he changed his shirt, or garments, or shaved himself, for the whole time of his retirement. He was a very little man, and at once the most nasty and cleanliest person alive, washing his hands twenty times a day, and neglecting every other part. His family consisted of two female servants; one kept in the house, the other not. He never had his bed made. After he had given over pursuing the perpetual motion, he took pleasure in observing the works and policy of ants, and stocked the town so plentifully



with that insect, that the fruits in the gardens were devoured by them.

During the reign of queen Anne, whenever the duke of Marlborough opened the trenches against a city in Flanders, he broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, made with lime and sand, according to the custom of that country, and advanced in his approaches regularly with his pick-axe, gaining work after work, chalked out on the ground according to the intelligence in the gazette; by which he took the town in the middle of the floor at Bideford, the same day the duke was master of it in Flanders: thus every city cost him a new floor. \* He never sat on a chair, and when he chose to warm himself, he made a pit before the fire, into which he leapt, and thus sat on the floor. He suffered no one to see him, but the heir of his estate, his brother and sister; the first never but when he sent for him, and that very rarely; the others sometimes once a year, and sometimes seldomer, when he was cheerful, talkative, and a lover of the tittle-tattle of the town. Notwithstanding his apparent avarice, he was by no means a lover of money; for, during his seclusion he never received nor asked for any rent from many of his tenants; those who brought him money, he would often keep at an inn more than a week, and then pay all their expences, and dismiss them without receiving a shilling. He lived well in his house, frequently gave to the poor, always ate from large joints of meat; never saw any thing twice at table; and at Christmas divided a certain sum of money amongst the necessitous of the town. He seemed to be afraid of two things only; one, being killed for his riches; the other being infected with disease; for which reasons he would send his maid sometimes to borrow a half crown from his neighbours, to hint he was poor; and always received the money which was paid him, in a bason of water, to prevent taking infection from those who paid him. He did not keep his money locked up, but piled it on the

\* There can be little doubt that Sterne had the eccentricity of Mr. Stukeley in his eye when he drew the character of my uncle Toby.



shelves before the plates in his kitchen. In his chamber into which no servant had entered during the time of his tarrying at home, he had two thousand guineas on the top of a low chest of drawers, covered with dust, and five hundred on the floor, where it lay five and twenty years; this last sum a child had thrown down which he was fond of playing with, by oversetting a table that stood upon one foot; the table continued in the same situation also; through this money he had made two paths, by kicking the pieces on one side, one of which led from the door to the window, the other from the window to the bed. When he quitted the Temple in London, he left an old portmanteau over the portal of the antichamber, where it had continued many years, during which time the chambers had passed through several hands; at length a gentleman who possessed them ordered his servant to pull it down, it broke being rotten, and out fell four or five hundred pieces of gold, which were found to belong to him from the papers inclosed. It was generally supposed at his death that he had put large sums in the hands of a banker, or lent it to some tradesman in London, without taking any memorandum; all which was lost to his heirs, as he would never say to whom he lent it, through fear perhaps lest he should hear it was lost, which some minds can bear to suspect though not to know positively. After more than thirty years living a recluse, he was at last found dead in his bed covered with vermin. Thus ended the life of this whimsical being at the age of seventy.

The gentleman who accompanied him to the town-hall when he went to take the oath of allegiance, talked with him on every subject he could recollect without discovering in him the least tincture of madness. He rallied himself on the perpetual motion, laughed at the folly of confining himself in-doors, and said he believed he should come abroad again like other men. He was always esteemed a person of good understanding before his shutting himself up. At the time of his death he was building a house, the walls of which were seven feet thick. Probably his fears of being murdered



increasing with age induced him to build this castle-like dwelling to defend him from the attacks of thieves. If he was a lunatic, which none of his friends ever supposed him, he seems to have been so by putting all the reveries and whimsies of his brain into action.—*Dr. Shebbeare.*

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MOST of the Articles in this little Volume, will have a material influence on the mind hereafter. During the perusal of its instances of Heroism and Weakness, Generosity and Imposture, exalted Virtue and degrading Vice, the honest and the ardent have burned with courageous purpose, and indignant contempt, and earnest hope. These emotions are harbingers of similar and stronger feelings when ripened by occasions and circumstances which the traveller through life is sure to experience: May our reader be one amongst the few who have discretion enough to profit by the instructive lessons which the conduct of others reads to all.

THE END.

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